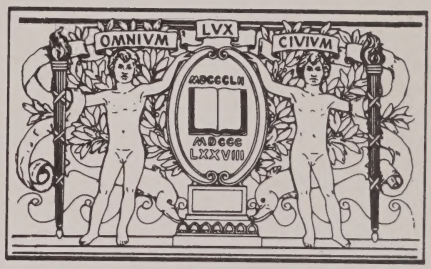
Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 356 5



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
WITHDRAWN

P. Library

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXVI.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
117 WASHINGTON STREET.
1858.

051
N1-86

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Crosby, Nichols, and Company,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXVIII.

Art.		Page
I.	The Public Economy of Athens	1
	1. Die Staatshaushaltung der Athener. Von August Boeckh.	
	2. The Public Economy of the Athenians, with Notes and a Copious Index. By Augustus Boeckh. Translated from the Second German Edition, by Anthony Lamb.	
II.	The Profession of Schoolmaster	40
	1. School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy.	
	2. Twentieth Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Twentieth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.	
III.	Reformatory Institutions at Home and Abroad	60
	1. An Account of the Reformatory Institution for Juvenile Offenders at Mettray, in France, from the Pamphlet of M. Augustus Cochin, LL. D., and an Introduction by Rev. G. H. Hamilton, M. A.	
	2. Annual Report (First) of the Trustees of the State Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, together with the Annual Reports of the Officers of the Institution.	
	3. Social Statics, or the Conditions essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed. By Herbert Spencer.	
	4. Crime, its Amount, Causes, and Remedies. By F. D. Hill.	
IV.	Venice	83
	1. Histoire de la République de Venise. Par P. Daru.	
	2. Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.	
	3. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."	
	4. Lady Montague's Letters.	
	5. Travels in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. By the Author of "Vathek."	
	6. Fragments of Italy and the Rhineland. By the Rev. F. H. White.	

7. Venice, the City of the Sea. By Edmund Flagg.
8. Random Sketches, and Notes of European Travel. By Rev. John E. Edwards.

V. Ireland, Past and Present 120
1. The Census of Ireland for 1851. Parts V. and VI. General Report, and Tables of Deaths. Presented to both Houses of Parliament.
2. History of the Irish Poor-Laws in Connection with the Condition of the People. By Sir George Nichols, K. C. B.
3. The Irish Church. Speech of Edward Miall, Esq., Member for Rochdale, delivered in the House of Commons, May 22, 1856.

VI. Anatomical Architecture 153
Principes d'Ostéologie Comparée, ou Recherches sur l'Archetype et les Homologies du Squelette Vertébré. Par Richard Owen.

VII. The Financial Crisis 164
Currency or Money; its Nature and Uses, and the Effects of the Circulation of Bank-Notes for Currency. By a Merchant of Boston.

VIII. Jerusalem 191
The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be. By J. T. Barclay, M. D.

IX. Contemporary French Literature 219
1. Le Roi des Montagnes. Edmond About.
2. Les Mariages de Paris. — Germaine. Edmond About.
3. Les Manieurs d'Argent. Oscar de Vallée.
4. Cinquante Jours au Désert. Charles Didier.
5. Séjour chez le Chérif de la Mecque. Charles Didier.
6. Marthe de Montbrun. Max Valrey.
7. Un Eté dans le Sahara. Eugène Fromentin.
8. Le Réalisme. Champfleury.

X. Lewes's History of Philosophy 242
The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its Origin in Greece down to the Present Day. By George Henry Lewes.

XI. Critical Notices 258

Note to Article VII. 296

New Publications Received 297

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXIX.

ART. PAGE

I. PALGRAVE'S HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND ENGLAND 301
The History of Normandy and of England. By SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K. H.

II. IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON 330
Life of George Washington. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

III. MICHAUX'S NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA 359
The North American Sylva; or a Description of the Forest Trees of the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia; considered particularly with Respect to their Use in the Arts and their Introduction into Commerce. Translated from the French of F. ANDREW MICHAUX, with Notes by J. JAY SMITH.

IV. ALEXANDER HAMILTON 368
Life and Times of Alexander Hamilton. By SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, A. M.

V. INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE UPON THE FRENCH 412
1. Cours de la Littérature Française. Par M. VILLEMAIN.
2. Histoire de l'Influence de Shakespeare sur le Théatre Français jusqu'à nos Jours. Par ALBERT LACROIX.

VI. THE BRAHMANIC AND BUDDHIST DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE 435
1. The Bhagavad-Gitá. Translated, with copious Notes, an Introduction on Sanscrit Philosophy, and other Matter, by J. COCKBURN THOMSON.
2. Die Religion des Buddha und ihre Entstehung. Von CARL FRIEDRICH KOEPPEN.
3. Buddhist Pilgrims and the Buddhist Doctrine of Nirwána. By MAX MÜLLER.

VII. DUER'S CONSTITUTIONAL JURISPRUDENCE 464
A Course of Lectures on the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States; delivered annually in Colum-

bia College, New York. By William Alexander Duer, LL. D.

VIII. The Rebellion in India 487

1. History of British India. By Hugh Murray.

2. Delhi, or the City of the Great Mogul. By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie.

3. L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise. Par le Baron de Pencheon.

4. Histoire Générale de l'Inde, Ancienne et Moderne. Par M. de Marles.

IX. The Classic Mythology and Christianity . . 515

Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A.

X. Recent Researches in Africa 530

1. Mœurs et Coutumes de l'Algerie. Le Grand Desert du Sahara au Pays des Nègres. Par le Général E. Daumas.

2. La Chasse au Lion. Par Jules Gérard.

3. Un Été dans le Sahara. Par Eugène Fromentin.

4. Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, in the Years 1849 – 1855. By Henry Barth, P. D., D. C. L.

5. Adventures and Missionary Labors in several Countries in the Interior of Africa, from 1849 to 1856. By T. J. Bowen.

6. Western Africa, its History, Condition, and Prospects. By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson.

7. Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda, on the West Coast; thence, across the Continent, down the River Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean. By David Livingstone, LL. D., D. C. L.

8. Lake Ngami, or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa. By Charles John Andersson.

9. First Footsteps in East Africa. By Richard F. Burton.

10. Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan, Wanderings around the Birthplace of the Prophet and across the Ethiopian Desert, from Sawakin to Chartum. By James Hamilton.

XI. Critical Notices 564

New Publications Received 593

Index 597

FITCHBURG
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXVIII.

JANUARY, 1858.

ART. I.—1. *Die Staatshaushaltung der Athener.* Von AUGUST BOECKH. 2te Ausgabe. Berlin: Bei G. Reimer. 1851. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 792, 764.

2. *The Public Economy of the Athenians, with Notes and a Copious Index.* By AUGUSTUS BOECKH. Translated from the Second German Edition, by ANTHONY LAMB. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 826.

WE hail the recent appearance of a translation of Boeckh's Public Economy of the Athenians, from an American press, as a good and cheering omen. Not only do we congratulate ourselves and the scholars of our country on the addition thus made to the number of available books of reference in the department of Greek antiquities, but we feel no little pride and gratification that the demands of classical scholarship in our country are such as to warrant the publication by an American house of a work so profoundly and so technically learned as that of Boeckh. We may safely say, indeed, that this is by far the most important work of the kind in this department ever published in America, and its appearance places at the disposal of our scholars a large and varied amount of learning which was before not generally accessible.

Nor are we at all inclined to view the selection from the vast stores of German erudition of this work on the Public Economy of Athens, for publication in one of our commercial

cities, as an offering of flattery to us as supposed worshippers of the "almighty dollar," made in order to show us the kindred weakness of the ideal people of antiquity in regard to the equally almighty drachma; although we should be far from denying that the subject might teach an interesting and highly instructive lesson to our men of business and our financiers, as well as to our professional scholars. We rather attribute the interest which has called for the translation of this book, and which will, we trust, often manifest itself in a similar manner, to a growing demand for works containing original investigations on subjects of study, as a substitute for the mere compends in general use. We are, it is to be hoped, coming to the conviction, that the knowledge derived at second hand is not true erudition, and that a man who should learn Smith's Dictionaries by heart would not by that means become a scholar. We are by no means disposed to underrate the value of compendious books of reference for younger students, and for literary men in general; indeed, they are indispensable to all scholars as conveniences, and we protest only against the use of them *as authorities* by professional scholars, who have no more right to depend upon such books exclusively or mainly in matters belonging to their own department of study, than a professed scientific man would have to rely upon dictionaries and encyclopædias for his knowledge of his own department of science. We believe that nothing has a stronger tendency to produce a pedantic and superficial scholarship, than the inculcation of the pernicious doctrine, that the knowledge of a mass of results in his own science should be the great aim of the scholar, and that he can afford to disregard the slow processes of investigation. We see the effects of this doctrine in the many chimerical attempts now made to teach the elements of the classic languages by improved patent processes, which profess to avoid the old-fashioned road that begins at the beginning. Did it never occur to these irregular practitioners in philology, that the very processes which their schemes avoid are in themselves of hardly less value to the young student than are the grand results which are poured in such profusion and confusion from the mouths of their self-acting machines? It may

be said, indeed, of many of the questions discussed in the work before us, that the process of investigating them, with constant reference to the classic authorities, is of greater value to the student who follows it, and thus renders it his own, than the result of the investigation itself is when it is gained.

We venture to make these prefatory remarks, as the work before us is pre-eminently one in which may be found the original investigations in regard to a great variety of subjects relating to the institutions of classic Athens, which every scholar should understand, but which are too frequently studied by means of concise statements of their results in classical dictionaries.

The first edition of Boeckh's *Staatshaushaltung der Athener* was published in Berlin in 1817, in two volumes, dedicated to Niebuhr. It maintained its authority as a standard work of the highest rank in Germany, and appeared in an English translation in two editions, in 1828 and 1842. The second edition of the original work, almost entirely re-written and much enlarged, was issued in 1851, and from the first volume of this Mr. Lamb has made the translation now published in Boston. The second volume of Boeckh's original work is occupied by the inscriptions referred to in the first, with copious interpretations and remarks upon them. Among other valuable documents, the tribute lists, or lists of the states belonging to the Athenian Confederacy, with the amount of tribute paid by each set against its name, are here published, occupying, with Boeckh's minute explanations and discussions, three hundred and seventy-eight pages of the original work. The skill and critical acuteness often displayed in restoring whole lines of the inscriptions, where only a few scattered letters are preserved upon the monuments, and those in a condition which would rather perplex than assist an ordinary observer, are equalled only by the wonderful restorations of fishes made by naturalists from the inspection of single scales.* We regret that it was not possible to include these, and the remainder of the second volume, in the American translation; but we fully ap-

* The text of the original inscriptions, in the condition in which they stand upon the monuments, is given in a series of tables accompanying the German edition.

preciate the motives which doubtless influenced Mr. Lamb in deciding to confine his translation to the first volume.

The work is divided into four books, of which the first is introductory, the second treats of the management of the finances and of the expenditures of the state, the third of the ordinary revenues, and the fourth of the extraordinary revenues. In chapters fourth and fifth of the first book, we have a most careful and circumstantial account of the process of finding the values in modern money of the various Greek coins in common use. This is of course done by weighing the most perfect specimens of ancient coins that are preserved, and comparing their weight with the actual weight of silver in some standard modern coin. Boeckh proceeds upon the principle, that no regular allowance is to be made for alloy in Attic coins, as the aim of the state was to coin pure silver, and the alloy was introduced by accident, never by design. Indeed, it happens not unfrequently that gold, instead of a baser metal, is detected as mixed with the silver in Attic coins. Boeckh states the values at which he arrives for the silver talent, drachma, &c. in Prussian *thalers*. These, reduced to American money, give for the talent $ 1,026; for the mina, $ 17.10; for the drachma, 17.1 cents; and for the obolus, 2.85 cents. The most convenient estimates of these values for general use are that of the talent at $ 1,000, and that of the drachma at one sixth of a dollar, or an old New England shilling. This latter seems, practically at least, to be the value of the modern Athenian drachma. Indeed, it appears a mere waste of labor to attempt to employ any more exact calculations in reducing the Attic money to our own, as the error of one or two per cent which we may make in regard to alloy or seigniorage sinks into insignificance compared with the error of many hundred per cent which we must always make in applying the most exact estimates, from neglecting the immense difference in the money value of commodities between ancient times and our own; or, in other words, the important fact, that the precious metals themselves in ancient Athens were worth many times their present value. We quote the following from Boeckh on the cheapness of commodities in ancient times. Speaking of Upper Italy and Lusitania, in the time of Polybius, he says: —

"Travellers were wont to agree with their hosts, not as elsewhere, upon the prices of single articles, but upon the sum which they should give for the supply of the wants of each individual guest. The hosts demanded commonly one half an as, or one fourth of an obolus, (more accurately only three sixteenths of an obolus, or not quite one half-cent,) and seldom went beyond this rate. In Lusitania, a kid of moderate size cost an obolus, a hare the same price, a lamb from three to four oboli; a sheep two, a draught-ox ten, a calf five drachmas. Such low prices as these are not applicable to Athens after the Persian wars. In the time of Solon, indeed, an ox was worth only five drachmas, a sheep one drachma, and the medimnus (nearly a bushel and a half) of grain the same. But gradually the prices increased fivefold; of several articles seven, ten, and twenty fold." — pp. 86, 87.

After an estimate of the relative values of grain and silver in different times, he adds: —

"This estimation, according to which the present prices of grain are three times as high as they were during the period of the most flourishing condition of Greece, appears to me the most probable." — p. 87.

It is important to bear in mind that the common annual rates of interest in Athens were from twelve to eighteen per cent. In regard to wages, which do not appear to have been much lower than they now are in most countries of Europe, we quote the following statements, the authority for which is found in Attic inscriptions.

"In Olymp. 93 (408 B.C.), a sawyer who sawed for a public building received a drachma a day. A carpenter who worked on the same building received five oboli a day. The philosophers Menedemus and Asclepiades must have been excellent laborers in their youth, since they earned every night two drachmas each, as millers in a grain-mill. Persons in higher stations, or those who labored with the pen, were, according to genuine democratic principles, not better paid. The architect of the temple of Minerva Polias received no more than a stone-sawer or common laborer engaged upon the building, namely, a drachma daily." — pp. 164, 165.

From a general comparison of all the statements that are to be found, Boeckh derives his conclusion, that the value of money in classic Athens was about three times as great as it is in Europe at the present day.

We add a quotation from Boeckh's chapter on the expenses

of living, in which the domestic economy of Socrates is discussed.

"The poorest family of four adult persons, if they did not wish to live upon bread and water, needed, upon an average, about 120 thalers ($82.08) annually. Socrates did not have, as was falsely reported, two wives at the same time, but one after the other: Myrto, who was poor when he married her, and who probably had no dowry, and Xanthippe. He also had three children. He prosecuted no manual art after he had sacrificed the employment of his youth to the never-resting effort to acquire wisdom. His teaching procured him no income. According to Xenophon, he lived upon his property, which, if it should have found a good purchaser, might easily have brought, altogether, five minas; and he needed only a small addition from his friends. From this it has been inferred that living was extraordinarily cheap at Athens. It is evident, however, that Socrates with his family could not live upon the interest of so small an amount of property. For, however poor the house may have been, its value cannot be estimated at less than three minas. So that, without taking the furniture into consideration, the rest of his property, from which interest could be derived, could have amounted to but two minas, and the income from it, according to the common rate of interest, to only twenty-four drachmas. With this he could not have procured even the amount of barley which was requisite for himself and his wife, to say nothing of the other necessaries of life, and of the support of his children. .... We must believe that Xenophon intended to estimate the value of the entire property of Socrates at only five minas. But we are no more authorized to consider his account as correct, than we are to reject it. The history of the ancient sages is so entangled and garnished with traditions, and the circumstances of their lives are so differently represented even by contemporary writers, that we can seldom find firm ground on which to stand. .... Thus the well-informed Demetrius of Phalerum affirmed, in opposition to Xenophon, that Socrates had, beside his house, seventy minas at interest, in the possession of Crito. .... But assuming that Xenophon's account is perfectly correct, we must suppose that the mother of the young boys supported herself and both the children, either by labor or from her dowry, and that Lamprocles supported himself, and that the famed economy of Socrates probably consisted, among other things, in this also, that he kept them at work. And then again, suppose that he always lived upon his twenty-four drachmas, with a small additional sum from his friends, yet no one could live as he did. It is true that he is said to have frequently offered sacrifices

at home and upon the public altars. But they were, doubtless, only baked dough, shaped into the forms of animals, after the manner of the poor; properly bread, therefore, great part of which was at the same time eaten, and to which his family also contributed. He lived, in the strictest sense, upon bread and water, except when invited to entertainments at the tables of others, and could therefore be particularly glad, as he is said to have been, on account of the cheapness of barley, when four chœnices (about half a peck) sold for an obolus (three cents). He wore no under garment; even his outside garment was poor, and the same one was worn both summer and winter. He generally went barefooted, and his dress-sandals, which he occasionally wore, may have lasted him his lifetime. His walk for pleasure and exercise before his house served him instead of an opson for his meal. In short, no slave was so poorly maintained as was Socrates. The drachma which he gave Prodicus was certainly the largest sum ever spent by him at one time. And it may boldly be affirmed, without wishing to disparage his exalted genius, that, in respect to his indigence and a certain cynicism in his character, the representation of Aristophanes was not much exaggerated, but in the essential particulars was delineated from the life." — pp. 156–159.

The question naturally arises, What was the Athenian state, with whose public economy we are concerned? We have a most satisfactory estimate of the population of Attica,* based upon the few definite statements that have been preserved, from which it appears that the free population of Attica must have consisted of about 135,000 persons. We know from the census of Demetrius of Phalerum in 309 B. C., that there were then 21,000 citizens and 10,000 resident foreigners. This agrees with a statement in an oration attributed to Demosthenes, that there were 20,000 citizens. Boeckh considers the number of citizens as two ninths of the whole free native population, thus making the whole number 90,000, to which must be added 45,000 for the resident foreigners with their families. To this we must add the slaves, whom Boeckh estimates, with great probability, at 365,000, arriving at 500,000 as the most reasonable general estimate of the entire population. This, it must be remembered, includes not only the inhabitants of the city of Athens

* Book I. Chap. 7.

itself, but the whole population of Attica. It was the great and fatal defect in the ancient democracies, that they never conceived the idea of a *state*, in the proper sense of that word, their highest idea of a political organization always being that of a sovereign city with its circle of dependent allies or subjects. The amount of freedom and democracy of which such an organization was capable was limited to that which could be included within the organization of a city; all outside of it was unworthy a share in the political privileges of the metropolis. No idea of a representative government, by which a collection of free cities and towns could form a republican state, appears to have been developed or attempted in antiquity. The city organization, however, was made to embrace much more than it does at the present day. Thus the limits of Athens were extended over the whole of Attica, a district including about a thousand English square miles, and the whole country was divided into one hundred and seventy-four *demes* or smaller districts, the members of each of which had the same political privileges at Athens, the same right to sit and vote in the public assembly, to be chosen by lot into the senate or to the office of archon, with citizens who lived under the shadow of the Acropolis itself. Thus Athens, in its wider sense, was coextensive with Attica. The originally independent towns and villages of Attica had, at an early period, joined the principal city, becoming incorporated with it, and losing their own political existence. Here, however, the limits of the city of Athena were fixed, so that there could be no Athenian territory regarded in the same light with Attica, and no Athenian citizens residing elsewhere permanently with the same privileges as those of the metropolis.

An only apparent exception to this can be found in the so-called *cleruchiæ*, or colonies of Athenian citizens, sent out to hold possession of the land of a conquered people, which was divided among the new tenants by lot, whence the name. The political *status* of these colonists illustrates and confirms, rather than limits, the general remark made above. These *cleruchi* did not form either independent cities or cities by themselves subordinate to Athens; but they remained a part

of the citizens of Athens itself, and each member retained his right as a citizen of Athens, and his place in his particular *deme* of Attica, which he might claim at any moment when he chose to return. In this important point the *cleruchiæ* differed from the other Athenian colonies. The latter formed cities for themselves, bound to their parent city by no ties stronger than those which held a son to his parents after he had left the paternal roof. Any violation of their filial duties was looked upon rather as ungrateful than illegal. They carried with them the sacred fire from the Prytaneum of Athens, from which they kindled the new flame upon the altar of Athena in their new city. This flame, by which the very fire upon their altars should be, as it were, the child of that around which they had worshipped at home, is beautifully symbolical of the relation of the common Athenian colonies to the parent city. With the *cleruchi*, however, no sacred fire was transported from Athens; they looked to the original fire in the Prytaneum as still their own, and felt that the guardian goddess of Athens, enshrined upon her holy rock, still continued to spread her benign protection over them, even in their absence from home. In short, they were viewed simply as Athenians temporarily absent, as if they were upon a journey or serving in the army of the city, and their children, born in their foreign residence, immediately acquired all the rights of native Athenians. It is probable that Plato was born in Ægina, while his parents were living in that island as *cleruchi*, but he was none the less an Athenian citizen. So far, then, from forming an exception to the general principle, this singular system of colonization exhibits with peculiar clearness the grand idea at the foundation of the Athenian colonial system, that a citizen who left his home in Athens must either give up his allegiance to his native city, and transfer it to the new one, as was the case in the so-called Athenian colonies, or else transfer his person without his allegiance to a new country, carrying with him the protection of Athens, as in the colonies called *cleruchiæ*. All tends to show that Athens was a city, not a state, and that she could perform only those functions of a state which are equally adapted to the constitution of a city. As a city she first formed an

alliance with the various members of the confederacy of Delos, and afterwards gradually changed them, or allowed them to change themselves, from allies to subjects; as a city she carried on war with Greek and barbarian enemies; and as a city she finally yielded to that force of barbarism from without, which was directed with so much skill against the weak points of her constitution. The same experiment, upon a grander scale, was afterwards made in Italy, where another city, with no constitution adapted to a state composed of various communities, conceived the gigantic plan of swallowing up, first, the whole of Italy, and then the world. As long as Rome retained the name of republican, she presented the singular phenomenon of a city holding an immense empire in subjection by the strong bond of a merely metropolitan government; her citizens (though living a thousand miles distant from the Tiber), and her subjects, wherever resident, were citizens and subjects of the *city* Rome. This is a point which cannot be too closely kept in mind in forming our ideas of the democracies of antiquity. If Athens, or any of the other cities of Greece, could have taken a step beyond the idea of an independent city, and reached the higher conception of an independent but harmonious state, the whole course of history might have been changed, and we might, at least, have had a less early downfall of Grecian liberty to deplore. Athens, after her short but brilliant period of glory, fell like a withered leaf in the first wind that blew harshly upon her after the original vital energy of her citizens had deserted her. Rome was enabled to survive this loss of her primitive simplicity and virtue, and to proceed, in a manner impossible for Athens, with the solution of her grand problem, the conquest of the world, from the fact that an oligarchical senate held the direction of her affairs, and ruled with little regard to the primitive constitution of the city, which had become obsolete amid the corruptions of the age. This, however, was but a temporary protection, and when it yielded to corruption and decay, nothing remained but the transformation of the imperial city into a military monarchy.

We will now endeavor to answer briefly the questions which more immediately concern us. What system of finan-

ces did this city of Athens have? what were its regular annual expenditures? and what were its ordinary and extraordinary means for meeting those expenses? For the details of the Athenian system of finance, apparently inferior in complexity to no system of modern times, we must refer the reader to Boeckh's minute exposition in the first nine chapters of his second book. We can here only allude to a few points, to show that great attention was paid to this department, and that men of the highest ability devoted themselves to it. The senate of five hundred held the general superintendence of the finances, acting, of course, as the agents of the sovereign people. To the senate all the officers of finance were accountable and subordinate. These officers were divided into three classes, collectors, treasurers who had charge of the various treasuries into which the money was distributed, and those who had charge of the accounts. One office in this number was especially important on its own account, as well as from the great names which give it dignity in history. This is that of the superintendent of the public revenues, who was chosen by vote of the people (not by lot, like most of the Athenian officers), and for a period of four years. As to his duties, Boeckh remarks: —

"The example of Lycurgus shows that all the money received and disbursed passed through his hands. Consequently he was the general receiver and superintendent of all the treasuries from which money was disbursed, or the general paymaster, who received all the money paid to the apodectæ and appropriated by them for disbursement, and supplied the several treasuries with the same. The proceeds of the property tax, which, as money designed for military purposes, were without doubt immediately delivered to the treasury appropriated for these purposes, must be excepted, and originally also the tributes. . . . . He paid the expenses which were necessary for the administration of government (διοίκησις), that is, in time of peace, every regular expenditure." — pp. 225, 226.

Among the statesmen who held this office was Aristides, whose proverbial reputation for justice was, perhaps, based in no small degree upon his integrity as director of the finances. His ability in this department was abundantly shown in the assessment of the original tribute upon the members of the

confederacy of Delos, at that time, it must be remembered, consisting of a body of allies, and not of an imperial city with her subjects. This was the office held by the statesman and orator Lycurgus, whose wise and prudent administration of the Athenian finances for twelve successive years, in the latter half of the fourth century before Christ, supported the sinking state, and placed it in a financial position which a few years earlier might, perhaps, have enabled it to withstand the Macedonian conqueror. His administration formed an important era for Athens, from the energy which he displayed in erecting or completing various public buildings, among which may be mentioned the arsenal at the Piræus and the noble theatre of Dionysus on the slope of the Athenian Acropolis. This latter building was begun a century and a half before, just after the fall of the old wooden theatre of Athens; and although it had been consecrated in its imperfect state by the masterpieces of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, and although generation after generation of Athenians had beheld the combined triumphs of nature and art from that sacred spot, during periods of unexampled prosperity, when the wealth of an empire was accumulating in the Parthenon above them, it was yet reserved for the enterprise of Lycurgus to complete the edifice at that late period, when Athens was compelled to tremble for her independence, and even for her very existence. The great financier of the age of Demosthenes is by no means unworthy to stand by the side of Aristides; his character was marked by conscientious probity and integrity, in no respect inferior to that which gained for his predecessor the epithet of the Just. Like Socrates, he is said to have been often seen barefooted, although during his term of office money to the amount of 18,900 talents (nearly $ 20,000,000) had passed through his hands, and although his public services were worthy to be commemorated in the long and pompous decree passed by his grateful countrymen after his death.

The latter part of the second book of Boeckh's work is occupied with an estimate of the probable amount of the *ordinary* expenses of Athens, including all the expenses of the government except those arising from war, which of course

might increase the sum to an indefinite amount. These regular expenses are reduced by Boeckh to the following heads: —

"Expenditures for public buildings, for the police, for the celebration of the public festivals, for distributions of money or grain to the people, for compensation for public services in time of peace, for the support of the poor, for public rewards, for the procuring of weapons, ships, and cavalry in time of peace." — p. 278.

The first of these items must have been the most important, and at the same time from its nature the most variable. In the years during which such magnificent undertakings as the fortifications of the city and of the Piræus, the three long walls from Athens to the sea, each four miles or more in length, or the splendid public buildings which met the eye in every part of Athens, were in progress, this item of expenditure must have greatly exceeded its average amount. It must not be supposed, however, that the enormous sums required for the erection of the temples and other edifices which crowned the Acropolis were all supplied from the revenues of the current years. This appears obviously impossible, when we think of the two thousand and twelve talents expended by Pericles in five years upon the Propylæa alone, that magnificent marble gateway of the citadel, the massive remains of which, with the fragments of solid columns, capitals, cornices, and elegantly carved ceilings of Pentelic marble strewing the ground in wild confusion, still form a most worthy entrance to the now ruined and desolate sanctuary of Athena, striking every beholder with awe and admiration. This, however, was but the gateway to the holy precinct itself. It may perhaps appear impious to enumerate the unrivalled works of classic art which once crowned this sacred hill, with a view to the Yankee question, how much they cost; but it is only in this view that they can claim our present attention. Fortunately, perhaps, for our classic reverence, the exact sum expended upon each building and statue is not known; but from the cost of the Propylæa we may form an idea of the immense sums required for the completion of the Erechtheum, with its various temples united in one, and its gallery of Caryatides, those captive maidens who still patiently bear the burdens

which they bore so gracefully before the eyes of Demosthenes and Plato; or of the Parthenon, the peculiar home of the virgin goddess, in which she stood in ivory and gold, as represented by the hand of Phidias. The treasures of art which were lavished upon these buildings can hardly be understood by us now, even when we behold them in their present desolate grandeur, and stand upon the ground literally filled with fragments of their former ornaments, or see the mutilated remains of their splendor which give just celebrity to the museum of ancient art in a modern capital. There can be no doubt, however, as Boeckh remarks, that the common estimate of the expense of these buildings, made by Colonel Leake and constantly repeated in guide-books, is much too low. Leake bases his estimate on the statement of Thucydides, that thirty-seven hundred talents of the treasure in the Acropolis had been expended upon the buildings erected by Pericles, and upon the war against Potidæa down to that time. This, however, it is obvious, by no means excludes the appropriation of other funds besides those in the treasury to these purposes; and the well-attested statement given above, that the Propylæa alone cost two thousand and twelve talents, places it almost beyond a doubt that the thirty-seven hundred talents mentioned by Thucydides refer only to the sum borrowed from the treasure in the Acropolis, to be added to that part of the large annual revenue which could be devoted to this object.

The second item in the list of expenses, that for the police of Athens, was inconsiderable compared with the same in modern European cities. "No police existed in ancient times," says Boeckh, "except the police whose services are salutary, namely, that of the streets, and that of the market and of trade." The city watchmen, by a strange habit of the Athenians, were bought as they were needed, and not hired. These were the well-known Scythians, so called from the fact that they were barbarians, perhaps originally from Scythia, at first three hundred in number, and afterwards increased to a thousand or twelve hundred. They lived in tents on the Areopagus, and at a still earlier date in the Agora. Boeckh estimates the annual expense of purchasing these public slaves

at one talent and a half, and that of maintaining them at thirty-six talents.

The third item, the celebration of the public festivals, was of course a most important one for Athens, whose pride it was, as one of its own orators could boast, that it presented a continual festival to all who visited it. The Athenian Demos, "the old man of Pnyx," held his court and appeared in state on festal occasions with a magnificence which princes have rarely equalled. When we think of the frequent recurrence of such processions as that represented by Phidias upon the frieze of the Parthenon, for which, it is said, the cavalry of the state were maintained in time of peace, we may form some idea of a single department of the expenses which belong under this head. An important part of the cost of many of the festivals, especially of those in which a chorus of any kind appeared, was not borne directly by the public treasury, but was assumed by individuals. To this we shall recur in another place.

When we speak of donations to the people of Athens, our chief attention is not to be given, as in the case of Rome, to the distribution of grain to the populace, although this sometimes occurred, but more especially to the distribution of the money called *theorica*, aptly termed by Boeckh a "cancer of the public welfare." This payment of the *theorica*, which in the time of Demosthenes had become an evil of the first magnitude, had its origin in a most remarkable institution of the preceding century, which at the outset by no means threatened such fatal consequences to the state. When we read with delight the masterpieces of the Attic drama, and almost imagine ourselves amid the assembled populace of classic Athens, beholding the original performance of the Agamemnon, the Antigone, or the Medea, how seldom does it occur to us, that even this brilliant picture has its reverse side, which may be coolly examined as a matter of political economy, and must be so examined, if we wish to understand perfectly the full effect of the Attic drama upon the Attic life. We must first give up all ideas of the time and place of such performances which we have derived from modern theatres, and instead of an enclosed building in a crowded

city, brilliantly lighted for an evening entertainment, with all the other accompaniments of a modern theatrical exhibition, we must think of the immense theatre of Dionysus on the southern slope of the Athenian Acropolis, where thousands of all classes sit through the greater part of the day at some Dionysiac festival, with the blue sky of Attica over their heads, and with the plain of Athens stretching before their eyes to the sea, where Piræus with its fortifications holds their "wooden walls," beyond which are the deep-blue waters of the Saronic Gulf (blue, as only Greek waters dare to be), enclosing Salamis and Ægina, and bounded by the black hills of the Argolic peninsula in the distance. Add to this the "flowery hill Hymettus," cloud-capped Parnes, which Aristophanes dared to use as movable scenery in his comedy, and the dark rock of the Acropolis, crowned with the Parthenon, almost overhanging the vast assembly, and we have the scene amid which the Attic populace listened through hours and days to the Attic drama. Nor must the right of admission to this intellectual feast be restricted to those who could afford to purchase the privilege. The Attic drama was for the instruction and entertainment of the people. It had originated in a solemn litany chanted in the worship of the god Dionysus, and was still performed in a great measure as a religious service; the theatre was a temple of Dionysus, and admission to its rites could no more be restricted than could the access to the temples of Zeus or Athena. Upon these principles the drama was established, and continued until shortly after the appearance of Æschylus upon the stage. At about this time the old wooden theatre of Athens broke down during an exhibition, and several serious disorders had previously occurred from the immense throng of spectators, many of whom, not being citizens, had no right of admission. To obviate this difficulty, after the new stone theatre was opened in its imperfect state, a price of two oboli (six cents) was placed upon the seats by the state; but as the manifest injustice of excluding any Athenian from the theatre for the want of even two oboli became apparent, a most singular plan was soon introduced. This was to demand the admission fee of two oboli, but to pay that sum from the public treasury to

any Athenian who claimed it. This arrangement was not so absurd as at first thought it may seem to be. It had the desired effect of making admission to the theatre practically free to every Athenian, while foreigners, and others whom it was intended to restrict, would be still subject to the payment of the fee. Above all, it probably insured greater order in the crowd of spectators. Especial care was taken not to pay the two oboli from the treasury to any person not entitled to them, as we see in the case of a citizen who was fined a talent for receiving the two oboli for his absent son. Indeed, the theoretical absurdities in the system almost disappear, in comparison with the fatal difficulties which beset it in practice.

This *diobelia*, or payment of the admission fee to the theatre from the public treasury, was the origin of the *theorica*. The manner in which it became so soon such a fatal disease in the political system of Athens, was simple and natural. The payment was of course intended to provide the poorer classes with seats at the theatre, and it is probable that the richer citizens at first did not claim it. Before the time of Demosthenes, however, it was regularly paid to nearly every citizen, to rich and poor alike; and it was viewed no longer as an act of justice to the poor, but rather as a means of enabling the people generally to celebrate the day by a better meal or by some additional luxury. Of course it was demanded alike by those who wished to attend the theatre and by those who did not. This, however, was but a small part of the evil. *Theorica* were now paid, not only for the theatrical exhibitions, but for all the Athenian festivals at which any game or procession was to be seen; and the original object of the payment was so far forgotten, that even ancient grammarians disputed as to the etymology of the name. It is doubtful whether the original sum of two oboli was ever increased, and Boeckh's investigations show that the reference to a drachma and other sums may all be explained without assuming such a change. He says: —

"Unquestionably, therefore, the theoricon was very changeable. Since, however, two oboli are mentioned, both in relation to earlier as well as to later times, the higher rate seems to have had its origin in the custom, already intimated, of doubling or increasing threefold the regu-

lar rate for festivals whose celebration continued several days; so that, for festivals whose celebration continued for three days, it became a drachma; for those whose celebration required two days, four oboli. The double or threefold diobelia may also soon afterwards have been paid even for one day." — p. 309.

We add Boeckh's estimate of the total annual amount of the *theorica.*

"If we estimate that eighteen thousand persons received the theoricon, and the number of those who received it could hardly have been less, the amount expended in the distribution of the single diobelia would have amounted to a talent. And since certainly it was paid for at least twenty-five to thirty days annually, we may estimate the lowest annual expenditure for it at twenty-five to thirty talents. It may, however, in prosperous times, have easily amounted to double and threefold that sum." — pp. 310, 311.

This annual expenditure of thirty, or even of sixty or ninety talents, could not be called extravagant for the prosperous times when all the cities of the Ægean poured their wealth into the treasury of Athens. Indeed, there existed at this period a truly magnificent patronage of art and literature, to which we can hardly find a parallel. But we must remember, that a sum, which would not have been extravagant in the palmy days of Athenian supremacy, might be enough to ruin the state when her allies were disaffected or in revolt, or when a foreign conqueror was plotting with domestic traitors against her independence.

In the next class of expenditures, those for public services in time of peace, one especially is worthy to be mentioned with the *theorica*, the compensation for attending the assemblies of the people. With this, as Boeckh well remarks, "the ruler paid himself." It was at first an obolus, and was afterwards increased to three oboli. If, with Boeckh, we estimate the average number of citizens in a public assembly at eight thousand, we find that the whole expense of the forty regular assemblies in each year, added to that of ten or twelve special meetings, would have been about thirty-five talents.

The members of the senate of five hundred were paid a drachma for each day's attendance, and the senate held a session every day except festival days. Their pay for three

hundred days would amount to twenty-five talents. The six thousand citizens, who were chosen annually to sit as judges (or jurymen) in the Heliastic courts, received the same compensation which was paid for attending the public assembly, at first an obolus, afterwards three oboli. From this body of six thousand the judges were selected for each particular case, the usual number sitting on each trial being five hundred. We find, however, courts consisting of as small a number as two hundred, and in a few cases larger numbers; as one thousand, fifteen hundred, and even six thousand. Boeckh follows Aristophanes in estimating the total expense of these popular courts at one hundred and fifty talents annually.

The compensation given for other public services was insignificant compared with those just named. We will mention only the pay of ambassadors sent on special missions to foreign states, permanent embassies being unknown. Their compensation appears to have been given chiefly as mileage, and in regard to this item a valuable lesson might be learned by modern governments. Even the infamous "false legation," which betrayed the liberties of Greece to Philip, becomes, in this light, an example of wise economy and prudence. The ten ambassadors are said by Demosthenes to have received a thousand drachmas ($171) for travelling expenses, which is mentioned as an extraordinary sum. As the embassy was absent seventy days, this was less than twenty-five cents a day for each member.

The provision made by the Athenians for the support of the poor and disabled must not be left unnoticed, as it was one of the institutions which distinguished Athens from the other cities of Greece. It is the boast of Isocrates, that, in the period of the city's greatest glory, "no citizen was destitute of the necessaries of life, or was reduced, to the shame of the state, to beg of those whom he accosted." The donation was small, but, if we consider the expense of subsistence at that time, the provision appears most creditable to Athens. One or two oboli daily were given to about five hundred persons, causing an annual expense of five or ten talents.

As Athens kept no regular standing army of infantry in time of peace, the regular military expenses were compara-

tively slight, and consisted chiefly of the cost of building new triremes annually, and the maintenance of the cavalry. The cavalry were kept constantly exercised, both in order to secure greater efficiency in war, and because it was an important part of the parade in all the religious processions on festal days. Xenophon's statement, that the Athenians expended nearly forty talents annually on the cavalry, even in time of peace, is accepted by Boeckh, and substantiated by a computation based upon one of the inscriptions copied in the second volume of the original work.

We have now mentioned the principal regular expenses of the Athenian state, with the estimate of their amount made by Boeckh, wherever it was possible to make one. As to the sum total, he says: —

"The whole amount of the regular expenses, if of each only the lowest rate is assumed, could not have been less than four hundred talents annually. But if the building of large edifices, and the constructing of great public works, extraordinary distributions of money, and heavy expenses for festivals, were added, a thousand talents may easily have been disbursed in a year, even without carrying on war, the costs of which are indeterminate. Four hundred talents, which are equivalent to about six hundred thousand thaler, or $ 410,400, were, in ancient times, equal to at least three times that amount at the present day, if the value of the precious metals be compared with that of the common necessaries of life. With this reference, then, that disbursement may be considered equivalent to three times its amount. This is tolerably proportional to a population of five hundred thousand souls." — pp. 350, 351.

The expenses of war were of course uncertain; and as they were usually met in a great measure by an extraordinary tax, they cannot properly be included in any estimate of the regular expenses of the state. We refer all interested in the subject to Boeckh's learned and satisfactory investigation in the last four chapters of his second book. We quote a few statements as to the pay of the army and navy. The common daily pay of a foot-soldier was four oboli (12 cents), of which half was paid as wages and half for subsistence. A century earlier, at the siege of Potidæa, the Athenian heavy-armed soldiers were paid two drachmas (33 cents) a day, one

for themselves and one for their servants. The pay of the cavalry was usually threefold that of the infantry, while that of the naval service appears to have differed little from that of the common soldiers on land.

Having spoken of the principal expenses of the Athenian state, we must now glance at the revenues by which those expenses were annually met. The Athenians were strenuously opposed to direct taxation, and for meeting the *ordinary* expenses of each year, the so-called *ordinary* revenues usually sufficed. These are divided by Boeckh into the following four classes: —

"1. *Rents* and *duties*, partly those raised from the public domains, including the mines, partly customs and excise duties, and some taxes on trades and persons, levied upon aliens and slaves. 2. *Fines*, together with fees received in the administration of justice, and the proceeds of confiscated property. 3. *Tributes* of the confederate or subject states and cities. 4. *The ordinary public services.*" — p. 405.

Under the first head we will mention the item of principal importance, which most resembles our custom-house duties. This is the so-called *fiftieth* (πεντηκοστή), an *ad valorem* duty of two per cent upon all imports and exports. This appears to have been intended as a source of revenue, and not at all as a protective duty. The latter, at least in our sense of the term, seems to have been nearly or quite unknown in the public economy of Athens; but abundant evidence of legislation for the protection of trade may be found in the chapter on Commerce, in the first book of the work before us. The fiftieth, like most of the Attic revenues, was not collected directly by officers of government, but farmed, that is, sold by auction to an individual or company.

The regular duty of the fiftieth was wisely moderate. Another duty of ten per cent, levied by the Athenians during two short periods, amounting together to ten or twelve years, is worthy of comparison with the Sound Dues levied by Denmark in our own times. The Athenians coolly built a custom-house on the Bosporus, defended it with thirty ships, and exacted a tax of ten per cent upon the cargo of every vessel that passed.

Passing over the second item in the list, which is unusually

fruitful in learned discussions, we come to the third and most important source of the Athenian revenues, the tributes of the allies and subjects of the city. After the expulsion of the Persian invaders from Greece in 479 B. C., when the various Hellenic states had taken breath from their well-fought conflict for life and death, the unanimous voice of the victors demanded that the war should be renewed in a manner suited to their new position, which was now changed from the defensive to the offensive. The Great King was not merely to be shut out from Greece, and compelled to give up his arrogant pretensions; he was also to be thoroughly humbled and made to atone for his insolence. To effect this, a union among the scattered fragments of the Hellenic race was necessary. The leadership by sea, which had been granted without dispute to Sparta while the common liberty was in peril, had since the restoration of peace been quite as quietly and naturally transferred from Sparta to her more worthy rival, Athens. In two years we find Athens at the head of the confederacy of Delos, the presiding city of a body of independent allies, all alike subject to the synod of Delos in matters pertaining to the war against Persia, which it was the object of the confederacy to wage. The transformation of this independent confederacy into the Athenian empire, which we find existing after another quarter of a century, the gradual subjugation of the allies, who one by one found it inconvenient to pay the assessments required for the common defence, and were reduced by the forces of the confederation, and the final transfer of the treasury from the temple of Apollo at Delos to the Parthenon at Athens, were steps rendered inevitable by the energy and enterprise of the presiding city opposed to the inactivity of most of her allies. In regarding this important series of events, familiar as they are to every student of Greek history, one principal fact is to be kept continually in mind, which no one will now venture to dispute, since Mr. Grote's able and elaborate vindication, — that, in each successive step in the change from a confederacy to an empire, Athens acted a perfectly consistent and honorable part, doing merely what her duties as the presiding city imposed upon her. She may have been harsh and cruel in her sub-

sequent treatment of her subjects in particular instances, but this does not affect the question as to the justice of the original acquisition of her supremacy. Her position, in this respect, was not unlike that of our own federal government in regard to the States of our Union. As a revolt or an attempt to secede from the Federal Union would be met by the force of the whole confederacy, so the revolts of the members of the confederacy of Delos were met, not by the force of Athens alone, but by the united force of the whole alliance, acting merely under the direction of Athens. The refusal of Naxos to acknowledge her allegiance and to pay her tribute was as much an act of nullification as was ever dreamed of in our own republic. It was through no injustice of Athens that the indolent islanders preferred paying tribute to serving in person, and agreed to pay fixed annual sums of money to Athens in return for the entire or partial relief which she afforded them from personal service; nor can we blame Athens if she encouraged this natural tendency, knowing how beneficial its results would be to her own power and influence.

The first assessment of tribute amounted to four hundred and sixty talents annually. As this was made by Aristides himself, we may take for granted that it was done with the proverbial justice which guided all his actions, and that it was an impartial assessment upon the allies of the sum required for the common defence of the confederacy and for the common war against Persia. Under Pericles the tribute was increased to six hundred talents, which, however, does not involve the necessity of any change in the assessment made by Aristides. The additional hundred and forty talents were probably the result of the purchases of exemption from personal service on the part of allies, mentioned by Thucydides, which were in two respects beneficial to Athens, both in adding to the tribute and in giving her an immense naval superiority to her allies. The transfer of the treasury from Delos to Athens is said to have been made on the motion of the Samians, and was probably rather a measure of precaution, adopted for the safety of the increasing treasure, than a *coup d'état* on the part of Pericles, as it is sometimes viewed. After the death of Pericles, during the Peloponn-

nesian war, the tributes were greatly increased, so as really to be oppressive and exorbitant; and after the peace of Nicias (422 B. C.) we find them doubled, and amounting to twelve hundred talents. Of the tributes at this period we have the most authentic information in the original tribute lists, which were engraved on marble, and set up in the Acropolis of Athens, where they have been recently discovered under the ruins which cover the hill. These interesting and valuable monuments, the original records of the great Athenian confederacy, now stand exposed to view in the left or northern wing of the Propylæa, in the ruins of the very room which once contained the paintings of Polygnotus. We have previously alluded to the important place which these inscriptions, and their restoration and interpretation, hold in the second volume of Boeckh's original work. At the fatal close of the Peloponnesian war, Athens was, of course, stripped both of subjects and of tribute, and her revenues from this source never again reached their former importance. The new Athenian confederacy, established in 378 B. C., was but a feeble imitation of that under which Athens had attained such a height of power and glory a century before. The changed relation of the presiding city to the allies since the times of Aristides and Pericles, the shock which the alliance received in the social war, and the growing power of Philip, all combined to render the position of Athens, in respect to her annual revenues, critical and unstable in the extreme. The few notices that we have of the amount of the tributes at this period show that it was small and fluctuating. It is therefore the more honorable to Lycurgus that he undertook the direction of the shattered finances of Athens at this critical season, and raised them by his wise management to such a degree of prosperity, that it seemed for a short period as if the glorious days of the preceding century were about to return to Athens. Her long-neglected public buildings were finished, and her annual revenues (not tributes) were raised to twelve hundred talents. Lycurgus, as Boeckh remarks, is almost the only man whom antiquity presents to us in the character of a genuine financier.

From the tributes collected during the age of Pericles was

accumulated the celebrated public treasure which was preserved in the Parthenon. It began with the sum originally brought from Delos, which Boeckh estimates at eighteen hundred talents, and was increased to nine thousand seven hundred talents of coined silver, or nearly ten millions of dollars. A large part if not the whole of this was considered as the consecrated treasure of the virgin goddess in whose temple it was deposited. To this consecrated treasure belonged the thousand talents which were set aside at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, to be sacredly reserved in connection with a hundred ships, until they should be needed to repel a direct attack upon the city by sea. It was a noble idea, and one which shows that the Greek religion was not all an empty and unfelt pageant, to dedicate even the treasures of the state to its guardian goddess, so that the Athenian might feel that the fair personification of wisdom which he had enshrined in the noblest temple ever reared by human hands, and had represented so beautifully in ivory and gold, was really possessed of the means of protecting the city which lay at her feet, and that from her must come the aid which would save the state in its greatest peril. Money could be borrowed, as it seems, from this treasure for the use of the state, but it was always taken as a loan; and so exact were the Athenians in their respect for the property of the goddess, that at first they not only replaced the sums borrowed, but also paid a small monthly interest of one tenth of one per cent for the time the money had been kept from the sacred treasury.* Even the consecrated money, however, could be used freely to adorn the sacred precinct of Athena, and it was the singular glory of Pericles to employ these princely treasures upon those works of art which were alone enough to make his name and age immortal. We have alluded to the sums expended upon the Propylæa; we may mention here the chryselephantine statue of Athena, whose golden ornaments were valued at four hundred talents, and could be removed and replaced at pleasure. In the calamitous period near the end

* See the accounts kept in regard to such loans, some of which are given in the German edition of Boeckh, Vol. II. p. 145.

of the Peloponnesian war, when the Sicilian expedition had broken the strength of Athens, and the allies were in revolt, and when even the reserved fund of a thousand talents was employed in the name of the goddess to defend the city, no further attempt was made to maintain the sacred deposit; it was impossible to refund the sums borrowed, and with the fall of Athens the history of the treasure of the Parthenon was closed.

In enumerating the ordinary revenues of Athens, we mentioned as the fourth class *the ordinary public services* (λειτουργίαι ἐγκύκλιοι). These liturgiæ form a most important point of distinction between the Athenian public economy and our own. They were services performed by the richer citizens for the state at their own expense, in order to relieve the public treasury of certain burdens. They were truly democratic, and belong to that class of Athenian institutions which assume the obligation of the richer citizens to bear a much larger proportion of the public expenses than their amount of property would strictly impose upon them. Of the ordinary liturgiæ, the most important was the *choregia*, which may serve as an example. This was the duty of providing and training the chorus for the various dramatic exhibitions, and for other festivals where a chorus was required. The choregi were appointed by the ten tribes for each year, and a poet who wished to exhibit a drama at any festival had one of these choregi allotted to him by the archon, upon proper application, if his piece was duly approved. It was then the duty of the choregus to pay for the training of the chorus by a competent teacher, and to support it during the time for which it was obliged to serve. He also paid whatever price was necessary to obtain the various singers, dancers, and musicians. We find that the expense of the choregia in different instances varied from three hundred to three thousand drachmas ($50 to $500), according to the nature of the chorus, and the magnificence of the festival. Although this was the most important of the ordinary liturgiæ, it was by no means the only one. The *gymnasiarchia*, or duty of bearing the expenses of all gymnastic exhibitions, and the duty of occasionally feasting the tribe to which one

belonged, at an expense of two or three oboli (6 to 9 cents) for each guest, were imposed upon citizens in the same way. The trierarchy, too, which was nominally an *extraordinary* service, was yet regular enough to be an important part of the expenses of a wealthy Athenian, and was imposed in the same manner. We have an account of one citizen who expended in these public services nearly $ 11,000 in nine years. It would be most unjust, however, to look upon this expenditure in the same light in which it would be viewed at the present day. We must consider the public spirit on this subject in Athens, that made the performance of these services a highly honorable privilege, in which each citizen's ambition was roused to equal or to eclipse his neighbor. The obligation to perform them was a distinction rather coveted than avoided, and most of the richer citizens exceeded in liberality the strict requisitions of the law, as was the case with the individual just mentioned. No one could be called upon to perform any such service, unless he had property to the amount of three talents, although poorer citizens sometimes volunteered. Emulation was excited by the fact, that whenever any prize was won, as in the dramatic contests, the citizens who bore the liturgia, as well as the tribe which appointed them, were named as victors. Again, we must take into account that all these services relieved the public treasury, and consequently diminished or obviated the necessity for direct taxation, which would have drawn nearly the same sums from the same persons in a much less agreeable manner. We cannot wonder that a rich Athenian preferred occasionally to pay the expense of a chorus, and perhaps have his name proclaimed as victor in connection with that of Æschylus or Sophocles, and inscribed with honor upon a tripod, rather than to have a similar amount extorted from him in small annual taxes, in which he would take no interest, and for which he would receive no meed of glory. Boeckh calls attention also to the consideration, that the high rate of interest in Athens allowed a man to expend a large amount in this way, and still have a larger income remaining than the same property would now yield. For example, $ 16,000 at 12 per cent, (which Boeckh assumes for illustration in the case mentioned above,) would allow the

possessor to bear even the burden of $ 11,000 in nine years, and still have remaining more than four per cent annually; and this, we are informed, was four times as much as he was required by law to pay. If a citizen felt that he was unjustly burdened with a liturgia, he had the right to call upon any one whom he thought better able than himself to bear the burden, or for any other reason under greater obligation to receive it, and offer him the alternative of assuming the duty or exchanging property with him. This right of *antidosis* was one of those peculiar inventions of the Athenians, made to balance the defects which were constantly liable to appear in the working of their somewhat cumbrous democratic system. It was, of course, a great protection to the poorer class of men of property, but it became in itself, in some cases, an instrument of injustice, as Demosthenes learned in his youth by sad experience at the hands of his unprincipled guardians and their friends.

We have now spoken of the ordinary revenues of Athens, which were regularly available to meet the ordinary expenses. As to their total amount, we have various accounts, which give the means of forming a general estimate. Xenophon reckons them, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, at a thousand talents; Aristophanes, somewhat later, at two thousand. After the recovery of Athens from her losses in the war, they appear to have been small and uncertain, until they were raised by Lycurgus to twelve hundred talents. This is of course exclusive of all the sums paid for personal services, which only saved money to the treasury without directly enriching it.

These ordinary revenues, with the assistance received from the liturgiæ, were usually sufficient to cover the regular expenditures in times of prosperity. As the expenses of war were uncertain, and often excessive, producing sudden and immediate demands for large sums of money, it was necessary to have extraordinary means for meeting such emergencies. This was effected partly by a special liturgia, the *trierarchy*, by which the state was relieved of a large portion of the expense of fitting out the naval forces, and partly by resort, in cases of necessity, to a direct tax on property.

To gain a clear idea of the Athenian system of trierarchy, and to see the single principle that was at its foundation through all its various modifications, we must glance at the origin of the Athenian navy, and at the original use of the word *trierarch*. We shall see that this word, which in its etymological meaning, as found in the earlier historians, denoted the commander of a ship of war, and afterwards, in the language of the orators, was applied to one who merely paid the expenses of fitting out such a ship, suffered no violent change in its signification; and it will be found, we think, that the change which the naval system of Athens underwent between the time of Thucydides and that of Demosthenes, was merely a part of that radical change which made the Athenians of the age of Demosthenes a different race, in many important respects, from the contemporaries of Pericles, or the sturdy heroes who fought at Marathon and Salamis.

There were four different systems of trierarchy, corresponding to four periods in history. The first existed before 412 B. C.; the second, from 412 to 358 B. C.; the third, from 358 to 340 B. C.; and the fourth after 340 B. C. The first and second systems were modifications of the same plan, or rather they were both expedients for supplying the utter want of system; the third was that of the *symmoriæ*, and the fourth was that proposed by Demosthenes in his great trierarchic reform. In all these systems the fundamental principle was the same, namely, that the state always furnished the hull of the ship with the masts, and, after the time of the Peloponnesian war, also a great part of the material for spars and rigging.* The state also paid the wages of the crew, and supplied them either with provisions or with money to obtain them. It was the duty of the trierarch to pay all the expenses of rigging and fitting out the ship, either using the rigging furnished by the state from the public storehouses in the Piræus, when this was given, or, as was the case in the earlier times, providing all the material at his own expense. It seems to have been

* See Boeckh's *Urkunden ueber das Seewesen des Attischen Staates*, p. 194. This work was intended by its author to form a third volume of his *Staatshaushaltung der Athener*.

the duty of the trierarch to collect the crew who were to be paid by the state, compelling them to embark by force, or even by bribes, if necessary, and to keep them together until the end of the year, often filling any vacancies that might occur from desertion at his own expense. He had also to keep his ship in good repair during the year, and to restore her at the end of his trierarchy, together with all the other public property connected with her, which he held in trust as an agent of the state. Finally, the trierarch was obliged to command the ship in person, or to provide a substitute. From this duty he received his title, which remained unchanged through all the forms of the trierarchy. The last-mentioned duty of the trierarch is especially to be kept in mind in distinguishing between the earlier and the later systems, as one important feature of the latter was the appointment of substitutes, who took command of the ships, while the so-called trierarchs remained quietly at home, and only paid the expenses.

The origin of the Athenian naval system (not to speak of the Trojan war and Menestheus) must be sought in the old constitution of Solon, which divided each of the four Ionic tribes of Attica into thirds, and each third into four *naucrariæ* (all together forty-eight), each one of which latter divisions seems to have been under obligation to equip a single ship when the state required it. The number was raised to fifty under the constitution of Cleisthenes, to correspond with the new division of the people into ten tribes. This provision sufficed for all exigencies, before Athens became a naval power of the first class, which was not until the time of Themistocles and the second Persian war. In the critical period when the invasion of Xerxes was threatening, and all Greece was in alarm, when the wisest of Delphic oracles had declared that wooden walls alone must protect the city of Pallas, and when Athens was in still more pressing need of ships, in order to finish the protracted war with Ægina, in which she had been far from victorious, Themistocles laid the foundation of the Athenian navy, by persuading the people to forego the pleasure which they were anticipating from the division of the proceeds of the silver mines at Laurium, and to apply the money thus saved

(amounting to one or two hundred talents) to the building of ships of war. Polyænus, in a remarkable passage, states that the building of these ships, as well as their whole equipment, was undertaken by a hundred rich citizens, who received from the state a talent for each ship. These men must have been the trierarchs of the ships thus built, and they probably had the duty of commanding them in person. If this interpretation of the imperfect but authentic account is correct, we have an early instance of a trierarchy under the first system. In regard to the principles of this first system, (besides the rules stated above,) we know only that the trierarchs were chosen annually from the richest class of citizens, according to some principle of rotation, subject to the direction of the board of ten generals, who always managed the affairs of the trierarchy. Under this system the fleets were raised during the prosperous period of the Athenian empire, including those sent upon the Sicilian expedition, and upon other expeditions in the earlier part of the Peloponnesian war.

At some time during the Peloponnesian war, as the whole expense of fitting out a ship pressed heavily upon a single individual, the custom was introduced of dividing the burden between two, who thus became joint trierarchs of the same ship for the same year, each commanding the ship for six months. This was the second form of the trierarchy, which involved no further modification of the first than has just been stated. As the earliest traces of such a change are found about 412 B. C. (when the other liturgiæ were first divided in the same way), this date is assumed as that of its introduction. It is obvious that this did not interfere with the operation of the previous system, in cases where the trierarchs preferred to bear the burden alone; and, in fact, the two systems continued to exist together until the reform in 358 B. C. Several years before the last date we find traces of a gradual modification, which constituted an essential part of the two succeeding systems. Since the time of Pericles a great change had come upon the Athenian citizen. Instead of being the high-spirited warrior, who thought it a disgrace to employ hirelings to fight the battles of his country, he had become a mere quiet and domestic citizen, to whom a regular performance of the

duties required by the daily routine of life in Athens was more congenial than active service in the field. The heliastic obolus was dearer to him than the glory of a victorious campaign. The places in the army and navy, which citizens were once proud to fill, were abandoned to mercenaries, often of the vilest class, who fought only for their wages, and deserted to the enemy if he offered them larger pay. It could not be expected that this fatal evil should be confined to the ranks, and not extend to the higher officers. Indeed, just at the time when we should expect to find it, we begin to have instances of trierarchs who let out their trierarchies to contractors, paying a stipulated sum, for which the contractor was to assume all the labor and responsibilities of the trierarchy, including the command of the ship during the year, the real trierarch remaining at home, with the title of "commander" of a ship which perhaps he had never seen. The first instance of this which is mentioned happens to be that of the trierarchy imposed upon the young Demosthenes in 364 B. C., by Thrasylochus, which he assumed in order to avoid exchanging property and dropping his lawsuit with his guardians. It is not strange that the young orator, at the age of eighteen, availed himself of this expedient to evade personal performance of a duty so basely imposed upon him; and he merely paid twenty minæ ($ 333), which relieved him of all further responsibility, the case being one of joint trierarchy under the second system, and the whole amount being forty minæ. We see, however, from this case, that the right of serving by proxy was recognized, as this could not have been the first instance. Indeed, we find the same Thrasylochus, three years later, letting out to a contractor a trierarchy of his own. This, however, it must be confessed, was not at first regarded as honorable, and in case of serious accident or loss, the state made the original trierarchs liable to a prosecution for desertion of their post (λειποτάξιον). Demosthenes* mentions a case in which a number of trierarchs who had let out their trierarchies were in the greatest danger of being condemned to death, on account of a naval defeat

* Demosthenes on the Crown of the Trierarchy, p. 1230.

sustained by their ships in their absence. This essential modification, which probably soon became the rule, rendered the first and second systems of trierarchy less and less efficient for supplying the wants of the state, especially in sudden emergencies. The principles upon which the trierarchs were appointed in each case appear to have been somewhat unsettled, much being undoubtedly left to the discretion of the board of generals, and more to the public spirit of the individual citizens, which in some cases impelled those to assume the duty of the trierarchy whose fortunes were not sufficient to impose it upon them legally. The result was soon apparent in the wretched condition of the Athenian navy, which was yearly becoming less and less equal to the emergencies of the state.

At last the matter was brought to a crisis in 358 B. C., when the Athenian expedition to Eubœa occurred, which was made in order to liberate that island from the dominion of the Thebans. Then the supply of ships actually failed, and the state was obliged to depend upon the enthusiasm of the citizens generally. Voluntary trierarchs here appear for the first time, and Demosthenes himself was among them. The expedition was successful, and took its place among the exploits of past time which were always on the lips of the orators; but Athens learned from it a useful lesson in naval affairs, and immediately reformed her system of trierarchy. The result was the introduction of the third system, known as the system of *symmoriæ*, which continued in use until Demosthenes introduced his own reform in 340 B. C. By this plan, a body of twelve hundred, consisting of the richest citizens, was established, upon which all the burden of the trierarchy was imposed. This body (called συντελεῖς, or partners) was divided into twenty symmories (συμμορίαι) of sixty men, and each symmory was subdivided into four companies (συντέλειαι) of fifteen men; so that the whole body of twelve hundred consisted of eighty companies. Each of these companies supported a single ship, dividing the expense equally among its fifteen members. This provided eighty ships, and the system was designed for the supply of that number annually, the individual members of each company now paying

one fifteenth of the expenses of a ship annually, instead of bearing the whole expense once in fifteen years. As the symmory had a corporate existence, with the power of managing its own affairs in many respects, it could subdivide itself into ten, twelve, or even a larger number of companies, if necessary, to provide for raising two hundred, two hundred and forty, or more ships, if the state required them. Before the system was abandoned, sixteen seems to have been the usual number for supplying a single ship, involving an increase in the whole number of partners to twelve hundred and eighty, or some similar change. The three hundred richest were distinguished as leaders of the symmories, and upon them was imposed the additional burden of advancing the money for the trierarchy to their poorer brethren, when the necessities of the state required an immediate supply of ships. In this system we find adopted as an essential part the principle of commanding the ship by proxy, which had crept into the earlier systems as an unauthorized irregularity. As each ship had now fifteen trierarchs, it is obvious that not even the nominal duty of commanding it belonged to any one of the number. The whole trierarchy was regularly let to a contractor, whose duties included a provision for the command of the ship. Thus was the signification of the name *trierarch* gradually changed, in conformity to the great change which all Athens underwent during the same period.

The third system of trierarchy seems to have soon been encumbered with difficulties, and to have failed in securing all the advantages expected from its operation. Only four years after its introduction, we find Demosthenes, in his first speech delivered before the public assembly, proposing a detailed scheme in amendment of the system of symmories. His proposal, however, seems to have produced no effect. This proposal in his Oration on the Symmories, delivered in 354 B. C., must not be confounded with the great reform which he actually effected fourteen years later, about which no special oration is preserved, but which is described in the Oration on the Crown. It was made to obviate the rapidly increasing evils and abuses which had crept into the system of symmories. Among these was one by which the three

hundred leaders were in the habit of converting their duty of advancing the money for the trierarchy into a means of avoiding the whole burden themselves. They let out the trierarchy to a contractor, for the smallest sum possible (usually a talent), making their own terms and advancing the money, but afterwards assessing the whole expense upon their poorer brethren, allowing nothing for their own share. The whole system, too, rested upon an unsound foundation. It assessed the same amount upon every member of the body of twelve hundred, without regard to the great differences in wealth. Demosthenes, in 340 B. C., proposed and carried a law which abandoned this unjust principle altogether, and placed the trierarchy upon the only proper basis, that of *property*. The symmories and other divisions were abolished, and the principle was introduced that a certain amount of taxable property, whether it was in the hands of one man or of ten men, should subject the possessor or possessors to a certain share of the burden of the trierarchy; in other words, the trierarchy was placed upon the same footing with the direct property tax. The plan of Demosthenes was to impose the expense of a single ship annually upon every ten talents of taxable property * in the state; each of those who had that amount furnishing one ship by himself, and those whose taxable property amounted to less joining together in clubs until the proper amount was reached, when the whole club supported a ship, as the old companies had done. Those who were rated higher than ten talents were subject to still higher duties in the same proportion, so that some were obliged to furnish three triremes and a tender. More than this, however, no single citizen could be called upon to do. This reform was effected by Demosthenes against an almost unprecedented opposition on the part of the richer citizens, especially those who had been among the three hundred leaders of symmories. Bribes of immense amount are said to have been offered in vain, to stay the progress of the reform, but Demosthenes was not the man to be approached in that way. And they could

* For an explanation of the term *taxable property*, which, with the richest class, amounted to one fifth of their *actual* property, see below, in our remarks on the property tax.

well afford to offer bribes to avert so threatening an invasion of their privileged abuses, as may be seen by comparing the new system with the system of symmories. Demosthenes tells us that persons who previously paid only the sixteenth part of the expense of a single ship, now became sole trierarchs of two. This reform was one of the greatest triumphs achieved by Demosthenes during his career as a statesman, and one which would have brought incalculable advantages to his country if it had been effected sooner. But the law was passed only two years before the fatal battle of Chæronea.

It will be seen that the trierarchy under its fourth form was placed upon the same footing with the direct tax upon property. Indeed, it seems to have lost the character of a liturgia in every essential point: it was now not confined to the richest class, but was probably extended to every one who was liable to direct taxes, and conformed entirely to the principle which Demosthenes himself lays down in regard to direct taxes as opposed to the liturgiæ, that they are taxes upon the property, and not upon the person. This is a point which we have never seen noticed in regard to the trierarchic reform of Demosthenes. Indeed, we can discern no reason why the trierarchy, under this form, should be classed among the liturgiæ. We would even go so far as to maintain, that the principles of *antidosis* (or exchange of property) could have no application to it in this form, except so far as they applied even to the property tax itself; that is, so far as antidosis would be allowed in the case of all persons who claimed a right to be taxed in a lower class and at a lower rate than they were. The cases of antidosis, in regard to the earlier forms of the trierarchy, were more numerous than those in regard to any other liturgia. In all cases it is to be noticed as an important point, that, where property was exchanged in this way, all lawsuits then pending with regard to such property were transferred also, which would have been the case in the antidosis offered to Demosthenes as mentioned above, where the only object of Thrasylochus was to terminate the suit pending against the guardians of Demosthenes. It is equally important to notice, that no lawsuits which did not directly affect the value of one of the estates in question could be trans-

ferred by antidosis, and of course no public prosecution could be thus transferred.

When all other means of obtaining revenue failed, the Athenians had recourse to the most unpopular of all measures, direct taxation. This way of meeting the expenses was opposed to the spirit of the Athenians, on the same principle by which the personal services were so well suited to their temper. They paid their money in taxes, without receiving any credit or glory in return. A trierarch was personally interested in his own ship, and a naval victory gained by an Athenian fleet reflected renown upon those whose ships were engaged in the battle, especially in the early times, when the trierarchs commanded their ships in person; but what glory was gained in return for all the money they paid to the tax-collector, for which their names were not even mentioned with gratitude? Even in the assessment of the property tax, we see the democratic principle which is so conspicuous in other parts of the Athenian economy. During the period when it most frequently occurred, the tax was assessed, not upon the whole property of the state, but upon a certain percentage of it, which was much higher for the richer classes than for the poorer. We know that the richest citizens paid a tax upon twenty per cent of their property; the poorest, as Boeckh supposes, paid the same rate of tax upon only eight per cent of their whole property. A tax of five per cent upon all the taxable capital of Athens would thus be an *actual* tax of one per cent for the richest class, but a tax of only four tenths of one per cent for the poorest. An ignorance of this principle has sometimes caused a singular mistake, by which classic authors are supposed to estimate the whole property of Athens at less than six thousand talents, which would be absurdly small. This, however, is only the taxable capital (the τίμημα), upon which the property tax (or εἰσφορά) was assessed. It was of course between eight and twenty per cent of the whole, so that the whole property of Attica must have been valued at thirty or forty thousand talents, at the lowest estimate.*

* See Boeckh, Book IV. Chap. IV., where the mistake, into which even Polybius fell, is clearly explained.

The property taxes paid under the system just mentioned, which was introduced in the archonship of Nausinicus (378 B. C.), were usually very small, one of those mentioned being a tax of one per cent on the taxable capital, and another amounting to only one sixth of one per cent. A third, of which Boeckh speaks at some length, as the tax imposed under Nausinicus himself, must, if levied, have been a tax of five per cent, amounting to three hundred talents. But with a full consciousness of the great difficulty of the question, and of the impossibility of arriving at any sure conclusion upon the subject, we must venture to join those who dissent from Boeckh upon this point, and to disbelieve the existence of any such excessive tax as that here supposed. It is indeed difficult to believe that the new system of taxation then introduced would have been inaugurated by the immediate assessment, in a single year, of a tax which for the richest class would have amounted to one per cent *upon their whole property*. This, too, it must be remembered, would have been in addition to all the indirect taxes and personal services which usually supplied the public treasury. Mr. Grote, in his History of Greece (Vol. X. p. 158, *note*), with that practical common sense which amid all his learning so eminently distinguishes his great work, decides this point against Boeckh without assigning his reasons, except those drawn from the interpretation of the passage in Demosthenes (in Androt., p. 608), which is the supposed authority for this large assessment. When Demosthenes speaks of τὰς εἰσφορὰς τὰς ἀπὸ Ναυσινίκου as amounting to three hundred talents, it is indeed much more natural to understand the total amount of *all the taxes* levied during the fourteen years *from* the time of Nausinicus to the time at which he was speaking, than to suppose, with Boeckh, that a single tax levied in the year of Nausinicus himself is meant. It seems to us that this view of the case admits of strong proof by arguments drawn from sources entirely independent of either the sense of the passage or the probabilities of the case; but our space will not allow us to argue the point at length. We will merely adduce a single consideration. In a subsequent passage of the oration cited, Demosthenes speaks of the trifling amount of this very tax in certain

cases in which Androtion had collected it by force, after it had been a long time in arrears. He says that Androtion collected seven talents in small sums, none of which, as he believes, exceeded a mina. Among others, however, he mentions the case of two persons, Leptines and Callicrates, from whom were collected thirty-four drachmas and a little more than seventy drachmas respectively. But these two men were of trierarchic rank, that is, they were rich enough to be subject to the burden of the trierarchy, and Boeckh himself refers to them in that capacity. This, however, presupposes a fortune of at least three talents, which, if taxed at the rate supposed, would yield one hundred and eighty drachmas. How, then, could they have been subject to so small a tax as was collected by Androtion, unless we suppose that a succession of small taxes is referred to, some one or two of which may have been left unpaid? It seems absurd to suppose that men of property like these would allow a few drachmas of a large tax assessed many years before to remain unpaid, when the chief part had been paid long before. All difficulty vanishes, however, as soon as we suppose that no such heavy tax was assessed, and that these paltry sums belonged to smaller taxes, like the two others mentioned above. We have dwelt upon this subject especially, to meet the common but erroneous idea, that the assessment of heavy direct taxes was not infrequent in Athens.

We take leave of the work before us, fully aware of the impossibility of doing justice in an essay like the present to even the principal points of interest and importance in a subject so extensive, and satisfied if we shall be the means of calling attention to the rich and varied stores of learning which the publication of Boeckh's Public Economy of Athens has placed at the disposal of our scholars.

ART. II. — 1. *School Days at Rugby.* By an Old Boy. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857.

2. *Twentieth Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Twentieth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.* Boston. 1857.

OF the books which have been reprinted during the past year, there is none more unscrupulously English than the one of which the title is placed at the head of this article. There is a full and healthy flavor in its style, smacking of the breezy upland and sunshine and open fields, a luxuriance of good spirits, a manly manner of thinking straightforward, an absence of all cant and sentimentality, a tone as loud and cheery as a hunting-song, and withal an almost aggravating independence and self-satisfaction, qualities refreshing to the soul in these days of spasmodic poetry, illicit dramas, and ecclesiastical novels. There is not a twinge of indigestion in it. The stormy contests of the play-ground, where the passions of the man are first awakened in the mind of the boy; the tyranny of fagging, — not the last nor the only relic of savage ages which has held place in English schools; the inevitable and constant battle levied between master and pupil; the other warfare, which is carried on by the boy, within his own breast, between the temptations that easily beset him and the loyalty which he owes to the dear old home; his first consciousness of ambition; his first intuition of the serious purpose of living, — all this, and more, is told by many vivid and graphic pictures of the life led at an English foundation school; and standing above or behind all the scenes, suggested rather than described, appears the serene figure of that great and good teacher, Dr. Arnold. Reading this book is like watching some limpid, self-confident, brawling mountain-torrent, that runs sparkling over moss and shingle, and yet there is something in it greater than is seen at first, of genuine nobility and manliness of soul, and, in the closing chapters, of unexpected pathos and tenderness, in reference to that undiscoverable futurity in which life ends.

It has cost the world ages of experience to earn an appre-

ciation of the position and character of woman, and we have not yet attained to a knowledge of the true position, requirements, and character of the child. One reason for this ignorance may be due to the fact, that the study of the condition of childhood requires the mind to turn back upon itself, and observe its own motions, a mental process contrary to the habits of nature, and which has made the secrets of the mind far less attractive to most persons than the secrets of a patented machine for the hatching of chickens. Look at the manifold different systems of education. One might suppose that the mind of the child was made for curious experiments, to find by what variety of place, or by what clipping and coaxing, it might be brought to assume a certain style of growth, without ever being suffered to put forth the laws of its own nature. We cannot but look upon that class of beings stigmatized by the term *boys* with some lively touch of pity. Particularly when transplanted from the soil where they were born, and placed under foreign influences, are they deserving of this humane sentiment. Would any man who has passed a moderately comfortable life be willing to live over the decade between his fifth and fifteenth year? Does any one feel a response in his heart to that lyrical wish, now popularized by the street-organ, to be a boy again? The truth is, that the boy, as regards his conception of his own nature and its due education, is in advance of his age. He is not understood, or misunderstood. We arrogantly put him into that class which Sir William Blackstone denominates *feræ naturæ*, and base our plans for his improvement upon the assumption of his total depravity. He has ambition which burns out in disappointment; he has dreams of heroism and love which he dares not confide to another; he has keen sensibilities which his elders do not forbear to taunt or to disregard; he has an understanding of matters whereof he is assumed to be absurdly ignorant; he has aching doubts about life and death which he knows not where to satisfy. Often, like one who wanders in the dark, his undeveloped reason and half-knowledge fail to guide him through the night into which his more mature fancy hurries him, and he stumbles over chasms, or starts at those awful phantoms of the brain which the firmness of riper

intellect cannot at all times exorcise. The loneliness of night, the mystery of the heavens, the sadness of good-by, fill his imagination and grasp his whole soul with a power which lessens as he advances in years. Like young Albano, in Jean Paul's delectable romance of *Titan*, he has to restrain and hide within himself all his emotions, his longings, his precious thoughts, for fear of some stern father or some domesticated Diogenes; or, if he ventures to unbosom himself to an imagined friend of his own age, asking only for the bread of sympathy which his heart craves, it is but to find himself possessed of the scorpion of treachery and neglect, and perhaps, at last, he flies to the beauty of some amiable girl, whom his ardent enthusiasm clothes with every grace and every virtue, who smiles upon him, and comprehends him no more than he comprehends the ocean.

The English form of education in those ancient schools, which the charity of benefactors, long since become dust, has founded and carried on, has much to be revered, and some features which are utterly repulsive. We see with admiration its conservatism, its thoroughness, its devotion to the wholesome Latin grammar. We visit, almost with envy, the ancient cloisters, coeval with Elizabeth and the first Henry, the Gothic arches, stained lights, panels of old oak, and spacious, high-windowed halls, where learning has presided for ages, and the dearest associations have grown with the moss and twined with the ivy over their weather-streaked walls. Yet, when we know the idle customs which have been perpetuated with them, their adherence to precedent and form, their slow improvement, the feudal manners which prevail in the great schools of England, we turn with some complacency from pictured windows and arches and panels, to the windy, old common-school house of New England, with its raw master and shivering scholars, its bare walls, pine seats, and broken panes, its irregularities and constant changes, and mark, with some pride, what a noble institution it has become, — how progressive, how democratic in its influences, how strong in promise for the future, how capable of leading forth a young nation in the paths of intellectual liberty, enlightened judgment, and political freedom.

It appears in the records of the town of Boston, that in the year 1635 it was "agreed upon" by the people, that "brother Philemon Pormont shall be entreated to become schoolmaster, for the teaching and nurturing of children with us."

This order, which we have the best reason to suppose was fully carried into effect, is the earliest written evidence of the planting of the common-school system of New England. Fifteen years after the Mayflower, emerging from the mists of the Atlantic, had dipped anchor in the waves of Plymouth harbor; five years after Shawmut, or Trimountain, already become a great town in the estimation of the colonists at Plymouth and Salem, had merged its double name in the one which has made the blessed memory of John Cotton green and fragrant for ever; while the vast disputed territory towards the east, subsequently called the District of Maine, was all unexplored, its coasts beginning to witness, in miniature, those combats and reprisals between the two greatest nations of the world, which were afterwards projected over the entire continent of Europe; only a few years before Gorges had established his romantic feudal court at Agamenticus, of which some curious records are preserved in the State library at Augusta, — a court, a magnificent array of councillors, marshals, and deputies, with only one element of a state lacking, people to be governed; while the magistrates of Massachusetts Bay were engaged in their perilous contest with the freedom of conscience, which, represented in the person of Roger Williams, was driven out, first to Salem, and then, through the terrible snows of those early winters, across the wilderness, to the city which well deserved the grateful name of Providence; while in the world beyond the sea, fondly called the Old, Charles was striving to bind to his will those men of steel, Hampden and Sidney, until, like steel, they shivered in his grasp, and, recoiling, cut him at the throat; when the sandy hills of "the Massachusetts," beaten by the melancholy east winds of spring, scarcely gave back in the harvest the foreign corn with many anxious misgivings intrusted to their keeping, and Nature did not spare her frowns upon the Puritan; while, to him who contrasted the pleasant lands of Lincoln, and the goodly heritage abandoned there, with the grim for-

ests of New England, — the familiar customs of the native village and common household ways — dear as blood to the heart — with the tumultuous life, the privations and weary homesickness of the emigrant, — it would seem as if the experiment of colonization must fail, miserably and irretrievably; — in this gloomy day of small things was originated an institution which is the peculiar glory of New England, — the Common School.

It is a significant fact, and worthy of all honor, that, while the right hand of the Puritan clung to a narrow and appalling creed, his left hand was earnestly sowing those seeds of liberal ideas which were to come up in the brighter future, a gracious harvest of free thought, free speech, and free government. It is true, that, before the date above alluded to, charity schools had been founded in London, where youths of fair promise and of good family connections might receive an education as the gift of some pious benefactor, who, following the advice of the poet for the gaining of immortality, — "endow a college, or a cat," — or stimulated by more noble motives, had consecrated his wealth to feed the lamp of the poor scholar. The two universities of the kingdom held out liberal hands to such as were willing to take their favors with humility. But the difference was in this; the education of the children of the Puritan originated with the people, and was paid for by them. In the deep wilderness, a college was rising before the wigwam of the red man had disappeared from the banks of the Charles, established and sustained by the voluntary contributions, not of the dead, but of the living, who brought from its oaken chest the silver that had been hoarded against dire necessity, — the tankard, the ancient punch-bowl, — few and precious heirlooms. All that remained to testify to them of a forsaken ancestry they gave to the cause of sound learning, of Christ and the Church. Honor to him who had no plate to bestow, but who bequeathed his flock of sheep to Harvard College; for the children of a remote generation are still clothed with their wool.

There is no portion of the annals of our country which has better claim to a special history than that which illustrates the progress of education, from the first vote to establish a

free school, in 1635, through the various reforms which have been adopted, and the many new methods and the thousand alluring graces given to the acquisition of knowledge. At length, the venerable taskmistress, whose features were once cruel, harsh, and repulsive, ruled with lines of rigor and threats of pain, has assumed a playful expression, and challenges the youthful spirit to study as captivatingly as if it were a game at ball. Nearly all of the recent improvements and new methods in teaching are the growth of our own soil. Appropriate to a history of education would be an account of that primitive fountain of letters in the Colonies, the Winter School, with its interesting varieties; of the Academy, where the study of Latin was first cared for; of the College, where sometimes, as at Dartmouth, the red man sat upon the same bench with his pale brother, and taught his rude mouth to shape the *hic hæc hoc;* of the Normal School, where the teacher is qualified for his profession; of the Farm School, where the pupil has first to be untaught.

The care and ingenuity which have been expended in achieving perfection in the arrangement of the school-room, and in the school furniture, so as to insure sufficient air, light, and space to the scholar; the improvements in the mechanical apparatus of teaching, as well as in the text-books; the changes in discipline and modes of punishment, from that barbarous age when it was supposed that the rod, the dark closet, and public disgrace would improve the temper and stimulate a thirst for knowledge, to the present time, when, happily, a medal, a ribbon, a mere cipher of approbation, has almost driven the name of punishment from our schools; the large economy of time and labor secured by the systematized employment of both, and by the gradation of schools and classes; the gradual and favorable alteration in the relations of master and scholar; and, lastly, the improvement in the master himself, from the Ichabod Cranes of former days, who worked on the farm and "boarded round," to the thoroughly educated men who now stand at the head of the principal schools in New England; — all these facts, incidents, and conditions, could not fail to illustrate very favorably the peculiar advantages that have flowed from the Puritan spirit, which,

in recoiling from the Catholic Church, succeeded surely, though indirectly, in making knowledge and independence of mind catholic and common.

We propose to confine our remarks to a very narrow branch of the subject of education, and to take a brief view of that important element of society, the Schoolmaster.

An interesting volume has been written, in contents limited enough to be read through on a winter's day, entitled Lives of Good Wives. Every library contains among the dusty titles of the topmost shelf Roscoe's Eminent Shoemakers. Surely no schoolboy has failed to be caught nibbling at the tempting library-cake stuffed with the Lives of Celebrated Highwaymen. Somewhere among good wives, shoemakers, and highwaymen there ought to be a niche for the statues of representative schoolmasters.

Whatever the condition of the society in which he moves, the schoolmaster always preserves his peculiar character. He is as inevitable as that mythical person, the stage *uncle*, who, with a change in costume to suit the generation, has figured in the drama from time immemorial, the stern incorporation of tyranny and unreason, a rock in the smooth course of love through the first scenes, and usually coming out in the last a generous though gruff benefactor, who melts to the use of an India handkerchief as he bestows all his vast wealth on the leading lovers of the piece, saying, "Bless ye me, children," as the curtain falls. The schoolmaster, likewise, possesses certain qualities of temperament and manner, which cling to him from generation to generation, and which make him stand forth, a quaint figure in *alto rilievo*, above the plane of the people upon whom his character impinges. There has been no Fielding as yet to draw the shadows and fine lines, the oddities and the simple graces, of the Parson Adams of schoolmasters.

Dealing exclusively with the next generation, the master is apt to appear like a stranger among the men of to-day. "He was an Israelite without guile," the poet Coleridge would say of his father, who was for many years head-master of the King's School at Ottery. John Coleridge was very well in the dead languages, but in the ways of the world he

never ceased to be the youngest of pupils. With his simplicity the master often unites an amusing bombast. More than any other professional man he finds it difficult to shun the cant of business. He cannot easily "sink the shop." He likes to come in on didactic stilts. He will treat his contemporaries as if they were his pupils, and announce some bald fact of forgotten history as it had been sent by telegraph. Possessed of some business capital in the shape of statistics and small information upon topics of entirely general interest, such as the names of the ruling potentates of the little German states, the date of Marlborough's last battle, the latitude, climate, religion, and productions of the Hebrides or the Barbary States, he will sometimes quite overwhelm his modest auditor by a volley of intelligence, and leave him stunned with chagrin at his own comparative ignorance. He will interrupt even the festive scene, by putting some profound question, like that which Mr. Baps propounds to Sir Barnet Skettles in the novel: "What are you going to do with your raw materials when they come into your ports in return for your drain of gold?" Charles Lamb, whose school experience was none of the happiest, found an illustration of this peculiarity of the schoolmaster in "a staid-looking gentleman about the wrong side of thirty," whom he fell in with on the top of a stage-coach in the vicinity of London. After putting the taciturn Lamb through a cross-examination, answering his own questions, and displaying a perfect compendium of useful information, the schoolmaster began to discuss the cotton trade, and when the poor hearer ventured some slow remark upon the India market, and was "surprised to find how eloquent he was becoming upon the subject of cotton," the master stopped him short to inquire first, whether he had "ever made any exact calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in the city of London."

In modern times there are two teachers who stand prominently forth, each in his own country, as the originator of a popular, a democratic form of instruction, and who have each done much to make education less of a luxury and more of a necessity. In the Middle Age, the priest was the only representative of the schoolmaster. Of the few appreciable bless-

ings for which we have to thank the Romish Church, one is that it rescued the wandering wrecks of literature from the deluge of barbarism which Attila and his successors rolled down over the civilization of the South. The recluse of the cowl and rosary, whose shaven crown was bowed for years over the work of transcribing a single illuminated page, had his uses. The vestal flame of letters, feebly tended by him, was kept still alight in the schools of the convent. The monk taught, not only theology, but the elements of rhetoric and the mathematics, and the monastery, that warmed many a wayfarer in those unsettled times, and fed him on the bread of its refectory, doled out some morsels of broken knowledge also. The monk's life was like the palimpsest which he preserved. Often under the story of his daily career, his puerile labor, his hypocrisy, his drunkenness, his sensuality, is read the dim inscription of a simple piety, a pure devotion, a sweet charity. The monkish schools changed with the fortunes of their teachers. The Reformation came, and most of them passed, with all their rich endowments, into those great Protestant universities, which stand like inexpugnable fortresses in the domain of letters, and hold in reserve the forces of learning, their regiments of folios extending far back into the twilight of antiquity.

We specify first a name which shines in the early dawn of popular education in Europe. It is remarkable that, although numberless military heroes have been furnished to the world by noble families, most of the great philanthropists and discoverers have sprung from the lowest of the people. Thus Sir Richard Arkwright, whose inventive genius is at the foundation of the cities of Lawrence and Manchester, was the thirteenth son of very humble parents, himself a barber, and a poor one. The origin and career of Henry Pestalozzi afford also a striking illustration of the rule. In the place where he was born, — one of those little hamlets upon which the white hills of Switzerland look dimly down, — the poor were thoroughly poor. He had himself drunk the bitter cup of penury, and had experienced, with the sensitiveness of his fine nature, the wants and wrongs of the people. Far above their heads the Alps loomed out of the blue air, like steps

ascending to the heavens; Nature, like some blindly working Genius, appeared to have exhausted herself in wild fancies; but the minds of those who dwelt beneath were dwarfs.

The career of Pestalozzi seems to have been originated by one of those accidents to which the imagination delights to refer the inception of important events. As the fall of an apple gave Newton his first hint of the theory of gravitation; as the quivering leg of a dead frog brought Galvani upon the discovery of that mysterious fluid which bears his name; as the eloquent letter of Alexander Hamilton, when a youth of twenty-three years, is said to have initiated the plan of the convention which prepared our national Constitution; and as, at the sight of the delicate framework of the leaf of the *Victoria regia*, the first Crystal Palace sprang into existence in the brain of Joseph Paxton, — so, likewise, the first plan of popular education in Europe may be referred for its beginning to an idle moment spent by Henry Pestalozzi in reading one of the novels of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He responded, from his own experience, to the vague suggestion of the author, that there was much that was amiss in the structure of society; he longed, with the ardent hope of a most pure philanthropy, to do his part in bringing about a change for the better; and as he was no dreamer, both his convictions and his emotions united in prompting him to begin that work, to which he devoted the whole of his long life.

He started with the belief that education ought not to be, as it had been, the exclusive privilege of the wealthy and the noble, but that it was a right which society was bound to secure to every one, however poor the government or the individual might be. He conceived that there had existed a radical error in the mode of teaching; that children were crammed with rules and formulas without being taught anything; that they were made to go round and over a subject without understanding it; that they merely stripped the husks from the kernel, without ever enjoying the ripe fruit. A moving spectacle it must have been, that first school of Pestalozzi, — that crowd of little paupers, — children whose lives had been spent in begging through the streets, in whom impudence had taken the place of childishness, — faces pale with frequent

famishing or wrinkled and sharpened with premature depravity, — some so timid that not a word could be drawn from them, — all of them covered with the badge of poverty, rags and uncleanliness. These wretches were for the first time made conscious of their own minds, and furnished with reasons for the belief that there is a God in the world to be worshipped more than self, and a happiness beyond that of having bread enough. The master was a feeble, stammering man; his head drooped below his shoulders; his face was wrinkled, his whole appearance ridiculously ugly. A story is told of his visit to a watering-place where his wife was staying, at the time when his fame was at its height. Some of the fashionable people, seeing the unknown man come straddling up the walk, called out to the poor wife to come and see the "horrible monster" who was approaching. The monster was well-nigh as needy as his scholars. He owned a scanty farm, upon which he hoped the children would earn their daily bread. He had no school apparatus, not even a book of instruction. But "he was willing to live like a mendicant himself, in order that he might teach mendicants to live like men."

Pestalozzi's manner of teaching was wholly different from the method then used. One chief cause of his success was the talent — the almost divine faculty, which he possessed in a marvellous degree — of winning the affections of children. They called him "father," and it was not a mere name. It does not appear from Pestalozzi's various treatises upon education, that he had made great acquirements in knowledge, or that he had ever composed into a system the ideas which successively drifted into his mind. He had no eloquence with which to trumpet his promised reforms. But surely, in the purity of his benevolence, in whiteness of soul, in Christian humility and the pride of sublime purpose, none have ever excelled him. He did not profess to teach a religion, yet he breathed into his children, even in

"The dreary intercourse of daily life,"

the best monitions of Christian morals. He did not teach them arithmetic, the dull machinery of question and answer, and tables learned by rote; he seemed to make reality of abstract things; he placed numbers in their hands, and made

them see and touch the unit, and the process of adding and subtracting. He did not teach geography, — the names of dots and colored patches upon a map; he led his pupils forth to the mountain and the stream, and set the shapes of land and sea, the configuration of the earth, the motion of the rivers, before their eyes. Wherever he found a subject worthy of attention, he made his pupils learn the thing itself, before he taught them names.

Pestalozzi had every difficulty to struggle against, and he met with varying fortune. He received some aid from the Helvetic government; but at the time when he lived, the shock of the French Revolution had been felt in the Swiss Cantons not less than in Italy, and poverty had paralyzed the strength of nations as well as of individuals. The issue of his work was as unhappy as it was undeserved. When the tide of his success was at the flood, and his reputation was abroad over Europe, all went well with him. Teachers, hearing of his wonderful exploits in instruction, and of the new and growing popularity of his ideas of education, came from remote parts of the continent to sit at his feet, and to be qualified by his example. His wife co-operated with him, and cheered him through the weary drudgery of his labors, as only a woman can. Friends, some high in rank, delighted to do him honor. Strangers made long journeys to see in his school the hundreds of little faces, shining with intelligence, as with the reflected light of their teacher's beautiful spirit. He had some admirers who would fain have worshipped him as a supernatural being. The meanest peasant knew that kind face, and doffed his cap as the master went by. But, unfortunately, Pestalozzi displayed unusual claims to be considered a man of genius, in being singularly deficient in financial prudence. He was no manager. His pecuniary means were soon exhausted, and he became a bankrupt. Then all went wrong with him. The fate which awaited him was one of peculiar misfortune. Deserted by those friends in whom he had confided most, misrepresented, and even calumniated, by some who had been his assistants, and whom he had looked upon as his successors to carry into fulfilment the cherished plans of his life, the old man spent his last years in wretched-

ness; wandering about the garden where the faithful wife, his early love, lay buried; wandering, in the desolation of his mind, over the graves of buried hopes and ruined projects, a broken heart, a shadow of loneliness and sorrow.

We pass by many distinguished names of schoolmasters, with whom it would be delightful to pause; — Roger Ascham, the renowned penman, who was fortunate enough to be born in season to instruct Elizabeth to form her sovereign pothooks; Camden, the schoolmaster of Ben Jonson; the terrific Busby, whose rod had scored the back of almost every one of those great London wits who flourished in the opening of the eighteenth century; — and we pause only to recall the familiar face of the veritable Yankee schoolmaster.

About the time when Philemon Pormont was entreated to become schoolmaster at Boston, Ezekiel Cheever, the educated son of a London linen-draper, came over to settle in Connecticut. His name is identified with all the early education of New England. He was a godly man, and had no idea of spoiling a child by flying in the face of Solomon's precept, and sparing the rod. In those days, "the master" was an absolute sovereign. Besides inculcating the four rules of arithmetic, and "up to the rule of three," he was a Cato of morals and manners. Woe to the young scoffer who jested and "carried himself irreverently" in meeting. The tythingman might point his long pole at the offender, but if the master saw him, what a reckoning was to come on Monday morning! Mr. Barnard, in his sketch of Cheever's life, has given some verses, written by an English master of that day, which illustrate this relation of the teacher to the taught. We copy two of them.

"My child and scholar, take good heed
unto the words that here are set,
And see thou do accordingly,
or else be sure thou shalt be beat.

"If broken hos'd or sho'd you go,
or slovenly in your array,
Without a girdle, or untrust,
then you and I must have a fray."

The fame of Ezekiel Cheever twines handsomely round

the pillars of the Puritan commonwealth. Teaching first at New Haven, afterwards at Ipswich, and then at Charlestown, he changed the field of his labors a third time, and, after a period of active life as long as is ordinarily allotted to man, he started afresh at Boston, and never ceased until he died at the age of ninety-four years; "having left off teaching," said Cotton Mather, "only when mortality took him off." Subsisting at New Haven upon twenty pounds a year, and such occasional assistance as the straightened means of the parents of his pupils might afford; at Ipswich, whose Free School he made famous throughout the Colonies, living on a farm; often exercised in mind as to the collecting of his poor wages, whereupon he would resort in meek petition to the magistrates; now tormented by the cold, wind-shaken tenement, always deficient in window-glass, in which he wrought out his vocation; again troubled by new masters, who would move into the neighborhood and decoy off his pupils, — the good man found leisure, between the tillage of the mind and the reclaiming of his stumpy acres, to compile a Latin Accidence, the merit whereof, as a text-book, has brought it down close to our own day, it having been used in the schools of New England for more than a hundred and fifty years.

Cotton Mather was a pupil under Cheever, and upon the decease of the master, the minister preached one of those good long sermons in which he most delighted, — devout rhapsodies, which appear to our unsanctified eyes a mass of dogmatism, fervor, and italics. He also wrought out some "verses" upon the character and life of his "venerable master," in which (among other sedate jests) he says the veteran never "declined" to the "præter-perfect tense," though he clung to the skirts of life

> "Till Time's scythe, waiting for him, rusty grew."

The poetry is all bad, but the feeling which prompted it was exemplary. Some portions of the discourse, wherever the minister let himself down to the man, are quite worthy of his subject. Alluding to the character of Cheever, he remarked that he would "say very much in a Little. Out of the School he was One *Antiqua Fide, priscis moribus*, A Christian of the

Old Fashion, *An Old New English Christian.*" There is a touch of simple pathos in the introduction to the sermon, where, having recounted Cheever's long life and labors, — "a painful, faithful, laborious schoolmaster for seventy years," — the minister says: "He enjoyed the singular favor of Heaven, that, though he had usefully spent his life among children, yet he was not become twice a child."

With these two masters teaching was no mere pastime. It was not with them, as with the keepers of most of our country schools, a kind of half-way house, at which the student puts up for a day, on the road to his profession, to economize strength enough to leave it for ever. With them it was no temporary expedient. It was the study, the business, the enthusiasm of a lifetime. They raised the drudgery of teaching from the level of dead routine into which it had fallen, and gave it new vitality. They rescued it from the hands of the taskmaster, and placed it among those humane arts which justify the most careful efforts of the statesman and the scholar. Yet each how unlike the other! Pestalozzi, by the magnetism of a sympathetic spirit, drew to him hundreds of young hearts that had perished in outer darkness but for him. Cheever, not by intuition, but by force of rough and persevering work, erected free schools in every colony of New England. Such were these true philanthropists; and who shall say that the wave of good influence which circled out from their point of contact with the world has subsided yet, or may not still be executing their benign purposes upon lives which have passed with theirs beyond the stars? If Pestalozzi was the man of genius in teaching, Cheever was the man of hard labor. One was a theorist, and the other a practitioner. How many of those whom the popular voice styles great, how many who lie canonized in the spacious temples of history, generals, philosophers, martyrs, if weighed for the good they have done in the same balance with these, would spring up lighter than air!

The profession of teaching has sometimes been described as the merest machine-work, tending to keep the mind puerile, — as a stationary engine, — a constant exhaustion of patience, strength, and devotion, which no one can fully recompense,

and which the beneficiaries never think of feeling grateful for. It is said that the boy cannot look upon his teacher but as his natural enemy, sometimes brought to capitulation, sometimes at truce and parley, still his foe; the relations between master and scholar being such that there can be no friendship between them; and, as the boy broadens into the man, all his memories of his master aching with the thrashings which he received at his hands. A cloud of witnesses might be summoned to refute this calumny. They would start from the library shelves, where in eloquent silence lie entombed the lives of men who by their own exertions, toiling late and long, have climbed to eminence, and speak and testify that they owed the first impulse in their honorable career, the first stings of an ambition which bore them above reverses, and taught them that the duties of life are worth more than life, to some casual hint, some whisper of praise, or kind flattery by a good schoolmaster of their youth, who sowed in quick soil that precious seed, which blossomed in their recollections even after their heads were white with life's autumn, and ripened a hundred fold. There is hardly a book of biography which does not contain some grateful recognition of the teacher. The testimony is as certain as it is unanimous.

We read how Cicero, amidst the storm and stress of the Roman republic, stood up to twine the laurels of his eloquence round the injured head of the poet Archias, his early master, stirring in the breast of the street rabble a momentary reverence for good letters and the fair humanities, whereof his aged teacher was his representative, and bearing on the swell and dash of his great rhetoric the name of that humble man, else long forgotten, down to our time, as drift and kelp are whirled along the tides of the ocean quite round the world. No one can read the biography of the American Cicero without admiring the letter, simple in language, but golden with remembrance and affection, which, in the last year of his life, Daniel Webster wrote to Master Tappan. Not long since, at the Academy in Exeter was gathered an assembly of some of the most honored statesmen and scholars of this country around their venerable schoolmaster, — a veteran, "whose spring of life was spent," — to declare from the very place where

he had taught them, and with such feeling as rarely finds expression, their precious obligations to him, and to embrace him with a warmth of regard such as half a century of crowded life had left all unchilled.

"It was my great good fortune," writes Thomas Jefferson, "and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small of Scotland was then Professor of Mathematics [at William and Mary College]; a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind."

What a monument has William Wordsworth erected to the memory of his teacher, when, after visiting his grave in Lancashire, he thus inscribed him in his last poem: —

"I turned aside
To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves,
An honored teacher of my youth was laid.
. . . . .
He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not destitute
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when I, at his command,
Began to spin with toil my earliest songs."

The school reminiscences of Coleridge were not the sunniest; yet one may see something of tenderness in that "pious ejaculation" which he is said to have uttered upon hearing that James Boyer, the master of Christ's Hospital, was on his death-bed, wherein he devoutly hoped that cherubs whose forms could not reproach him with the lashings which he had given might waft him to bliss. We read the strong and glorious English of Ben Jonson with the more admiration, because it is almost unspotted from the ribaldry of his age. His lines are often slow and ponderous with the weight of his classical learning, and round some of his fantastic pageants the very air seems misty with graceful, dreamy shapes from the ancient world which he adored. This friend of Shakespeare, the actor, did not fail to acknowledge the source from which he drank his first inspiration of classical learning: —

"Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know."

But biography is overflowing with these instances. In prose and in verse, in the deliberate record of a dutiful gratitude, in those published letters which often, better than public achievements, permit an inlook upon the secret and private life of the writer, everywhere appears the same unvaried testimony.

They who early in life acquire a love for letters are apt to regard literary fame as the most enviable possession which life can give. But that splendor of renown which so fascinates the imagination, — how often has it come, if at all, too late to benefit him who is distinguished by it, arriving after the desponding heart is cold alike to honor and disgrace, glimmering after the great hope of life has set, the mockery of a reward, the *ignis fatuus* above a grave!

Could there be a literary life more successful than Goethe's? As a dramatist, no one, since Shakespeare, has excelled him in the power of expressing human nature. As a philosopher, he stands close to Leibnitz. In anatomy, his name ranks with Harvey's. To compare his lyrics of passion and tenderness with Moore's is to undervalue them. He was a novelist of such extraordinary skill, that his fictions take a distinct place in the mind as soon as read, and no length of time can overcome their imperceptible influence. They opened new mines into humanity. The perusal of them is a time to date from. As on the first sight of the ocean after a long inland residence, a throng of varied emotions, the memory of things past, pathos, grandeur, ideal beauty, come into the mind from his pages, with the sudden and startling reality of that mysterious recollection of a previous existence, which makes life seem only "a sleep and a forgetting." He had lived through a large experience; in his heart was some love for man, if not for individuals; he was not without strong self-will and passion; he observed, he remembered everything. Why call him a god, only to make his defects of nature the more dark? He was a man, with all the virtuous tendencies, and not quite all the vices, but with the senses and brain, of a giant. Yet were not the insufficiency of success like his in all that constitutes real happiness, — the void that lay deep under the cultivated surface of his life, — the chaos of problems not

worked out, — ambition ungratified, — glimpses of light, leading into darkness, — plans and purposes, once begun, then overcome by the weeds of long neglect, — were they not all grasped and "wreaked" upon those two words — the last he uttered — which came like a moral to the fable of his life, when, though the western sun smote him in the face, he leaned back in his seat, and, seeming to write in the air, murmured, "More light!"

The grave of public neglect has but lately closed over an eminent man of our own country, who is thought to have resembled Goethe in the massive features of his face, but who was like him in nothing else, save in the apparent success of his life. The biography of William Wirt has been depicted in colors of much beauty by the pen of a genial friend. As an advocate, he was invariably successful at the bar. By his own talents alone he rose to the companionship of Pinkney, Jefferson, and the other great sons of the "Mother of Presidents." His eloquence had thrilled even Massachusetts. As the biographer of Patrick Henry, he was the most popular author of the day; as an essayist, he was likened to Addison and Steele. He had no weakness of constitution, nor lack of physical strength, to make the severest labor, or the long protracted tension of patience, memory, nerve, and voice, difficult for him. His kind and hearty appreciation of life, his keen enjoyment of all that is best worth having in the world, — "as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," — kept flowing out in the many letters, sparkling with wit, which he wrote to his friends. Nevertheless, a shade of melancholy droops over his later years, as if he had not realized that which he had spent his life in pursuit of; a tone of despondency appears in his intercourse with those who were dearest to him, — a half-escaping sigh of dissatisfaction with all that he had achieved of fame and honor.

Thus true it is that the highest prizes of life are not the happiest. Where is the life of the successful man which may not be employed, in some application, to point a melancholy moral?

The reward which the quiet profession of teaching brings is better than literary fame in that which makes life useful, quiet,

and consistent with its own purposes and ends. If the long and singularly happy lives of those who have followed the profession of teaching, most of whom have outlived their pupils, are to be ascribed to any constant cause, the longevity which is peculiarly theirs may be reasonably attributed to the serenity of conscience, the true satisfaction, which waits upon high duties well discharged.

We look forward with hope to the time when teaching will be a distinct profession, requiring the same course of studious preparation as law or medicine. The importance of the teacher's labors cannot be exaggerated. He wields the future success and character of the man. The work which others perform may be seen and calculated, but who can reach so far, even in imagination, as to touch the completion of that structure which has its foundation in the mind of a child? It was the first impulse which gave motion and shape and direction to the universe, and sent the earth and the stars to spin and wheel uninjured through their orbits of eternal space. It is the first influence, in the beginning, it may be, only a grain of sand hidden in the bosom of the earth, which imparts strength and beauty to the hundred years of the oak, or foredooms it to a distorted or a feeble maturity. It is the first impulse, likewise, which shapes and sentences the ever-during mind. "I hold that every man is a debtor to his profession," said Webster; and surely no one has so much power to dignify his office as the teacher. If the next century witnesses as vast achievements in the arts of imparting knowledge as the last has, — if text-books and methods, the railways and telegraphs of mental communication and wealth, go on improving and extending, — perhaps the same amount of knowledge may be accessible in weeks which it now requires months of labor to attain. This promise for the future rests with the teacher. Whatever is to be the hereafter of our country, whatever the calamities which party warfare may engender, we cannot fail to be secure in the homes of our principles and liberty, so long as the common school, the peaceful glory of New England, is perpetuated, and the work of the schoolmaster is honorable and honored.

ART. III. — 1. *An Account of the Reformatory Institution for Juvenile Offenders at Mettray, in France, from the Pamphlet of* M. AUGUSTUS COCHIN, LL. D., and an Introduction by Rev. G. H. HAMILTON, M. A., Chaplain to Durham County Gaol. London. 1853.

2. *Annual Report (First) of the Trustees of the State Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, together with the Annual Reports of the Officers of the Institution.* Boston. 1857.

3. *Social Statics, or the Conditions essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed.* By HERBERT SPENCER. London. 1851.

4. *Crime, its Amount, Causes, and Remedies.* By F. D. HILL, Barrister at Law, late Inspector of Prisons. London. 1853.

WHEN Jeremy Bentham wrote his noted treatise on the Theory of Punishments, neither he nor the world for which he wrote had as yet conceived the idea of any extended system by which crime and its punishment should be alike anticipated, and the necessity for jails, prisons, gibbets, and other stern institutions of like nature, be gradually, though effectively, lessened. He wrote for his readers no doubt wisely and well, and later in life carried out his theory in a system of penitentiaries which was approved by the good and abhorred by the bad; yet it was still a severe system of punishment for criminals, with no thought of correction, of reformation, or of prevention, but only of expiation, and that of the severest sort. But since Bentham's day, the ever-active heart of philanthropy, aided by the brains of philosophers, and the figures of statisticians, has devised a class of establishments differing from jails and prisons in not having punishment for their sole object; from almshouses and asylums in not making bodily sustenance their aim; and from schools, inasmuch as intellectual education is for the most part only subsidiary, but yet combining in themselves, and directing towards their most imperative end, all the good intentions and influences of these three great social agencies. These establishments, though existing under many diversities of form, and really varying materially in design and management, still possess so

much in common, both of positive and negative qualities, that they may appropriately enough be classed together, at least for all purposes of discussion, under the name of *Reformatory Institutions.* Houses of Industry, Houses of Refuge, Houses of Reformation, Reform Schools, Industrial Schools, Farm Schools, — under whichever of these or of other names they may appear, they still unite in the one great object of reform instead of punishment, and in nearly every instance are specially intended for the reception of that class with which reform is always most hopeful, namely, the young, whom continual association has habituated to wretchedness and crime from their birth, and to whose eyes has never been presented the dignity of virtue or the beauty of an honorable life. Whether considered as a matter of humanity, or merely of political economy, it will scarcely be contended that to ignore the dangers which surround the young in the lower classes of large cities, and to pay no attention to them until great crimes have succeeded to lesser offences, and reform is hopeless, is the wise course for any Christian community in the nineteenth century. And however much opinions may differ as to the final penalty to be inflicted when the last step in the long career of crime has been taken, (a point which we do not now intend to discuss,) the course in the beginning is so obvious, the means so ready to our hands, and the natural passion in all races for experiments in solving social problems so general, that we can only wonder that the great thinker above referred to, who devoted all his maturer years to the contemplation of kindred themes, should not in his meditations have struck on this idea of *prevention* and *reform.* The quarter of a century since his death has seen a rapid progress in this as in many other forms of charity, and it may perhaps be said that the problem is solved, and the solution accepted and approved by the general voice of mankind.

In our own country, as might be expected when the case in question concerns institutions, we have done much. Indeed, the first establishment of the kind, it is believed, was undertaken by the city of Boston in 1826, under the name of the House of Reformation, and its success, as exhibited by its annual reports, has induced imitations of and improvements

upon it throughout and beyond the Northern States, until now they number nearly as follows: in Massachusetts, four; in New York, two; in Pennsylvania, two; and in Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, Maryland, Missouri, and Louisiana, one each. The State of Indiana has three in the process of erection; and a commission appointed by the New Hampshire Legislature has perfected its designs and commenced the buildings for a similar enterprise at Manchester. Truly, we in America have just reason for pride in the rapidity with which good institutions are multiplied over our country. But it is surprising, that, out of this score of houses of refuge and reformation which are, or will shortly be, in full operation among us, there are but two (with the exception of those expressly maintained as penal institutions) which provide in the smallest degree for the protection of those who, of all unfortunates, are dying for want of a refuge, — the girls of the perishing classes in large communities. It is their cry which rings loudest up to Heaven, their need which is most pressing, their danger which is most imminent and terrible; and yet, two years ago, nay, even one year ago, of all these great charities, not one stretched out its hand to help and protect these sufferers. In Massachusetts, the need has been supplied by the establishment at Lancaster of the "State Industrial School for Girls," which, designed on a plan essentially similar to that of the Reform School for Boys at Westborough, and established half by legislative appropriation and half by voluntary contribution, commenced operations in August of last year, and of which the trustees and officers have lately presented the first Annual Report. From the tone of conscious success and of satisfaction which runs through this document, it may be gathered that the institution is no longer an experiment, but has established its own reputation, and its obvious right to the approbation and support of the Commonwealth. That the support already granted is not regretted by the government, is evinced by the following extract from His Excellency the Governor's last annual Address to the Legislature.

"The neglected children of other commonwealths may have reason to bless our State for the organization of this noble charity. Thus far

the system adopted works admirably, and gives promise of the most happy results. Not one inmate has been received, who would not in all human probability have been ruined, had not the State interposed its parental protection, and not one that does not give promise of becoming, under its family training, an instance and witness of its success.

"Some misapprehension exists as to the appropriate subjects for this school. They should not be hardened criminals, nor children of impaired or idiotic minds, nor confirmed invalids whose care is somewhat onerous to their parents. There are other and fitter institutions for all these; and the success and widest good of this school will depend on placing under its ministration only those whose unformed habits, intellectual activity, and physical powers will enable them to reap the greatest benefits from its influences. I would especially impress on the various commissioners appointed to admit pupils the deep responsibility resting upon them. To a great degree they hold the success or failure of the institution in their keeping.

"It is believed that the full number of inmates that can be accommodated in the three houses will be admitted in a few months, and after witnessing the anticipated result of the existing system, it is hoped that the noble generosity of some of our philanthropic citizens will link their names with this beneficent charity by providing for the erection of further buildings, for many of which there is ample room upon the beautiful farm, which private individuals have already co-operated with the government in purchasing. And unfortunately there are children within our borders who are the proper objects, and sufficient in numbers to occupy such extended accommodations."

The first Report of the officers and trustees of this institution forms an extremely interesting document of nearly one hundred pages, and gives a full account of the establishment of the school, of its opening, its progress for the first year of its organization, and the method of its government. After disposing of these topics, the Superintendent introduces, as an appendix to his own Report, a "Comprehensive View of the more prominent European Preventive Institutions, with a Brief Account of their Success," in connection with which he goes into a very thorough examination of the cost which governments necessarily incur in carrying out the system of punishments after the prevailing fashion, and the immense saving which a general application of the reformatory principle to penitentiary institutions might be expected to effect.

In reading the detailed accounts of the condition of the inmates of this new home at the time when they are first presented for admission, of their ignorance, of the destitution of moral light in which they seem to have been born and bred, and of their utter incapacity to comprehend the reason why they are received here and cared for so kindly and attentively, the first impression is of the timeliness of the aid; for it reveals that apathy of the moral faculties which only precedes their extinction. It shows these unfortunates surrendering themselves hopelessly to the darkness that is coming upon them, without a thought of the contrast between what they are and what they might be. And it shows, too, that in every instance there is a spark yet unquenched, a light still burning, though dimly amid the darkness, which, with proper care, may be expanded into the steady flame of reason and virtue that lights the human soul on its way through the world. Perhaps the next impression which the reader receives is of the truth which has been so often maintained and illustrated, namely, that, of all the evil and perversity of human life, it is impossible to judge how much is to be ascribed to the individual, and how much to society. After the examples cited from the Superintendent's actual experience, extending over a period of but little more than three months, it seems impossible to exaggerate the influence of association and custom. Take the following as an every-day instance of the rapidity with which a change in character — we had almost said in nature — follows a corresponding change in association and treatment.

"Striking results could hardly be expected in so short a period; yet, gentlemen, you have seen a wonderful change in the appearance, habits, and moral character of some of our inmates. One of your number will recollect the remark he made when two squalid little girls were brought into the Superintendent's office. 'You have two hard cases this time.' They were submitted to the double purification of fire and water, the ragged, vermin-infested garments to the former, the occupants of them to the latter. In a few weeks the 'hard cases' could not be designated by the gentlemen among the happy faces of the workroom; two of our most promising and attractive girls answer to the names which these little outcasts bore. They came from an atmosphere of pollution and a home of sin, — their parents criminals, them-

selves unlettered little vagabonds. They were obstinate and morose at first, but now they are earnestly learning; their very faces seem to have brightened up with intelligence; the gypsy blood which burned in their veins has lost its fever, and there are no more peaceful or happy children in our home. 'You don't know what a nice home we have,' said one of them to the officer that brought her, who visited the school again with another girl. 'I've got a new dress, we have a good mother, — we don't say wicked words now.'"

Of the mode of discipline adopted in the treatment of refractory children, an idea may be gained from the following extract.

"Two sisters came to the school, — good-looking American girls. They had been permitted to run nearly wild; the father worked daily in a neighboring city, and the stepmother could not, or did not, control them, although exceedingly liberal in the application of blows. The youngest girl wandered in the streets, — picked up old iron upon the wharves to sell for the smaller articles that she needed. They were perfectly lawless. In a few days they became so sour and impertinent, so obstinate in refusing work, that it seemed impossible to live in the house with them. The chaplain of the Westborough school visited us, and attended prayers in the morning. At the close of the devotions, both girls came to him and asked him, bursting into tears together as they made the inquiry, if he knew their brother, who is an inmate of the school. It at once occurred to me that the key to their reformation had been discovered. In a day or two, both girls being shut up for ill-behavior, in different rooms, the older one cried aloud in her passion, and the younger, unable to restrain her feelings, burst through a window to reach her sister, without any regard to the consequences of the act upon herself. The matron sent for me, and the course to be pursued was too distinctly indicated by Providence to be overlooked. I first went to the older sister. 'You love L., do you not?' 'Yes, sir,' she answered, melting at once, quite thrown off her guard by the unexpected character of the question. 'You wish to have *her* a good girl, do you not?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you not think we are doing all we can to have her one?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you not think that if you do wrong, and become so obstinate and angry, it has a bad effect upon her?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Can we save L. if you do not help us?' 'No, sir.' 'Will you try from to-day to help us, if we will continue to do all we can?' 'Yes, sir.' She was, for the first time, utterly subdued. The love she had for her sister was the strongest affection in her heart, and she was true to her word. I went to L. and introduced very much

the same line of questionings, with the same result. A new and solemn idea was received by both sisters, — that the salvation of the other depended in a good degree upon herself. From that time there appeared a noticeable change in their whole appearance and habit; their countenances brightened up, and they entered, particularly the younger, without questioning, upon their portion of the house-work, becoming both a comfort and a material aid to the Matron."

What a noble work is here begun! What a satisfaction to the heart of the Superintendent and Matron, and all who have a part in it, must come from such transformations as that just detailed! What an incentive to the enthusiastic continuance of effort! What a confidence in human nature, however depressed or degraded; what a reliance on the irresistible sway of love, and kindness, and forbearance, over all the powers of darkness which seek dominion in the souls of these children! Truly,

> "The deepest ice that ever froze
> Can only o'er the surface close;
> The living stream runs quick below, —
> It flows, and cannot cease to flow."

With one more extract we will take our leave of this interesting and instructive Report. The Superintendent thus describes the arrival and condition of

"*The First Inmate.* — August 29th. In the one o'clock train from Boston, on the second day after the opening of the school, an officer appeared, bringing the first recipient of this thoughtful charity of the State. J. M. S——, of Haverhill, a girl of thirteen, delicate in appearance, poorly clad (her mother having retained her best clothing for her own use), with a pleasant face, having been guilty of petty thieving, and been charged with vagrancy and idleness, became a child of the State. She has been thoroughly estranged from her mother; her father has been dead for three years. The repulsion between the mother and daughter seems to have been mutual. If J——'s account of the matter is correct, she bade her mother 'Good by' when she left her, and her mother's response was, 'Good riddance.' The girl, although but thirteen, had been for some time placed out at service; she had fallen into families of questionable character, had chosen improper associates, and was in the high road to ruin. The deputy sheriff had for more than a year had his eye upon her, as a suitable object for the training of an institution like ours. He had waited impatiently for its

completion, and within fifteen minutes after he had read the proclamation of the Governor, announcing its opening, he presented himself to the judge of probate, with the proper testimony to secure her admission. Having been for a number of years without restraint or cultivation, J—— will require incessant care, patience, kindness, and moral influence on the part of the matrons."

This institution, as we have said, is the first which has extended its timely aid in behalf of the unhappy multitude of imperilled girls. It is only just to observe, in this connection, that its example has been promptly followed by the State of New Hampshire, whose projected House of Reformation, at Manchester, makes provision for girls as well as for boys, in the proportion of about one to six. In accounting for the numerical disparity, it must be remembered that the state of society which furnishes the objects for this charity exists, for the most part, though not exclusively, in large communities; and as New Hampshire has no cities of great magnitude, her provision is undoubtedly ample, at least for the present.

The Boston Houses of Industry and Reformation are now combined in one institution. Its usefulness is found to increase with age, and the various additions and improvements it has received from time to time have all been warranted by the results which it continues to effect. The reports of its directors are issued in May of each year, accompanied by various tabular statements of the expenditures and receipts, the employments of the inmates, the products of their labor on the farm or otherwise, and the admissions, committals, and discharges for the year. From the report issued in May, 1856, it appears that, during the preceding year, the South Boston department received by committals from the various courts 121 boys, and by return, 3, which, with the number remaining at the commencement of the year, made up a total of 238 inmates, of whom 76 were discharged by the courts, apprenticed, or otherwise dismissed, leaving 162 remaining; while at Deer Island, which is much the larger of the two departments, the number of admissions was 231, of committals 1264, and of births 3, which, added to 305 remaining at the commencement of the year, made up a total of 1803. Of these, 1439 were discharged during the year,

and 33 died; leaving at its close a total of 331 inmates,—161 boys, and 170 girls. With these details may be shown the workings of the Boylston Asylum, also located at South Boston, and in immediate connection with the two institutions above noticed. To this asylum the courts committed 36, and the directors admitted 60, which with 103 who began the year made 199; of these, 104 were discharged or deserted, leaving 95, of whom 19 were females.

These may perhaps be taken as fair representatives of this class of institutions at home. Our chief object is to give a brief account of the manner in which they are managed in other countries than ours. The two European institutions of reform whose reputation is the most widely extended, are probably those at Hamburg, in the North of Germany, and at Mettray, in France. One would think that, if difference in government and society could exercise any material influence in varying the character of the charitable institutions of two countries, that influence would be nowhere more strongly exerted, or the difference more strikingly exhibited, than in the comparison of these two examples. The character of the French government is sufficiently well known, and needs no exposition. That of Hamburg may not be so generally comprehended, and a brief summary of its forms may therefore not be altogether out of place. Hamburg is the largest and the most important of the four cities which, out of seventy-two, constitute by their union all that remains of the once great and powerful Hanseatic League. It is essentially a free city and a free port, and comprises within itself and some inconsiderable suburbs the entire population of the state, unencumbered by provinces or dependencies. The number of its inhabitants at the close of the year 1855 was 164,145. Its government is republican, but of a form quite remarkable among republics, and until latterly was composed of so complicated and confused a system of law-making and law-ratifying bodies, that it is difficult to understand how any legislation could have been legally matured. A conviction of this difficulty would seem to have forced itself upon the minds of the burghers of Hamburg; for in 1848, the government, actuated either by some such conviction, or by a reluctance to remain

quiet when all the rest of Europe was boiling with popular and governmental agitation, decreed the convocation of a constituent assembly for revising the constitution; and this assembly, by the aid of a commission of nine members elected from the senate and the people, finally relieved the state of many of the burdensome forms which had previously encumbered its action and progress. That valuable little repository, the "Almanach de Gotha" for the year 1851, gives the following account of the result of their deliberations, which terminated in 1849.

"According to the articles of the revised constitution, the senate is composed of fifteen members, of whom seven must have studied law and finance, while six out of the remaining eight must represent the commercial interest. Four burgomasters and four syndics, the former elected for life, are associated with the senate, and any vacancy in their body is filled as follows. The senate nominates three of its members, the citizens (*bourgeoisie*) nominate four of their number. These seven designate to the senate four candidates, of whom two are presented by the senate to the people, who choose one of them. The general assembly (*Gemeinhalle*) is composed of 192 members, of whom one half are chosen from all the inhabitants of Hamburg under its jurisdiction, aged twenty-five years and upwards, and paying taxes on their income. Of the other half, 48 are landholders (*fonciers*), elected by the proprietors whose estates are valued at 3,000 marks above their debts, and 48 represent the courts of law, the various branches of commerce and manufactures, the educational establishments, and the more important departments of the administration, particularly the finances. This last body of 48 is nominated by the various authorities. The Gemeinhalle names from its own body the civil committee of twenty members, who in cases of emergency assist the senate in the performance of its duties. The senate also names from itself, by secret ballot, a first and second burgomaster to preside over its sittings for the term of one year, no officer thus chosen being allowed to receive more than one re-election."

From this account we should infer that there still remains sufficient complication for a government whose responsibility is limited by a population of less than two hundred thousand. It is easy to perceive, however, that, under this crowd of legislators, the smallness of the state and population to be governed is an inestimable advantage; for to apply these same

forms to the administration of a country like our own, would be to multiply contentions and disputes until legislation became impossible. But in Hamburg these evil results are so slightly developed as to be nearly inappreciable, and the contentment evinced by the people with the government as now simplified, and the attention they pay to the establishment and maintenance of various charitable institutions, each a model in its way, may be taken as sufficient proof that the general prosperity is not materially hindered by all these details of governmental machinery which we have enumerated. Of these institutions, only one falls within our province, namely, the *Rauhe Haus.*

It is a colony, pleasantly planted among the fresh fields and meadows in the beautiful suburbs of the town, and about three miles from it. You reach it by smooth roads, well kept and cared for, lined with green hedges, and strewn with home-like residences, with here and there an old Dutch-gabled grange, with the traditional stork standing by its nest upon the heavy thatched roof. The landscape, if it has not the glow of an Italian plain, is at least free from the manifest evils which swarm on that beautiful soil; and the air of comfort, taste, and thriving industry, the cleanly-dressed peasants who meet you on the road, and the well-tilled and productive fields on either hand, make ample amends for the absence of that luxuriance which is so often the companion of decay. It is in such a neighborhood that the Rauhe Haus is established. It has about forty acres of land, all under careful cultivation.

The commencement of this noted institution was marked by a simplicity, and an apparent unconsciousness of its ultimate growth, which offer a striking contrast to most of the charities of later days. As long ago as 1833, Mr. J. H. Wichern,* a young "candidate" of Hamburg, residing in the suburban village of Horn, becoming deeply impressed with the increasing wretchedness of a large portion of the juvenile population of the neighboring city, endeavored to do what he could to alleviate it by taking into his own family three boys, of the most unpromising appearance and habits, and teaching

* An interesting sketch of the life of Mr. Wichern may be found in the American Journal of Education for March of the last year.

them to consider his house their home. They were employed in the daily labors of the small farm, instructed during a portion of the day in various simple branches of study, and controlled by a moral discipline based alike on kindness and on justice. Finding the results of this first experiment all that he could desire, and more than he dared to expect at the outset, he gradually increased the number of boys to twelve, and with this larger number was still rewarded with the same success. He then laid the matter before a meeting of influential citizens of Hamburg, who had given him encouragement from the beginning, and declared his determination, with proper support, to extend his accommodations, to secure all necessary assistants and coadjutors in the work, and, considering his enterprise an experiment no longer, to endeavor to organize it into an institution. His appeals were readily responded to, and an administrative council was formed, composed of syndics, senators, and professors. Continued support and encouragement were promised to Mr. Wichern, who was appointed Superintendent; he secured a small corps of able and willing assistants, and the work has gone steadily on to this day. In the beginning Mr. Wichern discovered that the few were more easily governed than the many, and that in the first cottage where the experiment was inaugurated, the difficulty increased greatly as he increased the number of his *protégés* beyond twelve. This fact, then, he made the basis of his future extensions, and the "family system" was established, which, as opposed to the method heretofore employed in our country, of gathering hundreds of vicious and neglected children within the walls of one enormous structure, has been the theme of so much discussion. Thus all the houses that rose one by one, and grouped themselves around the original Rough House (which gave its name to the institution), were in the form of cottages, adapted each to the accommodation of one "family," simply designed and constructed, and for the most part built by the boys themselves.

We had the pleasure of visiting the Rough House in the summer of 1855, with an introductory note to Mr. Wichern; and in his absence we were very courteously received by one of his assistant officers, who with the kindest attention con-

ducted us over every portion of the establishment. At that time the number of buildings had increased to more than twenty, including about a dozen family cottages, a chapel, a school-house, shops for joiners, tailors, and shoemakers, a bakery, a printing-office and a bindery, (in all of which the boys are regularly employed,) besides the necessary farm buildings, and a residence for the Superintendent and his family. Pleasant garden-plats intervene among the houses. These are cultivated by the boys in their hours of leisure, each boy having his own little flower-bed, and being encouraged in a sort of friendly competition with his associates as to the evidence which it shall exhibit of his taste and care. A sufficient number of boys is always reserved for the farm labors, after which, and during the season when little work is required on the grounds, the boys are allowed to choose their own vocations from the list above given. Beside these occupations, a portion of each day is devoted to the business of education, both with the boys and with the girls, of whom there are perhaps twenty or upwards (their number never exceeding one fifth that of the boys), and who for the rest perform the domestic offices of the establishment, in the neatest and most acceptable manner, under the direction of a matron. The children sleep and eat in "families," each family occupying a cottage by itself, and preserving as far as possible all the relations of a family, without connection with any other. At the head of each family of boys is a "Brother," who sleeps in the same room with them, presides at their table, superintends their labors on the farm or in the shops, and exercises a general care and supervision over them. These brothers form a class who have been sufficiently long in the institution to have gained the confidence of its officers, and to be qualified for the duty of overlooking others, and who, after receiving here a respectable education, devote their lives to duties of a similar nature, as city missionaries, keepers of prisons, teachers, or in whatever sphere of benevolent action they may find open to them. The two families of girls have each a "Sister," who holds the same relation towards them that the brothers hold to the boys.

The greater portion of the materials needed for the kitchen

are raised on the farm; the furniture of the houses is made in the joiner's shop; the literature of the institution is issued from its printing-office; and, altogether, the establishment bears very much the character of an independent and self-sustaining community. The inmates are mostly from ten to twenty-one years of age, and remain for about five years. When they leave the colony, they do not altogether depart from its care; for a certain watchfulness is maintained over them, and a constant though silent influence exerted, which shields them when they are unaware of any protection but their past experience. Within, the system of discipline is gentle, though firm; the conduct of boys and girls is generally satisfactory; and a desertion is a thing almost unheard of, though there are no walls or bars. Everything gives assurance of prosperity, usefulness, and content, and there was but one detail of the economy to which we could object as injudicious. This is the formation of a separate class of boys derived from better families than the rest, but whose unruly habits previously to entering the Rauhe Haus rendered them fit subjects for its discipline. They sleep in better beds, wear better clothes, eat better food, and are in all respects elevated above their companions, forming a kind of aristocracy quite at variance with the character and design of the institution. This, however, is at the worst but a trifling blemish, and does not at all interfere with the good effects of the Rauhe Haus, whose beneficial results may be imagined from the fact, that, of all the recipients of its charities who have left it at the expiration of their terms, it is known that at least ninety per cent have continued good members of society.

Some three months later we visited the "Agricultural Colony" of Mettray, on the Loire, six miles from the city of Tours. Mettray is somewhat younger than the Rough House, and may be said to have originated in the observations of a commission, which left France in 1837 for the purpose of studying the penitentiaries of the United States. To the most active member of this commission, M. de Metz, is to be ascribed the establishment of the colony, which followed close upon his return from America, in 1839. The Count de Courteilles made the offer of an estate belonging to him, near

Tours, which was gratefully accepted, and the managers proceeded to erect the necessary buildings. The family system was adopted, as at Hamburg, though in a modified form, the family divisions being larger. Here they allowed fifty boys for each family, and their buildings were constructed in conformity with this arrangement. They are all alike, each three stories in height, and measuring twenty feet by forty. The first five were built in less than six months from the commencement of the enterprise. This number has now increased to ten, and the houses are arranged on two sides of a spacious square, of which the chapel occupies a third, and two buildings of a different character the fourth. Between these two last-mentioned buildings is the gate of entrance. Other buildings, required for an institution of this magnitude, (for the colony in 1855 numbered six hundred and sixty boys,) such as a school-house, work-houses, and, lastly, a prison, are situated in symmetrical order around the church, the prison communicating with a portion of it in such manner that the prisoners can, without leaving their confinement, hear the services and see the officiating priest.

The objects of this institution are essentially the same with those of the Rough House, and the arrangement and method of the colony were in part copied from those of its German predecessor; and yet there are some points of contrast. In the first place, the boys are all taken from the various prisons of the country, and are therefore considered as under an obligation to do penance, and entitled to as little enjoyment from their colonial life as possible. Thus the whole course of their daily experience and duties is more austere than at Hamburg. They rise very early, and work very long, with comparatively little recreation. They have no pleasant garden spots to cultivate; they sleep in hammocks; they eat meat only three times a week (and this with nine or ten hours of hard work per day, and for boys of ten to twenty years, is little less than barbarous); they must not talk, either at their work or in their rooms. All this is very different from the mild discipline of the Rough House. The following list of the punishments to which offenders are subjected at Mettray seems also to show either a more refractory class of boys under the care of the

institution, or a less kindly and parental feeling in those who make its laws, than is found at Hamburg. 1. Effacing the name from the table of honor; 2. Placing the boy under restraint; 3. Hard labor; 4. Black bread and water; 5. Confinement in a lighted cell; 6. Confinement in a dark cell; 7. Return to the central prison. It does not appear that, with this ascending scale of punishments, the discipline is more successfully enforced, or order more effectually preserved, than at the Rough House.

It is here that we are led to notice the effect of the government on institutions. It seems perfectly natural to refer this harshness of discipline, this sternness of authority and command, which cannot fail to be recognized as penetrating even to the smallest detail in the regulations of Mettray, to the prevailing trait of the French government, — military, despotic, almost autocratic command. It is a trait which has extended in France from the government to the people, and is detected in the ordinary transactions of life. No one can travel a league by railroad, or even mount a diligence, without experiencing its influence. It governs the construction of steamboats, which on the smoothest rivers or lakes are fashioned and commanded like men-of-war. It prevails in theatres, in museums, in manufactories, and in churches. Such being the case, it is not strange that it should display itself in the government of an institution which, reformatory though it be, is also to a certain extent regarded as penal. It is not strange that the boys should be assembled in the morning by the blast of the trumpet, and pass under a military review before marching off to breakfast to the beat of the drum; or that they should be at every hour, by day or night, sleeping or waking, subjected to the rigid *surveillance* of an officer, — open superintendence by day, and at night a secret espionage from behind a blind which conceals a recess in the sleeping-room. It is not strange, but it is nevertheless unsatisfactory to an American observer. It may, however, be partially justified by the fact, that, though Mettray is styled an agricultural colony, and though three fifths of the actual inmates are employed in agricultural labors, yet, on their departure, a comparatively large proportion of them enter the army and navy; rather

more than one fourth of the eight hundred and fifty-six pupils who have left Mettray being now engaged in one or the other of those branches of the public service, and similar results being anticipated in the future by the rigid observance of military forms in all things. This method is amusingly illustrated by the manœuvres which are gone through at bed-time in each house. The same room serves for a living, dining, and sleeping room, and the hammocks are suspended at one end against two opposite walls, and at the other fastened to two lines of posts running down the centre of the room. The head of the family takes his position at one end of the room, and summons the boys to their hammocks by a clap of the hands. At the second clap each boy dislodges one end of his hammock, and at the third he springs with it to the hook which is to receive it, and there fixes it; a fourth clap brings each boy into position by the side of his hammock, and at the fifth he springs into it, and his military duties are over for the day. Any predisposition to enter the navy which may discover itself among the boys is encouraged by regular training in a sort of skeleton ship planted in the ground, and fitted with masts, yards, and rigging.

As at Hamburg, the care of the institution is not wholly lost to the pupil when he leaves the colony. A watchful eye is kept over his conduct, and any signal instance of success in his career is acknowledged, and rewarded by a public announcement to the inmates who remain. Thus, when in the late battles in the Crimea some of the glory was found to be due to soldiers who had once been pupils at Mettray, the decorations they received were sent home to the parent colony, and hung upon the walls of the house in which they lived when there. The emulous enthusiasm which such testimonials would awaken in these young Frenchmen may be readily imagined. The success or good behavior of those who leave Mettray is estimated as bearing about the same proportion as at the Rough House, somewhat less than ten per cent having relapsed into vicious lives. This, after all, is the great test, and with a result so gratifying one may overlook the defects, and content himself with admiring the self-sacrifice and devotion of the two French gentlemen who devised this benevolent enterprise, and carried it so successfully into execution.

If we examine the institutions of Hamburg and Mettray, with a view to discover the principle which lies at the root of their usefulness and success, which enables the superintendents so easily to preserve order by day and by night, which throws around these simple roofs and walls, and over these little patches of grass or flowers, an air of contentment and of happiness, which removes from the minds of the overseers all fear of desertion, and from those of the pupils all desire of escape, we shall find it in that wise regulation so early adopted by Mr. Wichern, which we have before mentioned as the *Family System.* Essentially the same at both these great institutions, it overbalances in each all the minor deficiencies and errors, and at once brings them into harmony within themselves and with each other. It is this principle which Americans, in looking across the water for aid in forming similar establishments at home, should most thoroughly impress upon themselves. This is the lesson we have to learn, — that it is not by creating an imposing institution, locating it in an edifice of palatial size and massive front, and inaugurating its operation by speech and procession and display, that the true inspiration can be gained which shall lend to the charity all its usefulness and efficiency. Four or five hundred vagrant boys, taken from the foulness of their early life in the streets, gathered promiscuously together under one great roof, and subjected daily to some sort of mechanical discipline and instruction, are not therefore necessarily reformed, or in any likelihood of being reformed. All this is done in almshouses, for a different end. All this is done in jails, for an end still more remote. For *reform*, more is needed. But such in our land is the passion for immediate effect, such the impatience of anything like humility in our institutions, that, until the establishment of the Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, the gregarious system above alluded to enjoyed a full monopoly of the great institutions of charity, whether reform schools, almshouses, or hospitals. If a reform school was to be built for five hundred boys, the commissioners never asked what was to be the system on which the institution was to be conducted. That the building was to be palatial was determined at the outset, and the daily duties of the inmates were to be

gregariously performed. Thus has arisen a cloud of establishments among us, of which, perhaps, the State School at Westborough may be taken as a favorable example. Much dissatisfaction is expressed in regard to the practical working of the Westborough School; and this, not from any doubt as to the watchfulness of its government in general, or the efficiency of its officers individually; but from a reasonable doubt whether, under any government, a multitude of boys could be indiscriminately brought together beneath one roof, and as one family, eating in crowds, sleeping in crowds, working in crowds, with no more than the general superintendence that is possible under such circumstances, and manifest as the result of such aggregation the genuine *reform*, in character, manners, and tendencies, which it is the aim of the institution to promote and advance. The contrast between this system and the "family system," as practised at Hamburg and Mettray, is too striking. The necessary superiority of the latter as a means of reform is too obvious to need any elaborate demonstration. Nothing more than the most cursory examination is necessary to convince any one of it, and we are glad that the trustees who were appointed to give to the Lancaster School its organization were led so promptly to the adoption of this beneficent system of families and homes. We have no doubt that, as it is the first American institution in which a similar organization has had trial, so its success will be such as to leave no question in any mind as to the wisdom which has led to its establishment among us.

Here we might leave the subject. But we cannot refrain from briefly alluding to the manner in which the spirit of contradiction has manifested itself since the interest in the reformatory institutions has become so general. One would hardly think that any man, in reviewing the history and observing the effects of the more prominent of these charities, would be drawn, on the one hand, to the conviction that the men by whose devotion and labor they were first established, and have been since maintained, were no better than sentimental, unpractical visionaries; or, on the other, to the idea that whatever efforts are to be made towards the reformation of criminals are to be conducted entirely by individuals,

who are on no account to be aided by State action. Yet both these notions have found place in the minds of many men in our own country and in England, though the enunciation of them has been chiefly confined to the latter country.

The leader of that body of cavillers who have nothing but their ridicule for such men as Howard, Wilberforce, Clarkson, or Granville Sharp, and for such women as Elizabeth Fry and Miss Dix, who execrate all kindness to criminals, who scoff at all attempts at reform, who would substitute the prison for the reform school, the gallows for the prison, and extermination for punishment, is undoubtedly Mr. Carlyle, the grotesque savageness of whose railing has made his writings on this topic very widely known on both sides of the ocean. His views and feelings towards the criminal classes are poured forth with a peculiarly concentrated fervor, which leaves no doubt of their sincerity, in that one of his series of "Latter-Day Pamphlets" published in March, 1850, under the title of "Modern Prisons." The following extract is by no means an unfair specimen of the temper and character of the essay, which certainly seems more like the ravings of a man wild with rage, than the calm reflections of a philosopher.

"If I had a commonwealth to reform or govern, certainly it should not be the Devil's regiments of the line that I would first of all concentrate my attention on. With them I should be apt to make rather brief work; to them one would try to apply the besom, — try to sweep *them* with some rapidity into the dust-bin, and well out of one's road, I should rather say. Fill your threshing-floor with docks, ragweeds, mugworths, and ply your flail upon them, — that is not the method to obtain sacks of wheat. Away, you! begone swiftly, *ye* regiments of the line; in the name of God and his poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live in these bad days, I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity. To feed you in palaces, to hire captains and schoolmasters and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industries on you! No, by the Eternal! I have quite other work for that class of artists, — seven and twenty millions of neglected mortals who have not yet quite declared for the Devil. Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you, and will teach you after the manner of the gods, that this world is not your inheritance, nor glad to see you in it. You, ye diabolic canaille, what has a governor much to do with you? . . . . .

Who are you, ye thriftless sweepings of creation, that we must for ever be pestered with you? ..... Revenge, my friends, revenge, and the natural hatred of scoundrels, and the ineradicable tendency to *revancher* one's self upon them, and pay them what they have merited, this is for evermore intrinsically a correct and even a divine feeling in the mind of every man."

It is certainly a relief to turn from this species of philosophy, which does not call for any reasoning wherewith to meet its attacks, to that of another class of men, who, holding strong doubts of the advisableness or utility of reformatory institutions in general, have no doubt whatever as to the incompetency of governments to assume the charge of them. The views of this class have been set forth with ability and fairness in "The Economist," a weekly London journal, and also in a work published some years since by Mr. Herbert Spencer, entitled, "Social Statics." In this work, he does not treat especially of reformatory institutions; but in a chapter on National Education, the whole course of his argument is applicable equally to intellectual and moral education. Starting from the premises that the government of a state is instituted solely to protect the rights of the citizens, and that every citizen has an equal right with every other, he arrives at the following conclusion: —

"Inasmuch as the taking away by government of more of a man's property than is needful for maintaining his rights is an infringement of his rights, and therefore a reversal of the government's function towards him; and inasmuch as the taking away of his property to educate his own or other people's children is not needful for the maintaining of his rights, — the taking away of his property for such a purpose is wrong."

He thus, by pure reasoning, and not from any motive of expediency or utility, deduces the wrongfulness of all governmental interference in establishing schools, churches, almshouses, hospitals, or any other institution, not expressly and directly serving to the protection of the absolute rights of the citizen. Had we time or space, it would be at least interesting to inquire whether this same protection does not call for the establishment of some of these institutions, so sweepingly excluded from all governmental aid by Mr. Spen-

cer's reasoning, and whether, taking it for granted that a certain degree of protection is afforded by prisons, a still more assured protection would not be gained by a class of institutions whose influence should be successfully exerted towards removing the necessity for prisons. Mr. Spencer apparently anticipates this inquiry by a general scepticism as to the influence or effectiveness of reformatory establishments.

"The expectation that crime may presently be cured, whether by state education, or the silent system, or the separate system, or any other system, is one of those Utopianisms fallen into by people who pride themselves on being practical. Crime is incurable, save by that gradual process of adaptation to the social state which humanity is undergoing. Crime is the continual breaking out of the old unadapted nature, — the index of a character unfitted to its conditions, — and only as fast as the unfitness diminishes can crime diminish. To hope for some prompt method of putting down crime, is, in reality, to hope for some prompt method of putting down all evils, laws, governments, taxation, poverty, caste, and the rest; for they and crime have the same root. Reforming men's conduct without reforming their natures is impossible; and to expect that their natures may be reformed otherwise than by the forces which are slowly civilizing us, is visionary. . . . . It is not by humanly-devised agencies, good as these may be in their way, but it is by the never-ceasing action of circumstances upon men — by the constant pressure of their new conditions upon them — that the required change is mainly effected."

We should substitute "characters" for "natures" in the last sentence but one of the above, and should then say that so comprehensive an assumption may well be denied until it is proved, even in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary; but when that evidence exists, as we conceive it to exist, in the successful operation and undoubted usefulness of such institutions as those at Hamburg and Mettray in Europe, in the satisfactory workings of so youthful an enterprise as that at Lancaster at home, and in the success of many other establishments of which these are the types, it seems a wilful blindness to reiterate the proposition, that in the unaided, natural operation of "the forces which are slowly civilizing us," lies the only hope of diminishing crime or increasing virtue. Even admitting this, it might be asked, What are these forces,

if they are not human forces? What is to civilize the world, if not the men to whom it is given? "*Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera,*" is the old proverb of the French; and if all the earnest souls and vigorous minds of the world are to lie down and wait for some mysterious and indefinite "forces" to work out the salvation which they were put here to work out for themselves and their kind, we may look for a rapid retrogression in the ages that are to come, in place of the steady advance which the centuries have witnessed heretofore. And although the progress and developement of human character and life in the mass may be mainly independent of the conditions of individual morality, and the reputation of the race is undisturbed by one murder or a series of murders, still it is difficult to see how this admission lessens our obligation to provide diligently for such improvement as we may hope to effect in the classes whose influence is admitted to be evil, even while their power is believed to be small; for the power of an evil example is at least as great as that of a good example, and by removing the former we give larger scope and opportunity to the latter.

But in the mean time it behooves us to take all possible care that whatever institutions we establish, whether private or public, educational, reformatory, or penal, should never be allowed to degenerate into mere mechanical action, but that underlying all action, all discipline, all forms, pervading the whole conduct and daily existence of the school, the refuge, the prison, should be found the life-giving soul of a strong, earnest, sincere, and hopeful purpose. No enthusiasm can be misplaced, no energy misapplied, in educating and reforming those unfortunate beings whom misery and want have degraded into error, vice, and crime. It is time that the once terrible word "Utopianism" should be laid aside, or used more generously than in discouraging this noblest aim of philanthropy. Nothing in institutions is ever so perfect that study and care cannot improve it. There is never a time when, having taken into our hands the work of reform, and carried it forward till the public are satisfied, we are at liberty to sit down and fold our arms and be content to leave it to its own tendencies. As the age advances, so do the demands upon us continually

multiply; and we may be sure that, so long as the perishing classes and the dangerous classes form a portion, however small, of the population of large cities, the enthusiasm of benevolence, the energy of charity, will never be forced to content itself with copying the efforts of dead generations.

Art. IV.—1. *Histoire de la République de Venise.* Par P. Daru, de l'Académie Française. Deuxième édition. Paris: Firmin Didot Père et Fils. 1821. 8 vols. Gros 8vo.

2. *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age.* Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. Nouvelle édition. 1840. 10 vols. 8vo.

3. *Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1851–53. 3 vols. Royal 8vo.

4. *Lady Montague's Letters.*

5. *Travels in Italy, Spain, and Portugal.* By the Author of "Vathek" (Beckford). New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845.

6. *Fragments of Italy and the Rhineland.* By the Rev. F. H. White. London. 1851. 12mo.

7. *Venice, the City of the Sea.* By Edmund Flagg. New York. 1849. 2 vols. 12mo.

8. *Random Sketches, and Notes of European Travel.* By Rev. John E. Edwards, A. M. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857.

Of the works enumerated above, the two most important are by French writers. Mr. Ruskin's noble volumes relate almost exclusively to the architecture of ancient Venice; but nothing worthy of that famous city, of an historical nature, has appeared in the English language. Lady Montague has drawn a few vivid pictures of it, as it existed during the eighteenth century, in her Letters, which we read with delight to-day; and the author of Vathek also charms us by descriptions of his brief sojourn there while a Doge yet existed. With these exceptions, although thousands of intelligent travellers have visited the "City of the Sea," scarce one, with the

exception of Byron, has left a record of enduring value. Mr. White's book, in this respect, is the best we have seen. Much of it is evidently written for effect; but it contains many passages of rare poetic beauty and power. Mr. Flagg's volumes, chiefly relating to the revolt against Austrian despotism, in 1848, afford much interesting information concerning ancient Venice, but in the most tawdry and flashy manner. Of such commonplace "Random Sketches" as Mr. Edwards's we have at all times a superabundance. And merely remarking of the great work of Sismondi, that Venice comprises but a limited portion of his "Italian republics," we assert that the scholar desiring the most accurate as well as the most extended converse with her annals, must for the present seek it in the pages of Daru.

Sixty years ago, the commander-in-chief of the French army in Italy pronounced the Venetian republic a thing of the past. A state which for fourteen hundred years had maintained its independence, its unique institutions, its dreaded code, jealous policy, and hereditary aristocracy, was by the treaty of Campo Formio suddenly stricken prostrate, and in supine helplessness incorporated with the Austrian empire. The soldiers of France poured into the city, which never before had resounded with the tramp of victorious enemies; and when they left it, bearing with them some of the choicest of its works of art to decorate Paris, Venice was no longer a power on earth. The Doge, the Senate, the Council of Ten, the terrible inquisition of state, — all were swept away. But as the very desolation of a ruin invests it with mournful interest, thus the fall of Venice has created for her a feeling likely to endure with her existence.

> "True, her high spirit is at rest,
> And all those days of glory gone,
> When the world's waters, east and west,
> Beneath her white-winged commerce shone;
> When with her countless barks she went
> To meet the Orient Empire's might,
> And her Justiniani sent
> Their hundred heroes to that fight."

Yet, from every part of the civilized world, the stranger comes to muse amidst the scenes of her ancient fame. Even

the most practical minds confess with delight the influence of her spirit, and we would here endeavor to present some memorials of her departed grandeur.

No sooner does one touch upon the enchanted ground of Venetian story, than his attention is called to the long duration of that mysterious power, which for fourteen centuries was a marvel to the nations, and still remained defiant of change, while other cities rose and perished, and even mighty empires came into existence, and knew centuries of splendor before crumbling to decay. A brief glance at the history of Europe and America will at once indicate the magnitude of the changes Venice witnessed, herself unchanged, burning through long ages of storm and darkness like a beacon-tower above the Adriatic, and not more affected by the rise and fall of kingdoms and principalities than by the waves of her own sea rippling to her feet.

The name of Venice is of very remote origin, and it was formerly designated as Venetia Prima and Secunda, a distinction being made between the mainlands lying along the head of the Adriatic, and the mass of lagoons and small islands bordering the coast. Its principal city was Aquileia, although it could boast of fifty others, rich and flourishing. Nothing is known with absolute certainty concerning the origin of the Venetians who became so celebrated; but they have been traced by various writers to several European nations, and by some have even been supposed of Asiatic origin. The most widely accepted tradition, although perhaps as erroneous as any other, narrates that about the year 450 of the Christian era, when Italy was overrun by the myrmidons of Attila, the people of Aquileia and the adjacent country fled from the savage fury of the Huns. Having no hope of peace in the future, they took refuge in that cluster of little islands in the Venetian Gulf, which had from time immemorial been occupied by a small body of people engaged in fishing and maritime pursuits. Without any safe communication with their country, now the prey of barbaric hordes, these forlorn exiles beheld around them nothing but the sea; they owned nothing but the few articles which they had snatched from their ruined homes. Dire necessity drove them to the waters,

at first solely to obtain subsistence from their depths, and in a short time they joined to this hard toil the making of salt from them by the aid of the sun. In these employments the founders of Venice passed their lives, happy in poverty and secure from danger, but without the most remote conception that they had laid the corner-stone of an empire destined for a thousand years to sway the genius of Europe, and to draw to its renowned city pilgrims from every part of the world, gathered to look with wonder upon its riches and delights, far surpassing in gorgeous reality the wildest fables of Arabian romance.

Thus springing into existence, as the Northern invader trampled out the last sparks of the Western Empire, she saw that once mighty power succeeded in later ages by that of Charlemagne. In the very capital of Rome itself, she beheld the priesthood emerging from obscurity, usurping the temporal throne of the Cæsars, by spiritual rule carrying terror and dismay to the hearts of princes, and crowning or humbling kings and emperors by the mere will of the pontiff, whom, until Martin Luther braved the thunders of the Vatican, Venice alone consistently opposed. It will be well to keep in mind the important fact, that in all her history, though she professed great devotion to the Catholic faith, though her island city teemed with splendid churches and religious establishments, the Supreme Pontiff was never suffered to interfere with her state policy, and that his dreaded anathemas often broke harmless over her impregnable lagoons. She saw, too, the Eastern Empire of Constantine sinking into inevitable decay, yielding in the thirteenth century to her own arms allied with those of France, and two hundred and eighty years afterwards becoming the prize of the Turkish warrior, Mahomet II., who tore the cross from her Christian altars, and, as the sign of his own infidel faith triumphing over the holy shrines of Constantinople, adopted the crescent, from all antiquity the symbol of Byzantium. She beheld in the lapse of ages the power of England extending from a little island over dominions on which the sun never sets, and Austria, Russia, and Prussia rising from the fiefs of petty dukes and czars, to govern the destinies of Modern Europe. She was witness to that

long struggle between the states of Holland and the tyranny of Spain, in which Liberty triumphed at last, after eighty years of bloody strife. In the New World she saw the states founded by Cortez and Pizarro on the ruin of the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru, and beheld these realms overshadowed in later days by a republic in North America more majestic than all of them. She witnessed the foundation of American independence before her own was subverted, and it was not until after the overthrow of the ancient Bourbon dynasty of France that her fate was sealed. From that kingdom, which she had so often aided with her blood and treasure in war, advanced the young chieftain, then but at the outset of a career which was to place him high above all modern conquerors, in the same rank with the two most renowned generals of antiquity, but, despite the florid panegyric of his reverend biographer, as a despot and a destroyer. At his stern bidding Venice finally fell, after fourteen centuries of strength, of riches, of splendor, of mystery, and of crime, and Luigi Manini, last of her long line of one hundred and twenty-two doges, sank helpless beneath the iron front of Napoleon Bonaparte.

With the exception of Rome alone, no single city has an equal fascination with Venice. The sister arts of painting and architecture have rendered her familiar to the most careless observer; for the marble creations of Palladio, and builders far older than he, reproduced in the paintings of Canaletti, Stanfield, and Turner, have been multiplied by engraving until they are almost as well known to us as to their long-buried proprietors; and so imbued is the place with the very spirit of poetry, that the verse of Byron might serve as the sentiment of every breast:—

> "She to me
> Was as a fairy city of the heart,
> Rising like water-columns from the sea,
> Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
> And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art
> Had stamped her image in me."

Let us picture to ourselves the wanderer who for the first time approaches the City of the Sea. It is a bright summer's

day, and he glides over the bosom of the Adriatic, his glance eagerly turned towards the vessel's prow, to hail the spot which he has yearned for years to behold. At length he dimly descries on the far horizon faint, cloud-like outlines of domes and towers, which soon become distinctly defined against the sky, and enlarge and multiply, until here and there some mass of building, some lofty campanile or glittering cupola, assumes the very shape with which the gazer has long been familiar, from the engraving hanging in his own chamber in his American home. And now his eye is caught by a central group. Close by that soaring tower, whose topmost point is lost in the blue heavens, he marks a cluster of Saracenic domes, rich with gilding, but wearing the look of venerable age, and beneath them an open space decorated with a long line of light porticos, and, in perfect contrast with them, a huge, solemn, sombre pile, which he knows at once as the palace of the Doges. The city seems to float over the waves, nearer and nearer, to meet him, and he sees more distinctly in the waters the long, reflected lines of palaces, churches, and bridges. The dark, gliding forms silently flitting hither and thither are those gondolas suggestive of love, and mystery, and the inquisition of state. The granite columns before him on the pier, surmounted by the statues of St. Theodore and the winged lion, are too real to be doubted any longer, and the Western pilgrim, rousing himself at length from the trance which the first sight of Venice had created, wakes, not to a dull reality and a disappointment, but to a full sense of that romance with which all things are imbued beneath the shadow of St. Mark's. Still as he lingers in the place, — as he day by day explores its recesses, its golden saloons, its historic palaces and churches, its dark, dreary torture-chambers, — as he floats about the endless intricate canals, now winding with a gentle and broad sweep between piles of architectural magnificence lighted by a bright sun on high, and now plunging suddenly into a labyrinth of passages narrow and of unbroken gloom, huge walls of masonry seeming about to entomb him, and their ponderous projecting roofs almost shutting out the heavens, — there is ever that mystery in the creation, the being of Venice, he would in

vain account for. For, unlike other cities, she is solely of the waters, where lie her dominions, the prize and proof of her power. The Adriatic, indeed, is no longer wedded to her as in days of old, when the Doge went forth to renew the espousals as he cast the golden ring into the waves; but in those waves lies the secret of the ancient glory of Venice, and at length the seeker's quest is granted, while he listens to the wondrous tale as it comes whispered by the sea.

In a very few years after their desertion of the mainland, the Venetians began to exercise an important influence on the trade and commerce of the Adriatic. Before them spread the gulf, on whose waters they felt able to cope with any enemy, and behind them was a natural barrier in the intricate shallows of the coast, which few knew how to thread, and which indeed were so often to prove the best friend of Venice, as to earn the title of the "impregnable lagoon." Gibbon says, "At the extremity of the gulf, where the Adriatic feebly imitates the tides of the ocean, near a hundred small islands are separated by shallow water from the continent, and protected from the waves by several long slips of land, which admit the entrance of vessels through some secret and narrow channels." Thus hemmed in on all sides, the Venetians found that their situation could easily be defended, and settling first upon the chief of the islands, called Isola di Rialto, an ancient port of Padua, they gradually extended their limits until the little archipelago was connected by canals and bridges, and unique Venice sat supreme upon the waters.

The earliest patron saint of the republic was St. Theodore; but about A. D. 830, the translation of the body of St. Mark from Alexandria gave to the Queen of the Adriatic a large portion of that celebrity which she has ever since retained. This revered name has for more than a thousand years been so completely identified with Venice, that it would be in vain to dwell upon her greatness without alluding to the Evangelist. The legends tell us, that, in the early part of the ninth century, a number of merchants trading to Alexandria (at that time still enjoying much of the commerce which had made her the most celebrated port of the ancient world) obtained possession of the body of St. Mark by a pious stratagem.

They learned that sacrilegious hands were about to destroy the church in which the body was buried, in order that the superb marbles with which the edifice was adorned might be used in the construction of a palace. The fame of the miracles wrought at the saint's shrine had for centuries made it a chosen spot of pious worship; and these shrewd merchants, very Shylocks as they were, and exacting in trade all things "nominated in the bond," doubtless knew that it would be a good investment to transport the relics to their own city, and thus to draw after them much of the trade which had left its golden footprints in Alexandria. An agreement was made with the monks having the body in custody, and by their aid the remains of a female, Santa Claudia, were substituted for the invaluable bones of St. Mark. The fraud came very near being discovered; for the odor of sanctity was so powerful that a sweet scent filled the church, and the worshippers hastened to it in great alarm, fearing that some evil might have befallen the object of their adoration. They were relieved, however, when they beheld the body wrapped in the familiar cerements, not aware that they had been cut open behind, so that no signs of the theft were visible. The precious prize, meanwhile, was on its way to the vessel; and the better to avoid all suspicion, it was placed in a basket covered over with joints of pork, the special abomination in the nostrils of devout Mussulmans, and the sailors bearing the burden continually shouted the name of the vile animal which the followers of Mahomet are forbidden to touch, until the gauntlet of the streets was run, the body of the saint safe on board the ship, and, to elude search, hidden in a sail which was elevated to one of the yards. Thus safely removed from recreant Alexandria, the saint displayed his gratitude during the voyage by appearing in person and warning the crew to prepare for an approaching tempest; and when Venice at length was reached, his remains were deposited with every pompous ceremonial in the chapel bearing his name. His emblem, the winged lion, was thenceforth stamped upon the coinage, and emblazoned on the banner of the republic; and long as she preserved her independence, her citizens, in peace or war, in merriment or in alarm, rallied at the cry of "Viva San Marco!"

For hundreds of years afterwards, the chapel in which the bones of the saint were laid was enriched by the lavish gifts of the state and of private individuals; and its architecture, of no one style, displays examples of the Greek, the Roman, the Gothic, the Byzantine, the Saracenic, until now it strikes the beholder as "a grand and dreamy structure of immense proportions, golden with old mosaics, redolent of perfumes, dim with the smoke of incense, costly in treasures of precious stones and metals glittering through iron bars, holy with bodies of defunct saints, rainbow-hued with windows of stained glass, dark with carved woods and colored marbles, obscure in its vast heights and lengthened distances, shining with silver lamps and winking lights, unreal, fantastic, solemn, inconceivable throughout."

Under the patronage of St. Mark, Venice made rapid advances in her career of glory. Engaged as she was in almost constant wars, it would avail little to inflict upon the reader a dry detail of battles and sieges, or to chronicle her continuous quarrels with neighboring states, — with Genoa, Pisa, Padua, Milan, and Naples, as well as her more fearful struggles with the Ottoman power. Within the limits of this article we must notice her commercial celebrity, her dark and weird despotism, her arts, sciences, and literature; and, lest we should dwell too long upon the absorbing story of her historic grandeur, must be content with a few of her many great achievements.

Before the tenth century, Venice had risen to a position of recognized power, and had already become the arbitress in many national disputes, as well as in feuds of lesser importance. The part she bore in the dissensions between Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was not the least remarkable event in her annals. On the death of Adrian IV., in 1159, the whole Christian world was scandalized by the sight of two rivals for the papal tiara, each claiming to be the legitimate successor of St. Peter, each anathematizing all who should give aid and counsel or swear allegiance to the other. Victor IV., who succeeded in maintaining his authority, had but two votes besides his own in the College of Cardinals; but he was supported in

his usurpation by the arms of the Emperor, while the other candidate, Alexander III., who was certainly the legitimate pontiff if the suffrages of the Sacred College could make him such, was driven from Rome, was hunted like a wild beast from city to city, and for nearly twenty years was a fugitive with a price set upon his head. We find Venice in the first instance allied with the Emperor, because she had reason to believe that her commercial interests would be thus promoted; but finally she espoused the cause of Alexander, who landed at Venice a wretched fugitive, passed his first night in the open air, sleeping on the steps of one of the churches, and was discovered by the Doge Ziani, employed as a menial in the kitchen of a monastery. His pretensions were recognized by the Venetian Senate, and an embassy was at once despatched to Frederick, demanding his allegiance to the rightful Pope. Barbarossa haughtily replied, that it was his right to demand, and that he claimed from Venice a fugitive and an enemy; further, that he would enforce his claim by arms, nor cease until he had planted his victorious eagles on the gates of St. Mark. There was no alternative but war, and it was instantly declared. Sixty-five galleys furnished by Pisa, Genoa, and Ancona, admirably equipped, manned by the forces of the Emperor, and commanded by his own son, Otho, met off the coast of Istria a far inferior force, hastily despatched, and led by the Doge. In a contest which lasted for six hours, fifty of the Emperor's galleys were captured and sunk, and Otho was made prisoner by the Doge, who returned in triumph to the city. This so effectually decided the cause of Alexander III., that the Emperor, defeated also at other points, was obliged to make the greatest concessions, even to the acknowledgment of his claims as rightful Pope. So thoroughly humbled, indeed, was Barbarossa, that he volunteered to come to Venice and prostrate himself at the feet of his foe. He landed at St. Mark's Place, and thence was escorted by the Doge, the senate, and the grand officers of state, into the church, where, robed in the richest vestments of the pontifical office, his brow crowned by the papal tiara, and surrounded by the full pomp of the Romish Church, sat Alexander, triumphant at last after twenty years of humiliation and wrong. As the Emperor

drew near, he bared his head, and knelt before the Pope that he might kiss his sacred feet, while Alexander, uttering aloud the words of the Psalmist, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet," pressed his foot firmly on the neck of the Emperor. The indignant monarch resented this degradation, and said, "It is not to you, it is to St. Peter." Without a moment's hesitation, the haughty ecclesiastic again trod upon Frederick, and answered, "It is both to me and to St. Peter."

The spot on which this memorable scene took place is still marked by a block of red marble inserted in the pavement of the church; and in connection with the event may be here mentioned that ceremony of the espousal of the Adriatic, which was observed in Venice as one of the most gorgeous of her pageants. When the Doge Ziani returned victorious with the captive Otho, he was met by Alexander, who, in token of his gratitude, presented him with a golden ring, saying as he offered it: "Take this ring, and with it take on my authority the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." Six hundred years went by, and still, on the annual return of the Feast of the Ascension, the Doge, attended by all the magnificos of his court, swept out to sea in the Bucentaur, a large galley blazing with gold, not unlike in shape to the imperial quinquireme of the Roman emperors, and cheered by the festive voices of the people, blending with strains of music, he dropped into the waves of the Adriatic the ring of espousal, repeating, as it fell, the words, "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii."

Venice was pre-eminently a naval power, as noted for the superiority of her marine over her land forces as England is at the present day. From very early times the Venetians knew how to construct huge war-galleys, which, besides their rowers and sailors, carried each two hundred soldiers; and such an exalted idea had this maritime people of the power of their great ships of war, that he who took command of one of them was obliged by oath not to refuse combat even with

twenty-five sail of the enemy's vessels. The great fleets, which were manned by from twenty to forty thousand men, when Venice was at the height of its power, were always commanded by natives of the state; the singular policy of the government confiding its land forces to the generalship of strangers who had entered the service of the oligarchy, but excluding them from its marine.

The army, always considered as an inferior branch of the service, was principally composed of mercenaries,— Swiss, or the troops of needy German and Italian princes. A formidable body of light cavalry was at one period fostered by the republic, consisting of Albanians, who had been trained in frequent wars with the Turks. Admirably mounted and equipped, they were for the time the finest horsemen in Europe, fighting with Turkish ferocity, seeking and giving no quarter in battle, and receiving a ducat for each head of the enemy they could produce.

Dependent, therefore, on her navy to sustain and increase her power, Venice spared no pains to bring it to perfection. Nothing to this day gives the stranger a deeper impression of her naval renown, than an inspection of the great Arsenal, which was in the Middle Age one of the wonders of Europe. It is of vast extent, several miles in circuit, and combines the fortress with the navy-yard. In the time of the great maritime wars of the republic, this establishment numbered sixteen thousand workmen; but in the last days of her independence their number had dwindled to a few hundreds. In this complete storehouse were kept in reserve immense collections of every single piece which could enter into the composition of a vessel. Here were to be seen founderies directed for several generations by the family of Alberghetti, who had invented a machine for boring cannon; here were ropewalks, where the finest cables known were manufactured. Workshops of every kind, eleven large halls filled with weapons and arms of defence, all in order for instant service, and depositories of the choicest timber and other materials, furnished to the government the means of arming or refitting a fleet with singular quickness. It was in this arsenal that the republic gave to Henry III. of France a feast far more

splendid than could have then been served by any monarch in Europe; and, as an evidence of its resources, while he sat at the banquet, a galley was constructed before him in less than two hours, or, to speak with more accuracy, all the parts of the vessel were put together, and she was launched, in that short space of time. Thus supported by powerful armaments, the commercial marine penetrated to every part of the Mediterranean, and in the course of centuries establishing relations with the European, Asiatic, and African powers, added incalculably to the wealth, glory, and magnificence of Venice.

Though continually tempted by the brilliancy of one or another historic triumph, we must pass over all of lesser note to touch upon the Crusades, especially the Fourth, so memorable in the annals of the republic, from her share in the capture of Constantinople. Looking back through the mists of six or eight centuries, it is almost impossible to obtain a clear conception of those great movements which convulsed Europe in the Middle Age. Of the passion for fame, the love of adventure, the lust of wealth, and the zeal of bigotry, history has taught us by individual examples; but of the vast upheaval of the masses, the enthusiasm burning in the lowliest heart, which impelled all ages, all ranks, to abandon education, arts, commerce, agriculture, and in stupendous armies to rush on to the East, eager to pour upon the countless myriads of turbaned infidels, as ocean billows in opposing currents meet in fury to be riven in foam,— of this simultaneous and terrific onset, mere description fails to convey an adequate idea. The chronicler and the poet love to dwell upon the memory of that time, on its splendid pageants and bloody conflicts, to-day the cross radiant and triumphant, to-morrow trampled into the dust, as the Moslem seized the Holy Sepulchre; on the spirits which roused the fervor of Christendom, Peter the Hermit, and the pontiffs Urban II. and Innocent III.; on its warriors, Godfrey of Bouillon and the illustrious Courtenays; on its kings, Philip Augustus and the saintly Louis of France, England's Cœur de Lion, and that foeman worthy of Richard's steel, the magnanimous Saladin. Amidst all this wild excitement, for a time Venice

stood coldly cautious, and unwilling to take part in the rash enterprise. This policy is to be attributed solely to her commercial relations with Comnenus, the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, whose ire was excited by beholding the hosts of Christendom marching through his dominions into Palestine, as on a common highway. He looked with distrust and dread on the presence of the Crusaders, and manifested no interest in their holy purposes, — a fatal indifference, which a century later, in the Fourth Crusade, cost his successor the inheritance of the imperial capital. So invaluable were the privileges of trade afforded to the Venetians by the Grecian monarch, that they were finally forced into joining the Crusades only by the danger they incurred of having their long-cherished prerogatives taken from them by other warlike powers. They were the last, therefore, to obey the spirit which led so many nations to the East, and when they did furnish their contingent to the European league, they took care generally to be indemnified beforehand, and also to evade the great inconveniences endured by less politic nations. While the fleets of Venice, therefore, struck terror into the regions bordering the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, an enthusiasm at least equal to that displayed by her warriors for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre was shown by her merchants for increasing their already vast commerce, and attracting the trade of the whole world to their sea-girt capital. We cannot here narrate the triumphs of the republic in the earlier Crusades, nor the victories of the Doge Dominico Michieli over the Saracens in the naval battle of the Bay of Jaffa, at Tyre, and at Ascalon, nor his vengeance on the Greek Emperor, so memorable that his tomb was inscribed, "Terror Græcorum jacet hic." But during the Fourth Crusade, when the Venetian arms, combined with those of France, were diverted from the real object of these religious wars by the course of the usurping master of the Eastern Empire, her power and splendor were a thousandfold increased, and the capture of Constantinople will ever be marked as one of the proudest chapters in the annals of Venice.

The Fourth Crusade, set on foot by Pope Innocent III., was eagerly embraced by the barons of France, who sought the

aid of the republic. The envoys chosen by the barons to repair to her capital reached it in safety, and at once laid their proposition before the Doge. On the ground that no other nation had the ships or the strength of Venice, they implored her aid in transporting troops, and besought her to "join with them in avenging the shame of their Redeemer." "On what conditions do you demand this?" asked the Doge. "On any conditions which you may choose to impose," humbly replied the ambassadors. The Doge then rejoined, that they must wait eight days for an answer from the Council, as the matter was of momentous consequence, and required careful deliberation. At the end of that time the envoys were informed that ships could be furnished by the state to transport twenty thousand foot-soldiers, four thousand five hundred knights, and nine thousand esquires, as well as four thousand five hundred horses. The engagement was to continue in force for one year; and for this aid the barons were to pay 85,000 marks, equal to £170,000, or $850,000, which, considering that the value of money was then four or five times its present standard, may be deemed an enormous sum, exemplifying the Venetian spirit of commercial speculation. This money was to be paid down before the expedition set sail; but when the time of embarkation arrived, many of the crusaders had gone to other ports, many had already impoverished themselves, and upwards of one third of the stipulated price was wanting. The leaders of the enterprise generously gave up to the Doge their rich gold and silver plate, and even their costly vestments, to make up the deficiency. Still the deficit was large, and the expedition was about to be abandoned, when it was determined to raise the sum to its full extent by an outrageous act of conquest, which illustrates equally the barbarity of the age and the iniquitous counsels already ruling the policy of Venice.

Zara, on the Adriatic, a dependency of the king of Hungary, had refused to join the league, although the king of Hungary himself had assumed the cross; and it was coolly proposed by the powers of Venice to the French barons that this city should be taken and pillaged. The sophistry brought to bear upon them was, that Zara deserved vengeance as much

as the infidel, because she was in direct rebellion against the cause of Christ. After some demur, and even against the remonstrance of the Pope, evil advice prevailed; Zara was besieged, and, in spite of an obstinate resistance, carried by storm, and sacked. The booty, which more than supplied the deficiency, was equally divided between the French and the Venetians, and at length the great expedition, numbering upwards of five hundred sail, departed. It was led by the Doge in person, Henry Dandolo, more than ninety-five years of age, and almost blind, but still preserving the vigor and fire of youth. The fleet, touching at several points in the Mediterranean, and gathering strength as it approached Constantinople, at length came in sight of the renowned city. At this day, even the most fervid imagination can scarce serve one in his ideal restoration of the capital of the Eastern Empire. Unrivalled in its situation, even now, when for four centuries the Turkish power has been treading out the memorials of Roman and Grecian art, Constantinople, with its domes and minarets, its seraglios, kiosks, and groves rising above the waters, presents to the approaching stranger a scene of enchantment. What then must it have been nearly three hundred years before its capture by Mahomet II., when to the monuments of Constantine and his successors were added all the later creations of the voluptuous Greeks, who had deserted their own severe and classic standard for the luxurious types of Oriental life?

The invaders were perhaps for the first time now aware of the magnitude of their enterprise; and, in the words of one of them, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, "When they contemplated the lofty walls and goodly towers that enclosed it around, the gay palaces and glittering churches that seemed innumerable, the immense dimensions of the city, denoting it as the queen of the earth, they could hardly believe their senses; nor was there any man, however bold, whose heart did not tremble within him. This was no marvel, for never since the creation of the world had such an enterprise been attempted by such a handful of men." The city was defended by immense fortifications, by deep fosses and strong walls, by massive chains stretched across the harbor, and by four hundred and

seventy-eight towers, in a circumference of eighteen miles. But nothing could withstand the ceaseless and savage attacks of the invaders, who employed with consummate skill every engine of destruction then known to military men. The aged Doge led and animated his countrymen, and, displaying the banner of St. Mark, was the first to touch the shore. After the city had been twice besieged, and fired in numerous places, — after the usurper Alexius had fled, the young and rightful heir been treacherously murdered, and the Patriarch of Constantinople driven into exile, — the conquerors took possession of the place, and, judged by the horrible transactions which ensued, were as unworthy of such a prize as the base people whom they had supplanted. It would be wearisome and disgusting to repeat a hundredth part of the frightful scenes of the capture of Constantinople. The amount of spoil seized by the invaders would appear almost fabulous; and besides the pillaged treasures of gold, silver, inestimable gems, tapestries, silks, and furs, art and literature suffered immense losses, the barbaric spirit of the age prompting a rude soldiery to destroy what they knew not how to value. Thus perished priceless libraries, almost rivalling the famous collection of Alexandria. Thus were lost for ever to the world the works of many celebrated authors of antiquity. Thus noble statues in marble and bronze were broken to atoms and melted; and the homes of the living and the sanctuaries of the dead were alike despoiled. But all this was amply redeemed, in the estimation of the spoilers, by the vast quantity of saintly relics scattered thenceforth over Europe. A library might perish by fire, but an arm of St. Gregory was far more to be prized; and what were pictures and gems, carvings and statues, in comparison with part of the head of John the Baptist, or with a vial containing the blood of our Saviour, "which had flowed from a statue pierced by the Jews at Berytus"? Venice was especially enriched by the choicest of these relics, including a part of the true cross, with several of its nails, and "a prickle from the crown of thorns."

The capture of Constantinople made Dandolo the greatest of the Doges; but in the following year, in the theatre of his renown, death quenched that haughty spirit, and his ashes

found repose beneath the dome of St. Sophia. More enduring memorials of his prowess during the famous siege than any "relics" are the bronze horses which, for six centuries, standing over the portal of St. Marks, have been regarded as the Palladium of Venice. They are four in number, of ancient Greek workmanship, attributed to Lysippus. It is said that they were brought from Alexandria by Augustus Cæsar, after the downfall of Antony, and set up on a triumphal arch in Rome; and that succeeding emperors, Nero, Domitian, and Trajan, placed them on their own arches. Constantine or Theodosius transferred them to the Eastern capital, where they remained until seized by the Venetians in the year 1204, and they have ever since been under the protection of St. Mark, with the exception of some seventeen years when they held a conspicuous place among the trophies with which Napoleon enriched Paris. They were finally restored to Venice in 1815, when the treasures of art collected by the conqueror were returned to their rightful owners.

We can devote no further space to the conquests, by sea and land, which in the course of centuries added to the dignity of the republic. Some few of her provinces — those lying along the shores of the Adriatic — she preserved even to the moment of her own destruction; but most of them, and those of which she had the greatest reason to be proud, were wrung one by one from her grasp during the last two centuries of her independent existence. Besides Constantinople, Cyprus, Candia, Corfu, Cephalonia, and many smaller islands of the Grecian Archipelago, as well as the Morea, with its adjacent island of Negropont, once were hers, embraced in her secret policy, her laws, and her inquisition of state; and even now the traveller in some of the islands we have named will occasionally find in stone, moss-grown and crumbling, the winged lion of Venice, the token to her citizen, as he looked and trembled, that her viewless but all-seeing power still tracked his footsteps. Those three lofty flagstaffs before the church of St. Mark, which all who have ever visited the spot remember so well, now bearing only the hated Austrian ensign, once upheld the superb banner of the republic and the standards of her three chief possessions, Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea.

The severe lot which in the first instance exiled the Venetians to the midst of the waves proved in course of time of signal benefit. Obliged continually to go abroad, even for the necessaries of life, they soon became used to the perils of the sea, and gradually noted the points where they could make their purchases and exchanges to the best advantage. These frequent excursions made them thoroughly acquainted with both shores of the Adriatic, and before many years it was seen that the new city, easy of defence, and placed almost on the limit which then separated Europe and Asia, would rise, through the industry of its people, to be the principal mart of the Western world. Situated near the head of the Adriatic and the mouth of the Po, it was the natural recipient of the woollens, silks, oil, and other products, which Italy furnished to Hungary and Germany. In like manner, all that the North drew from the Levant, Africa, and Spain had to pass through Venice, for coastwise traffic to France, Flanders, or England, by way of the Straits of Gibraltar, and thence along the Atlantic coast, involving what was then considered a very long and dangerous voyage. Such terror was inspired by the ocean, that the grossly ignorant people of the North of Europe dared not steer boldly forth to seek the products of the Mediterranean. Of the dwellers on the shores of this sea, Venice took the lead in maritime enterprise; and thus we find her monopolizing their entire carrying-trade. She exercised almost absolute sway over the navigation of the Po, the Brenta, and the Adige, which, close together, pour their waters into the basin of the lagoons. The first Doge of Venice, Paul Anafesto, made a treaty with Luitprand, king of the Lombards, by which he secured for his people valuable privileges, to the exclusion of all others. Whatever branch of trade or commerce could minister to the prosperity of the republic was carefully guarded and fostered. From the rude and simple efforts of the founders of Venice in their manufacture of salt, this article, in the course of centuries, yielded incalculable revenues to the state. She obtained charge of nearly all the salt depositories of the coast; endeavored to prevent her neighbors from working theirs profitably; secured the right of importing all the fossil salts of Germany and Croatia; forced one of the

kings of Hungary to close his own mines, and controlled nearly all the salt derived from Sicily, the coasts of Africa, the Black Sea, and from so remote a point as Astrakhan on the Caspian.

When one reflects on the influence which travel, commerce, competition, and the influx of strangers must necessarily have had on the manners of this people, he will readily perceive that the Venetians were already a polished nation, while other states, which nature did not seem to have placed in an inferior rank, were still in a condition of semi-barbarism. We learn from the history of Charlemagne, that his courtiers were astonished at the fair of Pavia on beholding the rich stuffs of silk and cloth of gold, the pearls and jewels, which the Venetian merchants offered for sale. At this period all the cities of France, Germany, and England were mere clusters of dwellings, without architectural beauty, and the nobility of these countries, shut up in their gloomy strongholds, knew little more of luxury and art than the humblest citizens. But rude as these nations were, the Venetians were no less anxious to cultivate trade with them than with the more luxurious Orientals. Owing to the disorders of war, imperfection in public administration, and the independent tyranny of the petty princes, as well as the powerful monarchs of Europe, the dangers of the Western commercial routes were even greater than the Eastern. It was more necessary to travel by caravans and with an armed escort in Europe than in Asia. Black mail was levied more frequently in Christendom than among the infidels; for the feudal barons, not content with the establishment of heavy tolls, scoured the country to pillage rich travellers. Every pass leading through a mountainous defile was guarded by a castle, the lord of which must be conciliated. This was the origin of a custom kept up for a long time by the Venetian merchants, who carried with them troops of musicians, mountebanks, buffoons, and curious animals, to amuse the rude nobles through whose lands they wished to find passage.

With the nations of the East their commercial relations were continually extended, and though the spirit of the age required that traffic with the infidel should be sanctioned by

the papal authority, they did not hesitate, spite of the contradiction, to head their treaties with the words, "In the name of our Lord and of Mahomet." In connection with the history of their Oriental commerce, we may take note of the numerous changes which the course of centuries made in the various channels of trade, so that the Venetians were more than twenty times forced to alter their routes of travel, in order to maintain uninterrupted intercourse with the nations of Asia. Sometimes the productions of the East were received by way of the Euphrates or the Red Sea, and thence by the Mediterranean were distributed over the shores of Europe. Sometimes the merchandise of India ascended the Indus, from its banks made a passage of some days on camels, and was afterwards embarked on the Oxus, which bore it to the shores of the Caspian Sea. From this sea it entered the Volga, and ascended it to a point where a bend in the river brings it within about eighteen miles of the Don, the ancient Tanais; then the traders, descending the Don with their wares, entered Lake Mæotis, the present Sea of Azov, made purchases of grain, hides, and furs in the Tauric peninsula, now so well known as the Crimea, thence traversed the Black Sea to Constantinople, and thence sailed for Venice.

There is no doubt that Venetian enterprise penetrated far into the interior of Africa, and formed establishments at many points not now easily accessible. Many of the rich families of Venice derived their wealth from trade with Barca, Tunis, Tangier, and other cities of the Barbary States. These cities were not then, as they have been in later times, haunts of robbers and pirates, but opulent places, filled with an industrious and skilful people. The ships of Venice brought from them, during the seventh and eighth centuries, corn, woollen stuffs, dye-woods, gums, perfumes, ivory, gold-dust, cloths, silks, and cotton goods; also slaves, which they sold to the Moors in Spain. The traffic in slaves for several centuries was eagerly pursued. Not only were the negroes of Africa objects of barter and sale, but the Eastern fleets dealt largely in the beautiful females of Georgia and Circassia, who were sold in Egypt for Mohammedan harems.

Numerous great fleets annually left the capital, to return

laden with the productions of the whole known world. Of these, one was sent to the shores of Greece and to Constantinople. Another proceeded to the Black Sea, where it separated into two squadrons, one of which was directed to Sinope and Trebizond, on the southern shore, to purchase the productions of Asia brought into the Euxine by the river Phasis. The other, going to the north, and entering the Sea of Azov, penetrated the Don, making enormous purchases of its fish, and of articles from the farthest Orient, which had been brought by Tartar caravans to the shores of the Caspian, and thence by the Volga were delivered to Russian traders who navigated the Don. But greatest of all the squadrons yearly fitted out by Venice was that destined for the remote ports of Northern Europe, and styled the fleet of Flanders. Every vessel on this route was manned by at least two hundred sailors. The fleet touched first at the Neapolitan ports and those of Sicily, where, among other articles which found a sale in the West, the Venetians supplied their ships with sugar. This, now considered almost a necessary of life, was then a luxury, honey being chiefly used for sweetening food and liquors. Again the squadron set sail, and coasted along the Barbary shores, pausing at Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, Oran, and Tangier, furnishing the inhabitants of these cities with the staples and manufactures of Europe, and receiving from them in return all the productions of the African interior, brought down to the coast in expectation of the periodical return of the Venetians. On entering the Atlantic, the fleet turned first to the south, and, skirting the coast of Morocco, supplied its people with iron, copper, arms, cloths, and a thousand other articles. Then it took its direction along the western shores of Europe, entered the ports of Bruges and Antwerp in Flanders, and made exchanges with the Hanse towns, as well as purchases of cloth and woollens in England to stimulate the manufacturers of the republic. The articles disposed of in these Western ports consisted principally of the spices, drugs, and aromatics of the Levant, as well as sugar, which the Venetian fleets supplied to the whole of England until the end of the thirteenth century. At length the ships, being loaded with all the products of Flanders and England

required in the South of Europe, again turned their prows towards the Straits of Gibraltar, touching at the ports of France, Spain, and Portugal, and finally those of the entire coast of Italy, before anchoring at Venice, after being absent a whole year.

In maritime discovery the Venetians did not lack enterprise, although far excelled in this respect by the Portuguese. One of the earliest oceanic voyagers was a noble Venetian, named Da Mosto, who, having several times explored the coasts of Morocco to their southern limits, at length boldly steered into an unknown sea, and, in 1455, crossed the equinoctial line, advancing eleven degrees beyond it, nearly to the latitude of St. Helena. To this navigator is ascribed the discovery of the Cape de Verde Islands. If one could believe all that the historians of Venice claim for her, her navigators must have made many of the most important discoveries, not only of territory, but of science. They contend for the first knowledge of the mariner's compass, and of the variation of the magnetic needle. The compass, however, was not invented at Venice, and indeed, like many other things in every-day use, has survived the memory of its inventor; but there is a tradition, which to us has much of the air of truth, that the virtue of the loadstone was made known in Europe by Marco Polo, who brought it from China about the year 1260. Certain it is that the Chinese understood its use centuries before its introduction in the West, and it is not likely to have escaped the attention of so sagacious a traveller as the careful and indefatigable Venetian.

Connected with the subject of geographical research, we may mention the story of a monk called Brother Mauro, living in a convent on one of the islands of the lagoon, who is said to have been accustomed to construct maps of the world, of which his knowledge was for his age very profound and accurate; — that he was in the habit of furnishing charts for voyagers, and that Alfonso IV., king of Portugal, sent to him for one in 1459. From this chart, the legend continues, the Portuguese derived their idea of the passage to the Indies by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, which memorable discovery, the death-blow to the Venetian monopoly of trade,

was made some forty years afterwards by Vasco de Gama. We are inclined to believe, however, that, if these maps had been made before the new route to the Indies was known to the Venetians, it could not have escaped the notice of those lynx-eyed traders, and that their cupidity would have braved all the terrors of the Cape of Storms. It was from their ambassador at Lisbon that they first received advice of this memorable discovery; and they exhausted every artifice to destroy the Portuguese settlements in the East, and afterwards to share with them the benefits of the new commerce. In neither effort were they successful. The Pope had drawn a line on the map of the world, beyond which all that might be discovered should belong to the Portuguese. Armed with this title, they would yield nothing and share nothing, and finally the Venetians, failing in their efforts to control the spices arriving in Lisbon, had no revenge but to exempt from duty all those coming by way of Egypt, and to subject the freights of Portuguese ships to enormous customs.

We must devote a brief space to those manufactures of Venice for which she was so celebrated, before adverting to the causes which deprived her of the monopoly of trade, and left her vast dockyards silent and deserted. Hers was the glory of emerging first from the pall of the Middle Age, and from a very remote period her industry was exercised in the construction of ships, great hydraulic works, dikes, bridges, and buildings reared on piles, demanding a knowledge of mechanics, mathematics, and metallurgy. In the ninth century, one of her Doges sent as a present to the Emperor of Constantinople twelve large bells, of casting superior to any in Byzantium. The Venetian artisans also became celebrated for the finest kinds of gold and silver ware, and, among other articles, for chains of an extreme tenuity, which were highly prized in Europe, and are to this day made and sold on the Rialto. During one of the tournaments of Venice in the fifteenth century, her gold and silver smiths, to the number of three hundred and fifty, took part in the spectacle. Her silk manufactures rose to great importance. It is known that cocoons were carried to Constantinople by monks from the interior of Asia, and these monks understood the art of color-

ing them, reeling off the delicate thread, and working it into silken stuffs. The next earliest artisans in this fabric on the continent of Europe were established at Corinth, Thebes, and Athens by the Emperor Justinian, and these manufactories continued to flourish down to the thirteenth century, when dissension in the Greek Empire made Venice mistress of several places in the Morea, and she drew away many of the silk-workers to her own capital. About the same time the tyranny of one of the princes of Lucca drove from his kingdom upwards of nine hundred families, some thirty of whom, seeking an asylum at Venice, were kindly treated, and had an especial quarter of the city assigned for their looms. In many instances, and with many branches of trade, this wise policy redounded to the honor and interest of Venice, as in later times Holland was enriched by the immigration of skilful workers driven out of the Spanish dominions by the savage bigotry of Philip II. and his successors. Cotton goods, threads, soaps, wax tapers, arms of many varieties and of the finest temper, and dressed and gilded leather, were among the Venetian exports. On the island of Murano, near the capital, vast workshops arose for manufacturing glass of a quality long unapproached elsewhere, and of which the rarest fabrics were made by processes now lost to the world. Here were produced, according to tradition, those magic goblets which detected poison and shivered at its contact, truth-telling monitors, nowhere more precious than in Venice. Glass supplanted the use of metal mirrors, which were the only ones known in Europe prior to the fifteenth century. Every imaginable article in glass might be found at Murano, from costly table services to gaudy beads to please the fancy of savages in the remote wilds of Africa, so that the poor negress and the proudest monarch were alike tributary to Venetian skill. It is related of the Emperor Frederick III., that, on the occasion of his visit to Venice in 1453, and during his reception at the ducal palace, a service of the most precious glass of Murano was placed on a table before him, intended as a present from the state. The royal clown made a signal to his court jester, who instantly, as if by accident, pushed against the table and overthrew it, and the

costly ware was scattered in fragments. Instead of apology or excuse, Frederick only coarsely exclaimed, that had the service been of silver it would not have been broken.

We have now traced the commercial career of Venice, from her foundation until she became the first maritime power on earth. Suddenly, in the early part of the seventeenth century, her decline began. Other nations of Europe engaged in commerce, and ceased to look exclusively to Venice for supplies. The merchandise of Asia no longer flowed towards the Adriatic, and finally the arts which contribute to the perfection of industry made progress in other states, while Venice remained stationary. What were the causes of these disastrous results? The first was the final extinction of the Eastern Empire and the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453, owing to which the Venetians were gradually driven from every foothold in his realm. Secondly, the indignities practised by the Turks on European merchants put an end to Eastern voyages in the Mediterranean. Thirdly, the tyrannical abuse of power exercised by the Emperor Charles V. and his son Philip II., which grew out of their jealousy of the republic, was influential to its injury. Fourthly, it suffered by the loss of the Morea, and the islands of Cyprus and Candia. But that which struck the most fatal blow at the commercial renown of Venice was the discovery of the passage to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. To these wounds may be added the injury done to her ports by the gradual increase of the sands of the lagoon; the weakening of her military marine; the progress of French and German civilization; the piratical tendencies of the Barbary States, which sank as Europe rose; and last, but not least, the almost ceaseless wars of the Turks against Christendom, during which the Venetians, step by step, lost their privileges, their intercourse with the Levant, and at length nearly all their trade, and quite all their influence.

It is not within our plan to enter into a full detail of the Venetian government. Its office of Doge was an elective dignity, in the early days of the republic one of absolute power, but in the course of centuries continually restricted, until the incumbent became little more than a state puppet.

The sovereignty was vested in the Grand Council, the legislative power in the Senate, the executive and judicial authority in various bodies of forty officials each, and the police in the Council of Ten. The patricians alone governed in Venice. The reunion of all the nobles formed the Grand Council, and from this body the Doge, the senators, the ministers, the members of the tribunals, the chiefs of police, and the whole *personnel* of the civil and military administration, were chosen. Almost all the offices were temporary, and a continual rotation made the same men run the entire circle of the government. In order to the better centralization of power, it was decreed that all the patricians should constantly reside in the capital.

The chief historical interest centres in the terrible despotism which for so many centuries brooded like an evil and malignant spirit over the lagoon, and which forms one of the most singular problems in modern history. This fearful power was vested in the Council of Ten, established as a vigilance committee, on account of the terror which a formidable conspiracy had caused in the state at the commencement of the fourteenth century. The Doge and ten other patricians, increased at a later period to sixteen, who must have reached at least forty years of age, were clothed with an authority irresponsible, without appeal, and illimitable. They had jurisdiction over all criminal affairs in which the safety of the state was interested, over all accusations implicating patricians or ecclesiastics, over all crimes committed within the limits of the lagoon, on board of vessels or in gondolas, at maskings or at the theatre; and whatever offences came under their cognizance were punished with the most summary and unrelenting vengeance. One example will serve for illustration. A young noble of the celebrated Moncenigo family one day in the theatre made an assault on another patrician family, wounding one of the Foscarini with a pistol. By instant flight he escaped the fate that awaited him; but no solicitations, even from the injured party, could in the least soften the rigor of his sentence. He was condemned to death for contumacy, his whole property was confiscated, a reward proclaimed for any one who should deliver him up, dead or alive, and at the same time a threat of the galleys to every one who in pursuit of him should

display the least negligence. All the relations of the condemned, and all subjects of the state, were forbidden to see him, to speak to him, to write to him, to furnish or cause to be furnished to him any assistance, under pain of being stripped of all their property, and of condemnation to the galleys for ten years with their feet in irons, while a fine of two thousand ducats was to be paid by any person who should speak in his favor; and finally, the sentence was solemnly declared irrevocable. When this Council received a denunciation, one of its three Presidents deliberated on the charges, weighed the testimony, arrested the suspected person, interrogated him, and made him write down his answers. This information obtained, the official gave account of it to the two other judges, and the three deliberated whether the affair should be brought before the Council of Ten. If they decided in the negative, the accused was set free; but in case of an affirmative, the three Presidents became his accusers without ceasing to be his judges. The prisoner had neither the aid of counsel, nor the consolation of seeing his friends; nor was he ever confronted with witnesses; the rank of the culprit availed him nothing, and the judges could cause him to be hanged with a veil over his face, or secretly drowned in the canal, or strangled in prison, according as they deemed it proper to satisfy or stifle the public curiosity.

This body of seventeen judges, finding itself too numerous to act with all the mystery and promptitude which the exigency of every case demanded, had created from the midst of itself, in the middle of the fifteenth century, a commission more redoubtable; namely, the tribunal of the Inquisition of State, known and feared as the Council of Three. The Council of Ten made the choice of these inquisitors, but the choice was a mystery. One knew that this terrible magistracy existed, without knowing to whom it was confided. One read its sentences, but they were signed only by a secretary. One beheld executions; they had been ordered by invisible justice. One knew himself, in every relation of life, exposed and subject to secret spies. Amidst the tender ties of friendship, or the blandishments of pleasure, one never forgot that he might in an instant find himself in the presence

of these fearful judges, who never laid aside their character of inquisitors. There were no apparent forms in connection with this dread power, the inquisitors being subjected to no rule but that their sentences should be unanimous. For the rest, the place of their sittings, their methods of investigation, their sifting of testimony, their tortures, the mystery or publicity of their sentences, all forms of proceeding, which left no trace behind, were entirely abandoned to the reinless will of the judges. There was no chamber so secret, even in the innermost recesses of the palace of the Doge, that it could not be penetrated by the inquisitors at any moment of day or night. There was no society so elevated but that it was beset by spies, and from the lions' mouths of bronze at the ducal palace, and at the corners of the streets, which received the denunciations of cowardly eaves-droppers, to the homes of the great and the hotels of ambassadors, everywhere were noted down the actions, the words, almost the very thoughts, of the man of rank and the humblest menial. All the functionaries of the state served the triumvirs, not only without repugnance, but with perfect fidelity, and even with fanaticism; and their orders, which were generally obscure billets in a very few words, of which the recipient was not permitted to retain a copy, became laws from which none dared swerve in the least particular. The "Piombi," as the little cells beneath the leads of the Doge's palace were called, —

> "Where burning suns
> Day after day beat unrelentingly,
> Turning all things to dust, and scorching up
> The brain, till reason fled, and the wild yell
> And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
> Answering each other as in mockery," —

and the "Pozzi," or "wells," the damp, cold dungeons built under the canal which washed the palace wall, and into which daylight and warmth never entered, — these fearful hiding-places were the silent depositories of the mysterious vengeance of the Inquisition of State. The arrest was arbitrary, the detention undefined, the accusers utterly unknown, the trial a dread ordeal; nay, the very form of discharge from prison had in it something of ferocious menace. "What dost thou

here? Begone!" was the curt formula by which the jailor apprised the prisoner of his acquittal, as he swung open his dungeon door. One historical fact illustrates the terrible sway of this tribunal, — the fact that it delegated its powers, and by a simple commission invested its agent wherever he might be with absolute authority, absolving him from all responsibility. In this manner the tribunal of state presented itself everywhere in the provinces, as swift, as secret, as remorseless as in the capital itself. It employed thousands of spies, who infested all public places. There was not a church, nor a home of domestic purity, nor a saloon frequented by the public courtesans, where observers were not placed to render account of everything that passed. These spies were drawn from all ranks and all professions, nobles, citizens, ecclesiastics, and Jews. No secret divulged was safe for an instant; the wife was a spy upon her husband, the son upon the father. A citizen who fell under suspicion was constantly followed by at least two spies, who were never to lose sight of him. The houses of the ambassadors and those who frequented them were watched with sleepless care. Four spies, personally unknown to one another, were maintained in each hotel of a foreign minister. Did an ambassador solicit pardon for a banished Venetian, the grace was usually accorded; but the exile was informed, at the moment of his recall, that he was thenceforth a spy upon his benefactor. If an ambassador wished to hire a mansion, the owner of it was obliged at once to inform the Inquisition of State; and if a patrician occupied a contiguous abode, he was obliged to vacate it in order to divest himself of suspicion, and also that his house might be occupied by spies under the orders of the Council of Three.

There are still extant in manuscript some of the records and edicts of the Inquisition of State, which are characterized by frightful *naïveté*. One of these manuscripts is in Paris, in the Bibliothèque du Roi, where it was examined by Daru, who gives extracts from it. These documents are no forgeries, but may be relied upon as perfectly authentic. Among other regulations, all of the most fearful character, the statutes prescribed, that, if a noble revealed to the tribunal any overtures

which had been made to him, he was instructed to feign an interest in the proposals in order to lead on the tempter, who, when he had fairly committed himself, was to be secretly seized and drowned; "provided always," said the statute, "that he was neither an ambassador himself, nor a secretary of legation, but a person of whom it would be safe to say that *he was not remembered.*" If a criminal of some importance took refuge in the palace of a foreign minister, the statute ordained his assassination in secret by a hired bravo. Did a foreign priest speak of the pretensions of the court of Rome to jurisdiction over the republic, or a workman from the arsenal pass into the service of another government, secret agents in each case were employed to murder the offender. The patrician who suffered himself to utter one syllable against the state, as cruel or tyrannical, although he might serve it well, was twice reprimanded, and for the third offence drowned as incorrigible. Blind, dumb obedience was exacted from every Venetian, in the spirit of that clause in the constitution of the Jesuits, — "Et sibi quisque persuadeat, quod qui sub obedientia vivunt, se ferri ac regi per superiores suos sinere debent, perinde ac cadavera essent." Instances might be adduced without end; but it is enough to add, that the vigilance and severity of the tribunal extended to the members of the Council of Ten, to the Doge, and even to the inquisitors themselves; that it proceeded against culprits of such high condition with the most profound secrecy, and that, in case of condemnation, the favorite mode of death was by poison. With these facts in mind, we scarcely need doubt Bishop Burnet's statement, that in Venice there was actually maintained a Poisoner-General, employed by the inquisition to despatch secretly those whose death in public might create disturbance. Can one imagine a more frightful state of society than this, where treachery and death ever lurked in the perfume of the rose and the sparkle of the wine? Such adepts were there in toxicology, that in many cases their art was so exquisite as to defy all vigilance and care, and to baffle even the most subtile chemical tests. Morning, noon, and night the victim breathed a very atmosphere of poisons; — poisons in his bread, in his meat, in his drink; in the luscious

fruits upon his table; in the ring with which his pretended friend might clasp his finger, the least scratch from which infused its deadly venom into his life-blood; in the blade which struck home to his bosom, or the blade which divided a morsel at the board; in the sleeping draught quaffed on retiring to a rest which knew no waking; in the very pillow of fragrant herbs which the hands of supposed affection prepared for the invalid, that he might sleep — too well. And it was the custom of Venice, whenever her ambassador to Constantinople set out on his mission, that he should be supplied, for bribery and for murder, with a chest of sequins and a casket of poisons.

But with all its dread despotism, the government never forgot the amusements of the people. It perfectly understood the genius of the masses, gregarious, petulant, craving excitement, and having more regard for pleasure than for concessions to their turbulence. Venice was one of the gayest and most splendid cities in the world, — a city of mirth and music, of ball, fête, and carnival, and as renowned for its delights of love and masking as for its mystery and crime. It was the most dissolute capital in Europe, and attracted thus, even as Paris does now, in quest of mere pleasure and excitement, a vast throng of rich nobles and fascinating adventurers, mountebanks, actors, singers, artists, sculptors, poets, scholars, men of science, as well as of gamblers, assassins, and courtesans. Seven theatres, and all the nameless attractions of a loose metropolis, drew an immense concourse of strangers; and during three or four months of the year Venice was not less remarkable for the character of its population than for its singular situation. Besides the religious ceremonies, of which the return was very frequent, political anniversaries were celebrated with great pomp, above all others that of the espousal of the Adriatic on Ascension day. Nearly all the periodical fêtes were ennobled by historic triumphs, in which they had their origin. Some bore in their observances reference to local traditions, while others assumed the form of brilliant tournaments in the Place of St. Mark, or of naval combats, in which the Venetian sailors displayed their skill in seamanship. In all of these the use of the mask, which seems to

have been habitual in Venice, added to the peculiarity of the scene, while lending infinite license to folly, mystery, love, and crime. By its use, when mingling in public amusements or at the gaming-tables, all appeared to be equal; and at the festivals in the ducal palace even the papal nuncio attended in mask, and looked on at these balls of ceremony while the nobles danced. Abroad, thousands upon thousands of gondolas, all alike of black, funereal aspect, their occupants shrouded from view by sable drapery, glided along the canals without a sound. In the multitude of masks, one could distinguish no person. Society, business, pleasure, all seemed equally mysterious.

From feeble efforts for mere self-preservation we have now traced the people of the lagoons, as they gradually extended their dominions and increased their marine, until the sails of their fleets whitened every sea, and from the rude and frozen North, the luxurious East, and the burning sands of Africa, all the productions of the known world were poured into their treasuries in exhaustless profusion. For the frail and unsightly structures of her early days, the sea-girt city, in the course of centuries, was adorned with countless shrines, palaces, theatres, and private dwellings, on which the genius of architecture had bestowed such forms of stately grandeur as graced imperial Rome, such airy carvings and traceries and arabesque fretwork (not to omit the numerous slender and soaring campaniles) as recalled to the mind of the Oriental wanderer the marble courts of Persian seraglios and the minarets of Hindostan; while the sight of temple domes, gilded and surmounted by the sacred cross, assured the Western pilgrim of the prevalence of the true faith. To each, to all, unless visited by the dread vengeance of the councils, Venice ever presented a scene of varied delight, and from the Doge upon the gilded Bucentaur to the unlettered sea-boy on the giddy mast, every one looked with rapture upon the pageant, floating apparently on the waters, its towers and arches in the changing hues of sunset invested with celestial radiance, and of such seemingly unreal substance that the gazer almost feared to see them melt from his vision, like the mirage of the desert, or those enchanted cities of the Arabian tales, which were one moment

displayed to the wanderer in sparkling splendor, and the next vanished into air.

In architecture, Venice especially gloried, and even now, fallen and decayed as she is, enough remains of her early monuments to attest their pristine magnificence. For models the Venetians could study in Verona and the adjacent cities the edifices of the ancient Romans, and the desires of wealthy patricians were gratified in rearing piles of noble buildings, in emulation of Augustus Cæsar, who found Rome of brick and left it of marble. A multitude of beautiful churches bore witness alike to the wealth and the taste of their founders. The ancient palaces of marble, often gilded, and of a style less European than Asiatic, recalled the conquests which the families of their possessors had made of old in the East; while by the side of these monuments of the national renown rose miracles of modern art, many of them the exquisite creations of Palladio. The famous chronicler, Philippe de Comines, went as ambassador to Venice in 1495. The contrast of its gay scenes with the rude and gloomy aspect of Paris in his day, struck him with astonishment. He describes it as the most triumphant city he had ever seen, and the grand canal, winding nearly the entire length of the place, as the finest avenue in the world. He dwells with delight on the architecture before him, — on those grand façades, not only enriched by elaborate carvings and stately columns, but many of them glowing with brilliant colors from the slabs of serpentine or precious porphyry with which their marble fronts were inlaid. Much of this is changed, has yielded to decay, and perhaps the enthusiastic Frenchman, if now placed in Venice, would scarce recognize the Adriatic queen of the fifteenth century; but still for the pilgrim there is much to charm, much to stir the heart's deep chords, as he floats into this wondrous city, —

> "Steering in,
> And gliding up her streets, as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome,
> Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky;
> By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
> Of old the residence of merchant kings;

The fronts of some, though time has shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

In one of these superb abodes there were living, within a few years, two venerable ladies, the last of an illustrious race, the line of Foscari, not only made famous by historic deeds, but ennobled by the poetic genius of Byron. Time had indeed wrought changes in the fortunes of their house, and they, its last representatives, after centuries of pride, power, and wealth, no longer floated on a smiling sea, but were left by the ebbing tide like weeds upon the strand. Without one single friend or relative to aid or counsel them in their distress, theirs was, in truth, a melancholy fate. Without the troops of retainers, once proud to wear the badge of the Foscari, they could not now afford to pay for the services of a single menial. As age crept upon them, and their means grew more and more scanty, they had parted slowly with picture after picture, — valued heirlooms, — in order to procure their daily bread, until at length those gorgeous saloons, nearly stripped of furniture, gave back dreary echoes to the sound of their trembling footfall. Still more sad than even this was it, that their retirement should be intruded upon by the callous stranger, and that a survey of those lofty halls, adorned with frescos and gilding, those marble corridors and stately staircases, should claim the paltry piece of coin, for charity's sake left in the palm of these daughters of Doges, who of yore had feasted kings. Could there be a more striking instance of the vanity of human possessions, of the fashion of this world that passeth away, or a more significant type of Venice, its magnificence and its fall?

We have long lingered in the City of the Sea, beguiled by its fascinating and unique associations; and although we intended to speak of many events and characters quite as worthy of commemoration as those already named, much must be left untold, — at least for the present. We wished to sketch the figures of some of those famous ambassadors who served the state so well, the keenest observers, the most astute diplomatists of Europe; and to dwell at greater length on the warriors who, for centuries, sustained the terror of the Venetian arms,

either as Doges, like Carlo Zeno, or soldiers of fortune, such as "the great and noble Captain Carmagnuola." We could devote pages solely to the Ottoman conflicts, to the naval battle of Lepanto, the siege of Candia, or to wars of defence like that of Chiozza, and those which grew from the League of Cambrai. The amours and flight of Bianca Capello, the abdication of Catharine Cornaro, the beautiful queen of Cyprus, who bestowed her island kingdom upon Venice, the tragic woes of the Foscari, the treason of Marino Faliero, — all these fascinate the student. We behold Galileo honorably received by the Doge and Senate, explaining to them his experiments with the pendulum. Of Italian poets, two of the greatest are for ever associated with Venice, Petrarch by the litany of St. Mark's, and Tasso by the chant of the gondolier. Learned prelates, scholars, and printers like Aldus Manutius, Vindelin of Spires, and Nicholas Janson, rise before us. We still can look upon the glorious paintings of the Venetian school, — the works of the Bellinis, Bassano, Sebastiano del Piombo, whose picture of Lazarus called forth from the tomb, now in the National Gallery of London, was expressly designed to compete with the Transfiguration of Raphael; of Giorgione, whose portraits tell of voluptuous Venice in her palmy days; of Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, and Titian, whose brush fell from his hand only when, at the age of ninety-nine, he was smitten by the plague, leaving unnumbered works to Europe, and, richest of all, those painted for Charles V. and Philip II., now regarded as the choicest art-treasures of Spain. With these we could long hold converse, but our pilgrimage to this ancient city draws to a close, while for the last time we tread the pavement of St. Mark's, as scenes of historic triumph and marshalled ranks of illustrious characters throng upon the imagination through the dim perspective aisles of fourteen hundred years.

As we stand beneath the portico of the venerable church, and ponder on the past, the Austrian ensign seems to sink into the dust, and from the three great flagstaffs again float the standards of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea. The bronze horses, burnished anew, shine as they shone in the eyes of the old Venetians on that day when they were first erected here,

proud trophies from Byzantium. The enormous square fills with figures, whose very names thrill upon the feelings as when a sudden burst of martial music sounds. There is blind old Dandolo, conqueror of Constantinople; there by his side, steel-clad Crusaders of the best blood of France; long lines of mighty Doges, the Priuli, the Contarini, the Morosini, and attendant crowds of noble councillors and astute statesmen, eloquent advocates and famous warriors, victorious over the Pisans and Genoese, the Barbary Moors and the Ottoman Sultans. The place is filled with expectant thousands, watching to see the Emperor Barbarossa prostrate himself at the feet of the Pope. Now again the scene is changed, and a magnificent tournament, one only of the marriage revels of Francis Foscari, is witnessed by thirty thousand spectators; and yet once more, Henry III., coming from Poland to mount the throne of France, is welcomed by the Doge and the Senate, drawn up in state in the vast enclosure, which, five hundred and eighty feet long by a width of half its length, has, on this occasion, "by the means of an awning stretched from the balustrades of opposite palaces, been metamorphosed into an immense saloon, sparkling with artificial stars, and spread with the richest carpets of the East." Here wander with musing steps Sansovino and Palladio, to revisit their noble architectural creations; here are Tasso and Petrarch, crowned with immortal laurels; here Paul Veronese and Tintoretto pause to look upon a sketch which Titian bears. Of innumerable celebrities moving hither and thither, one of a later age has a peculiar fascination, glittering as she did for years in Venice; nor as long as sprightly letters charm shall be forgotten that eccentric but brilliant woman, that "petticoat Junius," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. These are not all. Quite as real are the creatures of the poet's fancy. Othello has but just passed by to plead his cause before the "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," assembled in council; yonder mask, in the grave dress of a learned doctor, may be Portia, although Bassanio, standing near, does not penetrate her disguise. Shylock has quitted the Rialto in despair, to seek in vain for Jessica, who

> "with an unthrift love did run from Venice
> As far as Belmont."

The golden Bucentaur is again waiting at the steps of the Piazzetta, that the Doge and the magnificos of his court may embark. But the dreamer's reverie is broken; the pageants of the past have vanished; from the distant mainland a warlike din announces the conquering march of Napoleon Bonaparte, and over the watery waste of the Lagoon, impregnable no longer, sounds the doom of Venice in the harsh roll of his battle-drums. Here we bid farewell to the Queen of the Adriatic. Fallen, but majestic still, she yet has, for lovers of her romantic story, an unparalleled fascination, so happily described by that poet who more than any other, with the exception of Tasso, has entwined his name with the memories of Venice:—

> "Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
> Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show."

Art. V.—1. *The Census of Ireland for* 1851. Parts V. and VI. *General Report, and Tables of Deaths.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. Dublin. 1856.

2. *History of the Irish Poor-Laws in Connection with the Condition of the People.* By Sir George Nichols, K. C. B. London. 1856.

3. *The Irish Church.* Speech of Edward Miall, Esq., Member for Rochdale, delivered in the House of Commons, May 22, 1856. London: Effingham Wilson.

For centuries it has been the habit with writers in the interest of the British government to treat the condition of Ireland as an abstruse problem,—regarding the poverty and sufferings of the people as almost impenetrable mysteries. It is otherwise, however, when anything appears that can be called an improvement. If a cause is assigned for Irish misery, it is sure to be connected in some manner with the people themselves; the blame is theirs, and theirs only, if blame there be. Either they have brought their misfortunes on themselves directly, by their bad conduct, their imprudence, their

indolence, or all together; otherwise the hand of a mysterious Providence is to be traced in all that has befallen them. But if there is the slightest amelioration in their condition; if the smallest gleam penetrates the gloom in which they are shrouded; if they cease to suffer, or have an interval of ease; if they are not hungry and naked to-day as they were yesterday, — let no one think that the credit is their own. It was, forsooth, the last act of Parliament, the last concession of a wise and paternal government, that brought about the change. If Irishmen attempt to tell their own story, and trace effects to their causes, they do so at their peril. The chances are ten to one that they will be prosecuted for sedition, and fined or imprisoned, or both; or if they escape, perchance, the action of the law, when it is not convenient to have packed juries, it is, perhaps, only to be ruined by different means. It is notorious, on the other hand, that the government bribes the Irish press whenever it can. The case of the Dublin World, whose proprietor, Mr. Birch, was salaried by Lord Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is still familiar to all. Papers bought up in this manner will of course say whatever is required. They will call black white, or white black, according as they are directed. They will give glowing accounts of the progress made under the "excellent administration" which furnishes the cash. These accounts are copied by the Times and Globe as "the spirit of the Irish press"; as conclusive evidence that all the Irish need under British rule is to exert themselves, in order to be as happy and prosperous as their neighbors. If a Frenchman or a German writes a book on Ireland, he is seldom translated; or if he gets a hearing in the English language, his statements are attributed to prejudice, envy, or ignorance, for the simple reason, that, in giving a fair account of what he has seen, he has imputed the blame of it to England; that is, he has told at least a portion of the truth as to the real character of English domination in Ireland. From these facts it will not be difficult to comprehend how it is that the grievances under which the Irish people still labor are so little understood in this country.

Our object in the present article is to give our readers as fair an idea as possible of the case as it stands, between Eng-

land and Ireland, in the belief that the American people have an interest in the question scarcely second to that which is felt by the English themselves. In undertaking this task, we would gladly draw a veil over the past, partly because it is painful to contemplate the sufferings which the Irish people have endured for nearly five centuries, and partly because we have no wish to revive the memory of the dark catalogue of cruel wrongs which England has inflicted on Ireland. We would gladly confine ourselves to whatever is cheering and hopeful in the present condition of the country; but in speaking of improvement it is necessary to give some idea of its elements, and of the extent to which it has been carried; and this cannot be done without reference to the past. In comparing the present of Ireland with its recent past, the philanthropist has much reason for gratification; but compared with almost any other people in Christendom, the Irish have still a hard lot; in short, their prosperity and happiness consist in little more than in not being hungry and cold, or in any immediate danger of dying of starvation, as their neighbors and kindred did during the famine by hundreds of thousands.

There is no parallel in the annals of oppression for the penal laws of Ireland, so justly described by Burke as "a horrible and impious system of servitude"; and many of these laws had been in operation long before the Reformation, — before any such excuse as that founded in our own times on religious prejudices could have been adduced. So far back as the time of Henry III., it was made a crime for the Irish to have schools.* The famous statute of Kilkenny was passed in 1361, in the reign of Edward III. In this curious document it was declared that "fostering" and intermarriage with the natives should be regarded as high treason, and punished accordingly; and that any person of English descent who should assume an Irish name, speak the Irish language, or adopt the laws, customs, or dress of the natives, should forfeit his lands or be imprisoned.† Subsequently, in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., a law was passed restraining the Irish from having themselves shorn or shaven

* Thierry's Conquest of England by the Normans, Vol. II. p. 321 *et seq.*

† Goodrich's History of All Nations, Vol. II. p. 954.

above the ears, and from wearing *coulins* (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lips, and prescribing for them a particular kind of rude dress, so that they should not presume under heavy penalties to dress like the English.* We refer especially to these laws, not that they were by any means the worst or most oppressive of their class, but because they indicate the principle on which England has always acted towards Ireland, — *divide et impera.* Nothing provoked the king more than to find that, much as the Anglo-Normans despised the Anglo-Saxons at home, they readily intermarried with the Irish, and assimilated themselves with them in every respect, often discarding their own names and adopting Irish names in their stead. His Majesty saw that it was of the first importance for his purposes, not only that no such friendly feeling should be cultivated between the English in Ireland and the native Irish, but that both should be made to hate each other as cordially as possible. Since the law prohibiting intermarriage and "fostering" was not sufficient for this, it became necessary to set a mark of degradation on the natives; hence the ukase in reference to the beard, hair, and clothing. How well these efforts succeeded in their object, is attested by different historians. After the Reformation it did not require so much effort to keep the indigenous and the English inhabitants of Ireland in mutual enmity. Sectarian animosity now proved a most useful auxiliary to British rule; for the hatred of race had already grown too feeble. Hitherto the English inhabitants of Ireland had been taught to hate the natives as an antagonistic, inferior race; now they were taught to hate them as believers in a false creed. The title "wild Irish" was not sufficiently repulsive, till reinforced by the still more obnoxious stigma attached to the term "Papist." This was accordingly adopted; and among the first fruits of the Reformation for Ireland was a new set of penal laws against the Irish Papists. In reference to these laws Secretary Hutchinson wrote, in his Account of Ireland, in 1773: —

"The Papists incur penalties for foreign education, yet are not al-

* Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, p. 134.

lowed education at home; they cannot be physicians, lawyers, soldiers. If they become traders and mechanics, they scarcely enjoy the rights of citizens. If farmers, they shall not improve, being discouraged by short limitation of tenure; and *yet there is complaint of the dulness and laziness of a people whose spirit is restrained from exertion, and whose industry has no reward to excite it.*"

It was made a capital offence for the Irish to have schools or schoolmasters. If a schoolmaster was convicted of having taught, or attempted to teach, any Irish person, young or old, the punishment for the first offence was transportation;* and if he ever returned from penal servitude, and repeated the *crime*, the penalty was death. Yet the people thus treated were abused for not being intelligent and enlightened. Irish commerce was also placed under severe restrictions. Strafford wrote to his master, Charles I., in July, 1636, as follows: —

"I have discouraged the clothing trade of Ireland, and will discourage it, in regard it would trench not only on the clothing trade of England, so as if the Irish should manufacture their own wool, which grows in very great quantities, we (the English) should not only lose the profit we made now by indraping their goods, but his Majesty lose extremely by his customs. And in conclusion it might be feared they might beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us, which they were able to do."

However willing Charles I. was to act upon these suggestions, he lost his head before he was able to do so. But what he had not been spared to begin was fully accomplished by Charles II. before Ireland had time to recover even partially from the ravages of Cromwell's war.† Charles II. procured the passage of three acts against Irish commerce; — one prohibiting the exportation of Irish wool to England, another prohibiting the exportation thither of Irish cattle, and the third forbidding all Irish trade with the colonies; and, after having added an act or two of his own, William III., of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," had a fleet of war-vessels stationed on the coast of Ireland for the sole purpose

* De Rebus Hibernicis, Vol. II. pp. 366 – 371. General Desgrigny, who accompanied Lauzun to Ireland in 1690, wrote to the French Minister of War as follows: "La politique des Anglois a été de tenir ces peuples cy come des esclaves, et si bas qu'il ne leur estoit permis d'apprendre à lire et à écrire."

† Macaulay's History of England, Vol. II. p. 38 *et seq.*

of seizing as pirates all Irish vessels found attempting to trade with any foreign nation.

None have been more earnest in their denunciations of this iniquitous, cruel system than Englishmen. From the time of Spenser and Raleigh to the present, some of England's greatest intellects have always been ready to plead the cause of Ireland against her oppressors. In short, no injustice has been inflicted upon her without a protest from the other side of the Channel. It has long been the fashion to speak of the so-called Act of Union, which deprived Ireland of her native legislature, as a measure to which the Irish themselves were a consenting party. It can easily be shown, from English testimony alone, how little truth there is in this statement. Thus, in 1800, Lord Grey spoke as follows, in the English Parliament, in a debate on the Union Bill: —

"If the Parliament of Ireland had been left to itself, unintimidated, untempted, unawed, it would without hesitation have rejected the resolutions (Articles of Union). One hundred and twenty out of its three hundred members strenuously opposed this Union, having among them two thirds of the country members, and the representative of Dublin, and of nearly all the places which are to send members to the Imperial Parliament. The majority of one hundred and sixteen were placemen, several of them generals on the staff, without a foot of land in Ireland. All persons holding office under government, if *they hesitated to vote with the minister*, *were instantly dismissed*. Even this step was ineffectual, and other arts were resorted to which I *cannot name in this place*. . . . . Twenty-seven of the thirty-two counties of Ireland petitioned against the measure. Dublin and almost every other town in Ireland did the same, and despite every effort of government, the number of petitioners against, to that of petitioners in favor, was as seven hundred to one! . . . . . Could a nation in more direct terms express its disapprobation of a political measure, than Ireland has of this Legislative Union?"

With the exception of Lord Castlereagh, there was not a single man of any eminence who was connected with the Irish Parliament, or had taken any part in Irish politics, that did not oppose the Act of Union to the utmost of his ability. The noble efforts of Grattan and Curran, especially of the former, in defence of the Irish Parliament, are familiar to all

who are acquainted with British literature; and those of Bushe, Saurin, and Plunkett were scarcely less zealous and energetic.

"France," said Lord Plunkett, "in all the unrestrained excesses that anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act *against her enemy* than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilized Europe against Ireland, — a friend and ally, even in the hour of her calamity and distress. At a moment when the country is filled with British troops, — whilst *the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended*, — while trials by court-martial are carrying on in all parts of the kingdom, — while the people are made to believe that they have no right to meet and deliberate, — at the moment when we are distracted by internal dissensions, — *dissensions kept alive as the pretext of our subjugation and the instrument of our future thraldom*, — such is the time in which the Union is proposed!"

But all was in vain. It was subsequently admitted by Lord Castlereagh that he had expended a million and a half sterling in bribery, in order to accomplish this job. Not content with betraying his country, and proving at all times its worst enemy, he availed himself of every means at his command to induce others to do the same. And the measure brought about by agencies like these is what has since been so pompously called the *Treaty* of Union between Great Britain and Ireland! — a treaty which we are told is irrevocable, — one which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth not.

Our readers are aware that this miscalled Union still exists, — that Ireland has had no legislature of her own since the year 1800. Does it require a Grey, a Grattan, or a Plunkett to prove that this is a just cause of complaint on the part of the Irish people? Does it require any argument to satisfy any intelligent mind that it is injurious to Ireland to depend on the British Parliament for her local laws? If no other injury had been entailed on her by the Union but the encouragement it has given to absenteeism, would not this be sufficient? Of course ten landlords and moneyed men now go to London to spend their money for one who did so while there was a Parliament in Dublin, not to mention the Irish members of the two Houses. Those who have property, so

far from residing permanently in Ireland, seldom visit it, but leave their tenants to the tender mercies of their agents; whose only care is to collect rents for their employers and make money for themselves. If, to this continual drain on the country by those who are induced to spend its money out of it, the revenue annually paid into the British exchequer is added, — a revenue of not less than $ 36,000,000, — the total will give those who think that Ireland has no longer any just cause for complaint some faint idea of the extent of their error, and they will be able to appreciate the bitter truth of Prior's remarks in his "Inquiry into the Condition of Ireland," in 1729.

"We are at no loss to point out the sources of our misfortune; — no country labors under so wasteful a drain of its treasure as Ireland, without the least value returned. There is not in history an instance of any one country paying so large a yearly tribute to another." — p. 46.

We are told that Ireland is represented in the British Parliament, and can therefore control her own affairs. This is a mockery. How could one hundred and five members, even if united, control anything in a house composed of six hundred and fifty-eight? Still less can they do so when nearly, if not quite, half of them are placemen, — men who are ready to support the government in any measure it may propose, no matter how surely it may tend to injure the Irish people pecuniarily, or to circumscribe their liberties. Hence it is that on any pretext, however insignificant, the Habeas Corpus Act may be suspended in Ireland, as it so frequently is. The Union, indeed, cannot be regarded as the worst evil of which the Irish have had reason to complain. But would it not be sufficient by itself to account for the famine, when considered in connection with the impoverished condition of the people resulting from previous penal laws, — that condition which forced them to depend on the potato as almost their only food?

Whenever the story of Ireland has been truly told, whether in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, or nineteenth century, it is still the same, — still one of sorrow and suffering, —

always mournful, except, we are glad to add, at the present time. Indeed, so much alike are the accounts given at intervals of half a century, by tourists from different nations, — English, French, American, German, — of the wretched condition of the Irish, that one would almost think they had all visited the same scenes of desolation together. And the same gloomy similarity is to be found in descriptions by Irishmen, whether satirists, orators, historians, or poets. However much Swift, Grattan, Bushe, Burke, Goldsmith, and Moore differ in almost everything else, all concur as to Ireland's unparalleled wrongs and sorrows. So striking, indeed, is the resemblance between the pictures which they have drawn at different times, that to be familiar with one is almost to know all. Had not Dean Swift been deeply impressed with a sense of the oppression under which the Irish labored in his day, he would not, as he did, have risked his life, as well as his highest worldly prospects, in their defence by his famous Drapier's Letters. A more bitter satire on a government scarcely exists in any language than his "Modest Proposal," although some have pretended to take his proposition in regard to eating Irish infants in its literal sense, and have accordingly censured him for his "brutality," &c. Nor are they the less disposed to do so from the fact that he qualified his "Proposal" as follows: —

"I desire the reader will observe that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland; and for *no other that ever was, is,* or I think *ever can be on earth.*" — *Swift's Works,* Vol. IV. p. 305.

In his "Short View of the State of Ireland," written in 1727, Swift says: —

"The conveniency of ports and havens which nature hath bestowed so liberally on this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon. . . . . Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures whenever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce; besides an Act of Navigation to which we never consented, pinned

down upon us, and rigorously executed, and a thousand other unexampled circumstances as grievous as they are invidious to mention. . . . . Thus we are in the condition of patients who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution and the nature of their disease; and thus we are forced to pay five hundred per cent to decide our properties; in all which we have likewise the honor to be distinguished from the whole race of mankind. . . . . No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels, where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation. . . . . If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason, like the thorn at Glastonbury, which blossoms in the midst of winter." — *Swift's Works*, Vol. X. p. 305 *et seq.*

In a kindred vein of indignant invective is the following passage from Junius's celebrated Letter to the King: —

"The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; *nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.*"

If we come down to our own times, the picture is essentially the same. Political changes there have been, it is true, — new acts of Parliament for the benefit (?) of Ireland, — new "concessions." But when we examine them, we find them hollow; or, if sometimes otherwise, they are either repealed, or counteracted by supplementary laws.

As for the disabilities under which the Roman Catholics labored until 1829, and which have not been entirely removed to the present day, they did not originate in any real hatred to Romanism, but simply in a desire to keep Protestants and Catholics divided, so that both could be the more easily trampled upon. It would be the height of credulity to think that the same Christian government which avowedly protected, if it did not openly encourage, Braminism and Buddhism, was influenced in its persecution of the Irish Catholics by mere conscientious scruples against Popery. This was placed in a clear light by Lord Byron, in April, 1812, when, in a speech in the House of Lords, on the Catholic Claims, he said: —

"It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived him), stand in need of succor, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly, for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labor in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens, and although their 'father's house has many mansions,' there is no resting-place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand the Seventh, who certainly is a fool, and consequently, in all probability, a bigot; and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own, — who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil, — *but who are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body?*" — *Byron's Works*, (New York, 1834,) p. 282.

We have not yet reached the famine; still the wail of Irish woe and misery is heard on every side. There is no traveller in the country, — except such as have been sent thither by government, for its own purposes, to tell, not what Ireland is, but what it ought to be with all its unsurpassed natural advantages, — who does not repeat, with little alteration, the sad tale of his predecessors. Kohl, the distinguished German traveller, who visited Ireland a short time before the late famine, and who devoted much attention to the condition and prospects of the people, relates his experience as follows: —

"A French author, Beaumont, who had seen the Irish peasant in his cabin and the North American Indian in his wigwam, has assured us that the savage is better provided for than the poor man in Ireland. Indeed, the question may be raised whether in the whole world a nation is to be found that is subjected to such physical privations as the peasantry in some parts of Ireland. This fact cannot be placed in too strong a light; for if it can once be shown that the wretchedness of the Irish population is without a parallel example on the globe, surely every friend of humanity will feel himself called on to reflect whether means may not be found for remedying an evil of so astounding a magnitude. . . . . There are nations of slaves, but they have by long custom been made unconscious of the yoke of slavery. This is not the

case with the Irish, who have a strong feeling of liberty within them, and *are fully sensible of the weight of the yoke they have to bear.*"

What are the remedies which England has been in the habit of applying to this state of things? Of course there could be no real remedies, as long as the causes which produced it were still in operation. To attempt aught of the kind would be something like putting a hand into one's pocket to rob him of his money, and giving him at the same time advice how to get rich like other people, adding some expressions of pity after the victim was left penniless, or of astonishment that he should be in such needy circumstances in so fertile a country. The policy of sending commissioners, once in three or four years, to examine into the causes of Irish misery, has generally been nothing more honest than this. The commissioners would travel about Ireland in their carriages, make certain formal inquiries, return to London, present a report to their employers, get their pay, and this would generally be the last of their mission. The Devon Commission examined witnesses in all parts of Ireland two years prior to the late famine. The evidence thus collected was published in several large volumes. The Commission fully admitted that the condition of Ireland was wretched to the last degree, and made certain suggestions on the subject of amelioration. But this was all. As for good, it effected none worthy of the name; in the opinion of not a few, it did harm. Yet Ireland had to pay all the expense, as *she had to pay the money expended by Lord Castlereagh, in* 1800, *in bribing members of Parliament to betray her!* The members of the Devon Commission had scarcely pocketed their hire, when the people of Ireland began to die of starvation by hundreds. The writer of this paper, having been resident in the country during the whole progress of the famine, can bear testimony, that no language could describe, much less exaggerate, the heart-rending scenes to be witnessed almost daily throughout the island, in town and country, from the beginning to the end of that melancholy period. It is sickening to think of those scenes even now; and no one that beheld them can ever forget them. Suffice it to say, that at least a million and a half of the people died of hunger and its concomitants, in the years

1846 – 1848. The Census Commissioners say in their Report, that, had the population of Ireland increased up to 1851 in the same proportion as that of England and Wales, it would have numbered in that year 9,018,799; whereas the actual population amounted only to 6,552,385, — exhibiting a deficit of two millions and a half.

Much has been said about the generosity evinced by the British government in its efforts to relieve the starving Irish; but when we come to examine the facts, we readily see with how little reason. We find that America, which was three thousand miles distant from the sufferers, was much more prompt and cordial in affording them relief. In the middle of 1846 the loss sustained by Ireland in the destruction of the potato was estimated at no less a sum than £16,000,000; and to make up for this loss and help to save the people from extinction, the British Parliament was induced, with considerable difficulty, to give about a million and a half. The loss sustained the next year was three times as great, and the increase in the ratio of deaths by starvation was still greater; but the Imperial Parliament thought itself quite liberal when, after much hesitation and discussion, it voted eight millions, — little more than the sum wrung from Ireland in one year, in the shape of revenue alone.* The total sum advanced for the purpose of Irish relief during the whole famine, including what was expended for public works, did not exceed, according to the official reports, which were not likely to omit any

* The salary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is £ 20,000. Until recently the salary of the Chief Secretary for Ireland was £ 5,000; it is now £ 3,000. The salary of the Under Secretary is £ 2,000; that of the Lord Chancellor, £ 8,000.

Thus the Lord Lieutenant of the poorest country in Christendom has four times as large a salary as the President of the United States! Seeing that "His Excellency's" office is a mere sinecure, one would think that he might have dispensed with half the sum during the famine, but he drew every penny as usual; and we doubt whether he contributed as much for the relief of the starving Irish as the Sultan of Turkey, who generously gave $ 5,000 out of his private purse. When Count Lauzun went to Ireland, in 1690, as general of the small French army sent by Louis XIV. to aid James II. against William III., James offered to pay him in French gold the same salary that the Lord Lieutenant had then, £10,000 a year, as commander-in-chief of the Irish army; but he generously refused to fill his coffers with the money extorted from so wretched a people. See Macaulay's History of England, Vol. II. p. 156.

important item in the account, £10,700,000, — less than two years' Irish revenue; and nearly three millions of this have already been repaid. Such was the munificence of the British government to Ireland when its assistance was most needed. It was otherwise, indeed, with the British people, as will be seen from the following statement, which we copy from the "Census Report," premising that we are sure the United States sent much more money than is here accounted for.

"When the potato failure of autumn, 1846, became known, the Society of Friends, in London, opened a subscription; and the British Association for the Relief of Extreme Distress in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland was formed on the 6th of January, 1847. A 'queen's letter' was issued with the same object, and the 24th of March was appointed by proclamation for religious observances, 'in behalf of ourselves and our brethren who, in many parts of the United Kingdom, are suffering extreme famine and sickness.' . . . . . The remotest stations in India, the most recent settlements in Canada, contributed, and £625 was subscribed by British residents in Mexico. The sum collected under the queen's letter was £171,533; by the British Association, £263,251. Five sixths of these sums were sent to Ireland, the other one sixth to the Highlands of Scotland. The National Club in London collected £17,930. The General Relief Committee for all Ireland collected (in Ireland) upwards of £50,000, independent of £10,000 in cash, and an equal value in food sent them from the sum raised by the queen's letter.

British North America sent	£12,463
United States	5,852
British India	5,674
Cape of Good Hope	2,900
Australia	2,282
Ireland herself (independent of local subscriptions) . .	9,888
The Society of Friends	168,000
of which £108,651 was spent on food, and £5,000 to £10,000 was the value of clothes sent from America and England.	
The 'Ladies' Relief Association for Ireland' raised .	11,465
South America, £772; the Military, £386 . . .	1,158
Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Gibraltar, the Channel, West Indian, and Ionian Islands . . .	2,168
Irish Relief Association, including £17,782 from England; £152 from Ireland; France £1,390; Italy £2,708;	

British America £2,821; United States £847; India £5,947; West Indies £1,043; Australia £2,314; and £508 from Military, Pensioners, and Constabulary . 42,000"

Census Report, Vol. V. pp. 286–288.

The little that Ireland received from the British government arrived tardily, and a large proportion of it went into the pockets of government *employés*. The whole amount, however, which was raised by Parliamentary enactments, and by private subscriptions at home and abroad, as indicated by the above statement, was very considerable; but so universal was the suffering among the humbler classes — there being nearly, if not quite, three millions of people in a state of utter destitution in July, 1847 — that it seemed a mere pittance. The miserable cottiers and day-laborers were the first victims. Private benevolence certainly did its best to save them, — that was all they had to depend on for nearly six months; but the benevolent themselves, few of whom had ever been rich, were impoverished in the mean time, so that, before the government relief came, incredible numbers had perished. The small farmers made every possible effort to remain independent, selling everything that could be sold, even to their very beds and clothes, in order to procure a scanty allowance of food — just sufficient to sustain nature — for themselves and their families. But these efforts could last but for a time. As for work, there was none to be had; so that when every article for which a loaf of bread could be procured was gone, including the little trinkets which their women had worn in their better days, they had only to sit down and die; for they had already become walking spectres, with their bones protruding through the skin. Often whole families died in this manner; first the parents, who would give the last morsel to their children rather than eat it themselves; then the eldest of the children, who would pursue the same self-denying course toward their younger and hitherto more feeble brothers and sisters. Sometimes father, mother, and children were found dead together in one another's arms on a little straw, their only bed, with their cabin door closed, and their bodies in different stages of decomposition. Many died in this manner rather than make it known to their neighbors that

they were hungry; others sank on the road-side while on their way to some relief depot to seek a single meal for their children, or while collecting wild herbs in the fields for the same purpose; and it was no uncommon thing to see the infant child still clinging to the breast of a lifeless mother.

But the picture is too painful to dwell upon. In spite of this unheard-of suffering, some still pretend to wonder that the population should have been diminished to the extent of two and a half millions, whereas the real wonder would be if the diminution had not been immense. But no writer in the interest of the British government will tell us that, while the people were thus starving, and running away from their native land, as if from an enemy that gave no quarter, there was abundance of food in the country; plenty of wheat and oats, flour and meal, beef and mutton, the products of its own soil. But these were for the rich, not for the poor, whose sole resource was the potato, which being now blighted, there was nothing left for them but charity or death.*

Having thus taken a rapid glance at the past of Ireland, omitting not a few real grievances so as to leave some reasonable space for the consideration of her present, we now proceed to examine the grounds on which it is stated that the country has become prosperous since the famine, and that the people have no longer any just reason to complain. Here also we must necessarily be brief. We may remark, in passing, that none who are familiar with the incontrovertible facts already given will blame the Irish peasantry, — those from whom our own Irish immigrant population is chiefly recruited, — however great their faults, for being what they are. Ought we not rather to remember the blighting, demoralizing influences to which they have been subjected on their native soil from time immemorial, — such influences — to the shame of British civilization be it told — as those of hunger and ignorance, the two prime brutalizers of the human race? Could the Irish peasant, in his rags, without any food save the worst, and with little even of that, and without the means of earning it, philosophize like some of our modern

* The ships bearing charity to Ireland were sure to be met by other ships carrying away large cargoes of flour and meal.

philanthropists, well might he reply to those who reproach him with laziness and want of resolution, —

> " Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted, — till
> Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your *cabin*,
> Famine and poverty your guests at table,
> Despair your bedfellow, — then rise, but not
> From sleep, and judge ! "

The Irish workingman is certainly not lazy, as all who have observed him in his native land will bear willing testimony. No other man will work so cheap, or so long, or so hard, rather than be idle, or in order to procure food for his family. To an American it might seem incredible, but it is literally true, that many an Irishman has worked almost the whole year for sixpence a day, living on his own food, his wife or daughter taking to him his frugal repast over a distance of perhaps two or three miles; and even this sixpence he would not get in cash, but would only be credited for it in his rent. Right glad he would be, however, to have the privilege of earning it. Before the appointed hour for going to work in the morning, during the long days of summer, he would devote an hour or two to his own little plot of perhaps half an acre of ground ; in the evening, on his return, he would work for an hour or two more. Then in the autumn he would cross the Channel to England as a deck passenger, earn what he could there at gathering in the harvest, living on the coarsest food, and generally sleeping in the field, or barn, at night; then hasten home to his expectant wife and children with whatever little money he was able to save, often not more than a few shillings, to work again as cheerfully as ever for sixpence a day.*

* We do not mean, by anything we have said on this subject, to justify the conduct of which the lower order of the Irish in this country are too frequently guilty, — their intemperance, their bloody conflicts with one another, and the too active, overbearing part, not to call it by a worse name, which they take in our elections. These are grave faults ; and it is not at all strange that they excite prejudices against them among those who do not understand their history. Owing to the restrictions on Irish commerce which rendered wheat, barley, and oats almost drugs in the market, while the heavy English tax on whiskey caused the latter to be very dear, illicit distillation early became prevalent; and the illicit article being sold cheap, it is not difficult to understand how easy it was for a people so sociable as the Irish, and always smarting under wrongs, to become addicted to its use. The

But this was before the famine. Now, the case is altered. The laborer's daily wages now are three or four times as large as formerly. But why? Because competition in the labor market is not one fourth as great as before the famine; in other words, because three fourths of the laborers died of hunger, or left the country to seek a home elsewhere. Yet the increase of wages is one of the principal facts now adduced as proof that Ireland is prosperous at last! According to this principle, would it not have been a good and righteous proceeding to have brought out all the artillery in the kingdom in the early part of 1846, before the famine commenced, and to have mowed down about a million and a half of the people with grape-shot, causing as many more to seek safety in flight? We are told that, if there is a decrease in the Irish population, there is an increase in Irish cattle, sheep, and other live stock; as if the sheep and cows of a nation, and not the well-being and well-doing of its people, constituted its wealth. This theory is not new, however, with the British government in its treatment of Ireland. It is as old as the time of Swift, who more than a century ago wrote as follows: —

---

cause of the faction fights on our railroads is to be traced to the efforts of the British government to keep different portions of the people divided against each other. Hence the signification of "Fardowners" and "Corkonians." It is the hatred thus caused that Moore so feelingly regrets in one of his Irish melodies, that on the Battle of the Boyne.

"Alas for her who sits and mourns,
E'en now, beside that river!
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
'When will this end, ye Powers of Good?'
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, 'Never!'"

Nor is it more difficult to find at least extenuating circumstances for their violent and often lawless conduct at our elections. In the first place, it is a novelty to them to have the privilege of voting. When they have it, they think they ought to exercise it to the fullest extent, as if to make amends for the disabilities under which they had labored at home. Our demagogues avail themselves of these weaknesses for their own purposes, and do their best to perpetuate them. Add to this the fact that our Irish immigrant population belong in general to that class of their countrymen who had not the means of obtaining even the rudiments of education, and it will be admitted that, upon the whole, the poor Irish are no worse than almost any other people would have been under similar influences.

"The good of it is [having a profusion of sheep and cattle], that the more sheep we have, *the fewer human creatures are left to wear the wool or eat the flesh.* Ajax was mad when he mistook a flock of sheep for his enemies; but we shall never be sober until we have the same way of thinking." — *Swift's Works*, Vol. X. p. 320.

Much stress is laid by government commissioners on the diminished number of small farms, and the corresponding increase of large grazing farms. The meaning of this is, that the poor cottiers have been put out of the way by oppression and famine, to make room for those who will raise cattle for the English market, and may at the same time add to their own importance without the fear of being annoyed by the dispossessed occupants. It is, however, but the old way of doing "justice to Ireland," — the same heartless policy so eloquently denounced by Goldsmith.

"Yet count our gains. This *wealth is but a name*
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that *many poor supplied;*
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
. . . . .
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave."

This is, doubtless, the sort of improvement to which the Census Commissioners allude, when, in closing their voluminous Report, they use the following language: —

"In conclusion, we feel it will be *gratifying* to your Excellency to find that, although the population has been diminished *in so remarkable a manner by famine, disease, and emigration*, and has been *since decreasing*, the *results* of the Irish census are on the whole SATISFACTORY." (!)

In recapitulating, in another part of their Report, the numerous causes which combined to produce the excellent "results" that are now rendering Ireland so happy, the same gentlemen inform her Majesty and her Parliament that "*no doubt the diminution of the people had also its effect*"! There is no man in Ireland who has exerted himself more for the last quarter

of a century, in and out of Parliament, as the champion of tenant right, and as the friend of the people generally, than Mr. Sharman Crawford; and it may be added, that there are few, if any, who understand the interests of Ireland so well. His views on this new source of Irish prosperity may be learned by an extract which we subjoin from a letter of his, published in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, October 15, 1856, in reply to the statements of the Census Commissioners: —

"But I can never feel assured of national improvement till I see it accompanied with some evidence of revival of Ireland's exhausted population. . . . . In place of this, I fear the *exterminating* and *consolidating* system is largely *operating*. It is the fashionable doctrine to call this improvement; but the extermination of human beings, and *the substitution of brute animals for the human race*, on the soil of Ireland, is not an improvement grateful to my mind. . . . . I confess I have an apprehension of the undue extension of the grazing system, *which in Ireland can only coexist with a reduced or exterminated population, thus impairing the national resources for every purpose which requires the application of human power.*"

We might fill whole pages with the opinions of Englishmen to the same effect; but the fact is self-evident, and one which it requires little skill in political economy to understand perfectly. Real good has been done to Ireland, however, since the famine; and far from ignoring this, or refusing to give credit where credit is due, we are glad to place the fact in bold relief. The good we refer to is not a result of the Irish Poor Laws, the distorted History of which forms a portion of the text of our article, and of which we shall presently have a word to say, but of what is called the Irish Encumbered Estates Act. The main object of this measure was to enable landlords to dispose of their mortgaged estates, without having recourse to the tardy, expensive, and vexatious process of the Court of Chancery; and to enable creditors to recover what was due to them, or as much of it as possible, without incurring the enormous charges without which there was no hope under the old system. The estates of large numbers of extensive proprietors used to remain mortgaged, often from generation to generation, doing comparatively little good

either to debtor or to creditor. Of course such a state of things entailed much injury on the people generally; combining powerfully, as it did, with the other various evils against which the country had to contend, to retard improvement, to cause industry to languish, and to bring about a general bankruptcy. The Encumbered Estates Act, by instituting a new court in Dublin called the Court of Claims, which has the power of selling the encumbered property promptly to the highest bidders, with little expense to the proprietors or mortgagees, has afforded an easy and excellent remedy for at least one evil which had long been felt in Ireland. From the statistics of the new court recently published, we learn that from the 25th of October, 1849, to the 25th of May, 1857, 4,109 petitions for the sale, partition, and exchange of land had been presented to the commissioners. Of these, 1,195 originated with the embarrassed owners, and 2,914 with the creditors. On the whole, 3,197 orders for sale were given, and the property was promptly sold in 11,123 lots to 7,216 purchasers, of whom 6,902 were Irish, the remainder English, Scotch, and foreigners. The estates already sold have brought £ 20,194,201, of which amount, immense when we consider the poverty of the country, £18,000,000 has been distributed to the parties interested. Even from this brief summary of the results, so far as yet known, of the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act, it is evident that it has proved a benefit to the country. But will its beneficial influence be permanent? or is it sufficient to render the country prosperous under its present circumstances? With whatever hesitation and doubt the former question may be answered, our reply to the latter is a decided negative. The act is good enough in itself; but there are too many bad acts, and too many deep-rooted evils, to counteract its effects. It does not prevent Ireland from being drawn after the chariot-wheels of England as usual; it does not exempt the people from having to pay out of their poverty an enormous sum annually into the British treasury, for which they receive nothing in return; it does not relieve them from the incubus of a State Church, which all the world condemns as a cruel imposition; — in a word, it does not in any way interfere with the so-called "*Treaty* of

Union," which leaves Ireland at the mercy of the English Parliament.

But the "remedial measures" which England regards as casting all others in the shade, scarcely excepting the Encumbered Estates Act, are the Irish Poor Laws. These laws were to put an end, at once and for ever, to death by starvation in Ireland, and to produce various other excellent results too numerous to mention. But what are the facts? As a portion of the answer to this question, we quote an extract from the general remarks of the Census Commissioners in their Report, with reference to the main causes of the diminution of the population: —

"In the Irish returns made in 1841, *only* 117 *deaths were registered from starvation for the ten years* prior to that period; *but from thence*, according to the registration made in 1851, deaths from this cause *began notably to increase, from* 187 *in* 1842, *to* 516 *in* 1845. After that period deaths attributed to starvation *increased rapidly*, so as to amount to 2,041 for the year 1846; in 1847 they reached the great height of 6,058, and in the following years, 1848 and 1849, taken together, they amounted to 9,395. In 1850 *there were even more than in* 1846; and during the first *quarter* of 1851 as many as 652 deaths attributed to starvation were recorded. The total deaths *returned to us* under the head of starvation amounted to 21,770, the sexes being in the proportion of 706 females to 100 males." — *The Census of Ireland for* 1851, *General Report*, Part VI.

In order to understand this, it is only necessary to bear in mind, that 1842 was the first year of the operation of the Poor Laws in Ireland. Thus it is admitted, that for the ten years preceding the introduction of the Poor Laws (1842) the total number of deaths from starvation was only one hundred and seventeen, — less than twelve a year on an average; but during the first year of the operation of those laws one hundred and eighty-seven died of starvation; and "from thence," to use the Commissioners' own words, "deaths from this cause began notably to increase." What a melancholy commentary on the sort of *benefits* rendered to Ireland by the *sister* kingdom! And no one, surely, will accuse the Commissioners of having represented the case as worse than it was. The Poor Laws, indeed, involve a large ex-

penditure.* But it is the expenditure of Irish money,—money raised by heavy taxes on the people. Before the introduction of the Poor Laws, mendicancy had to depend on voluntary alms, and the amount annually contributed in this manner was estimated at from £700,000 to £800,000. This was given cheerfully, and there was no expense incurred in its distribution. But the building of workhouses alone, under the government system, cost £1,420,780. These houses are to be seen now in all parts of the country; and they are much more like fortresses or prisons, than asylums for the relief of the destitute. Those who have seen these gloomy piles, with their numerous cells and small, grated windows, their strong iron gates, their rules and regulations, which may not inaptly be called a "penal code," and the miserable rations doled out to their inmates, can hardly be surprised that nothing short of absolute hunger itself will induce the poor to enter them. Hence it is that the beggars have been as numerous as ever since they were built. The people give alms as before; their burden in this way has been lightened but little if any; and they have to pay the Poor Law tax beside. The truth is, in brief, that a very large proportion, if not the greater part, of the money thus levied, goes into the pockets of the well-paid officials of government, from the wealthy Poor Law Commissioners downward. Thus, prior to 1842, the beggars alone had to be sustained; now, a whole army of commissioners, superintendents, guardians, clerks, and functionaries of every name, are to be sustained with them,—a circumstance which, in our mind, sufficiently explains why it is that deaths from starvation, far from diminishing, "notably increased," after the Poor Laws came into operation.

Such are the "remedial measures" upon which, according to the organs of the British government, Ireland is to flourish in future, in spite of all the heavy burdens she has to bear. True, they have cost England nothing. If she advanced money for building the workhouses, she was to be repaid with interest. The measures by which she would lose, which would lessen her revenue, or make the landlords disaffected,

* Even in 1851, three years after the famine, the amount was £1,166,954, nearly $6,000,000. British Almanac, 1854.

she takes good care not to grant. For a whole century the Irish people have been petitioning, almost incessantly, for tenant right, that is, the simple and natural right on the part of the tenant to some compensation from his landlord, on the expiration of his lease, for improvements made on his farm, in case of his ejectment, his voluntary removal, or an increase of rent on account of these very improvements. What injustice can be greater, than to charge a tenant for improvements which he has made himself, or what can discourage a tenant more? There can be no alternative opinion as to this. Even the government commissioners themselves have recognized the evil, and have recommended the granting of tenant right. In the Report of the Devon Commission, published in 1847, the subject is referred to as follows: —

"The importance and absolute necessity of *securing* to the occupier some distinct mode of remuneration is obvious. . . . . The master evil, poverty, proceeds from the fact of occupiers withholding the investment of capital and labor from the ample and profitable field for it that lies within their reach, this withholding being attributable *to a reasonable disinclination to invest labor or capital on the property of others, without security for remuneration for the investment.*" — p. 155 *et seq.*

It is now ten years since this recommendation was made to the British government by its own commissioners. In the mean time the subject has occupied the attention of all friends of Ireland in the British Islands; large meetings have been held at short intervals in all parts of the country; and hundreds of petitions have been presented to the Imperial Parliament earnestly praying for the required remedy. But all in vain. It might be dangerous to the loyalty of the Irish landlords to prevent them from oppressing their tenantry, — from robbing them of the fruits of their labor. Yet if the landlord were compelled by law to allow his tenant a fair remuneration for all improvements made on his farm, or precluded from ejecting him from his holding when a higher rent than he paid was offered for it, at the expiration of the lease, a prime source of distrust on one side, and jealousy, if not hatred, on the other, between the upper and lower classes, would be removed.

There are still greater objections to any effectual legislation against absenteeism. In the first place, if landlords were induced to remain at home to encourage their tenants, there would, as in the case just mentioned, be danger that the two classes would grow too familiar, — in fact, become attached to each other; and then, too, the large amount of Irish money now spent in England by absentee landlords would be spent in Ireland, — a result which those who have the power would much rather obstruct than further, however strong their protestations to the contrary.

But the grossest injustice of all is the State Church. Some excuse may be found on the part of England for every other grievance under which Ireland labors at the present; but for this there is none. The best and most conscientious friends of religion throughout Christendom are well known to be opposed to any connection between the State and the Church under any circumstances, convinced that the latter should be independent of the former, and left to the voluntary support of the people, as in the United States. There is some reason, however, in endowing a Church which is that of the majority of the people, as in England and Scotland. But in Ireland the case is the reverse of this. Here five sixths of the people are Catholics, while the Episcopal Protestants form but a mere fraction, scarcely numbering 600,000. This small minority possess the chief wealth of the country; while the poverty of the large majority is proverbial. Yet the latter have to maintan the Church of the former in splendor, and to support their own at the same time. If the State Church were at all likely to convert the Catholics to Protestantism, those who enforce its support might pretend that "the end justifies the means." But there is not the least hope of any such result. This is universally acknowledged. Nay, it is well known that its effect has always been the reverse; that its tendency has ever been, not only to excite the prejudices of the people against the Church itself, but also against all who belong to it. Nor is this strange; for in the minds of the people it is associated only with tithes, tithe-proctors, sheriffs, bailiffs, military, police, riot, and bloodshed. This seems strong language to apply to the influence of a Christian

Church; but it is far too feeble to give any adequate idea of the reality. True, it does not now cause so much bloodshed as formerly. The well-paid rector does not now seize upon the poor man's pot, or upon the widow's bed, for his tithes. He has not to call on the military to enforce his "dues" at the bayonet's point. The scenes thus caused were a scandal to the civilized world; so that a change was imperatively needed in order to approximate, if only in appearance, to the spirit of the age. The change consisted in enabling the landlord to add the tithes, or "tithe-rent charge," to his own rent; thus causing the odions tax to be paid to him, instead of paying it in the first instance to the rector, or his proctor, as formerly. For the sake of public decency, it was well to make this arrangement; but now, as before, the poor have to pay for the religious instruction of the rich; or rather, they have to maintain what is little better than an immense bribery-fund, to enable the British government to reward its supporters with rich sinecures. In order to satisfy our readers that our remarks, harsh as they seem, do no injustice to the Established Church in Ireland, we now proceed to adduce authorities to sustain them, and in doing so we shall confine ourselves exclusively to the testimony of Protestants, — generally members of the same Church, — English and Scotch as well as Irish.

The late Mr. Hume described the Establishment, in one of his Parliamentary speeches in favor of its abolition, as "the blood-besmeared Church of 'Rathcormack'"; Mr. Roebuck characterized it in the same place as "the greatest ecclesiastical enormity in Europe"; and Mr. (now Baron) Macaulay, as "the most *utterly absurd and indefensible of all the institutions now existing in the civilized world.*" From a work recently published in England, called "The Black Book," on the English aristocratic system, a work quoted by Goodrich in his History of all Nations, we subjoin one or two extracts on the same subject.

"From another Parliamentary return, it is proved, as stated in the House of Commons by Captain Osborne, that eleven Irish state bishops left behind them amassed wealth to the amount of nine million three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, accumulated within a period

of from forty to fifty years! The following is the list extracted from the Parliamentary return:—

"*Probates of Wills of Irish Bishops.*

Stopford, Bishop of Cork	$ 125,000
Percy, Bishop of Dromore	200,000
Cleaver, Bishop of Ferns	250,000
Bernard, Bishop of Limerick	300,000
Knox, Bishop of Killaloe	500,000
Fowler, Bishop of Dublin	750,000
Beresford, Bishop of Tuam	1,250,000
Hawkins, Bishop of Raphoe	1,250,000
Stuart, Bishop of Armagh	1,500,000
Porter, Bishop of Clogher	1,250,000
Agar, Bishop of Cashel	2,000,000
Making a total of	$ 9,375,000

"How great, indeed, must have been the privations of the Apostolic Bishop of Cashel, through which he could have saved two million dollars, in a single life, from the tribute levied on the poorest, worst fed, and worst clad of all the nations on the face of the earth! How much charity and Christian virtue must the prelates of Dublin, Tuam, Armagh, and Clogher have exercised, to enable them to hoard up fortunes of from $ 700,000 to $ 1,500,000 apiece! And these *are the bishops of the Church of Ireland for which we are now keeping up an army in that country of thirty-four thousand soldiers, besides an army of police to mount guard over its safety.* . . . . .

"It will be observed, that the amount of hard cash divided by the Irish bishops amounts to $ 755,638 annually; but this represents only a small portion of their actual gains! For there must also be added the rents and profits from six hundred and seventy thousand acres of land. . . . . .

"And next, as to the work done by the parsons. Of the 2,384 parishes, 155 have no church, and not a single Protestant inhabitant; and 895 parishes have under fifty Protestant Episcopalians inhabiting them, including men, women, and children. They are not on that account, however, relieved from their payments to the Church, which are still compulsorily enacted. Of 1,385 benifices, there are 233 with under fifty Protestants in each. Of the 300 dignities and prebends, seventy-five have no duties whatever to perform; and eighty-six others are mere sinecures. The Dean of Raphoe receives $ 7,455, the Precentor of Lismore $ 2,240, the Archdeacon of Meath $ 3,655, without any du-

ties whatever to perform, there being no Protestant souls to 'cure.'" — Vol. II. pp. 996, 997.

Such is a portion of the picture drawn in 1843, three years before the famine, by an Englishman and a Protestant, of the State Church in Ireland, — a picture the dark and repulsive features of which are not in the least exaggerated. Passing over a period of twelve years, we now come to see what were the opinions entertained regarding the same Church one year ago; and which, with too much reason, are entertained at the present day.

On the 27th of May, 1856, Mr. Edward Miall, the representative of Rochdale, England, delivered a speech in the House of Commons in favor of the impartial disendowment of all sects in Ireland. From this speech we make a brief extract. After some preliminary remarks in reference to the pretended contentment and prosperity of the Irish, Mr. Miall says: —

"Why, sir, the man who walks among explosive materials with a naked candle in his hand, has as good a right to reckon on complete security, as we have to calculate upon permanent tranquillity in Ireland *under our present ecclesiastical policy.* It is true that, of late, unusual care on the part of the executive, whether Whig or Conservative, coupled with *an unprecedented combination of peculiar circumstances affecting the social condition of Ireland*, has produced an unwonted calm. But it would be but poor statesmanship to mistake a temporary lull of agitation for settled popular contentment. . . . . .

"The problem which your policy attempted to solve was, how to transfer from Roman Catholic to Protestant hands the ownership of the soil in Ireland, together with all political influence, all social distinctions, all the ordinary powers of achieving gain, all the potentialities of civilization, comfort, and affluence. The agencies chiefly relied upon in solving this problem were arbitrary laws, *wholesale confiscation*, *cold steel*, *and gunpowder.* And what are the staple materials which make up the history of that period? *Robbery* by the civil power, and retaliation by the outraged people, — *tyranny without limit, followed by insurrections without pity, — desperate sieges and hideous massacres, — a country laid waste, — a population alternating between the extremes of rage and terror, — a priesthood hunted up like noxious vermin, — a whole race crushed beneath a heavier doom than slavery.* Sir, seldom indeed has a bloodier drama been acted upon God's earth. You

cannot read it even at this time without feeling your blood curdle in your veins. . . . . .

"Let us see what were the tender mercies of that policy to Catholics. They may be read in the Irish statute-book from 1690 to 1790. Well, look first at the disadvantageous position in which Irish Roman Catholics were placed by law as respects the offices and ministration of their own Church. Their higher ecclesiastics were sentenced to perpetual exile, and large rewards offered for their discovery within the kingdom. Their parochial priests were compelled to register themselves as a kind of ticket-of-leave functionaries, to give heavy bail that they would not go beyond the limits of their respective counties, and to engage that they would never exercise their functions out of their own parishes. They were forbidden to assume any ecclesiastical title, and to wear any professional dress, — to erect any steeple, to toll any bell, or officiate in any graveyard. . . . . How were the Roman Catholics treated in regard to education? Every Catholic school was closed, every *Catholic schoolmaster subject to transportation for life, with the penalty of death in case of his return.* . . . . . No child of Catholic parents could be sent abroad for education without a special license; and lest the act should be evaded, any magistrate might, at any moment, demand that the child should be produced. . . . . State necessity may be pleaded in excuse of the original perpetration of this political crime (the Irish Law Church), but it cannot be accepted as a justification of it. Nor can it be said, as it may of some crimes, that time has transmuted its results into a blessing. The original vice remains. The great bulk of the people of Ireland, — the peasantry, the poor, — for whom, if for any, a Church Establishment should be maintained, — are not even, after the lapse of three centuries, benefited by the spiritual teaching and offices of your Establishment. It is still maintained for the Saxon rather than the Celt, for the gentry rather than the humbler classes, for the well-to-do minority rather than the helpless majority. Such a system as this is at once the offspring of tyranny and the badge of conquest. *Nothing on earth can justify it. We may disguise it as we will, but in the eyes of man and of God it is not the less a crime.*"

This gives a fair idea of the Irish Established Church as it is at the present day. Yet we are gravely told, that the Irish have no longer any reason to complain. But we have still a word to say, parenthetically, in reference to the manner in which the revenues of this pampered Establishment are expended. The work done by the clergy is but little, consider-

ing the number that are *supposed* to do it; but it is a heavy burden on the few who really do it, — not on those who enjoy the fat benefices, but on their miserable curates. While the rector, who has two, three, or four parishes, is squandering his money in England, or on the Continent, attending levees at Dublin Castle when he happens to be in Ireland, or dining and carousing with the military officers of the nearest garrison, his curate is obliged to preach every Sunday in perhaps two parishes; at least once a month to visit his Protestant parishioners, who, though few, are generally far asunder; sometimes to visit Roman Catholics with the view of converting them; to keep a horse, and a servant to attend him; to support, it may be, a large family, and dress like a gentleman, — all for seventy-five pounds a year. We know how incredible this may well seem; but it is too true. Is it any wonder, then, that the curates of the Establishment are proverbially poor, often in a state bordering on destitution? And if they happen to be ill, they have, out of their wretched pittance, to pay for a substitute. The London Times of September 8, 1856, contained a leading article in reference to this state of things, from which we quote a brief extract, in order to convince our readers that we do not at all exaggerate the privations under which the curates labor, or the heartless cruelty of those who receive the profits of their labors.

"That such a position, and *a bearing in harmony with it*, are only too general, there is abundant evidence. We have lately an instance in the demeanor of an English incumbent in Ireland to his unfortunate curate, doing the duty of a large parish for £80 a year and a few surplice-fees. No sooner was the unfortunate gentleman laid up with an illness arising from the insalubrity of his parish, than he received a virtual dismissal. The cost for supplying the poor man's place was, of course, to be deducted from his pittance, and would inevitably soon eat it up. The generosity of the public has interposed between this curate and his employer, but the pecuniary figures of the case, the certain consequences of illness, and the summary nature of the ejectment, are common to thousands of cases. Such are the scanty pittance, the precarious tenure, the impending calamities, and the social position of several thousand men, who are humorously told to bask in the splendors of a wealthy Establishment, and to rejoice in the light of golden canons and episcopal millionnaires."

The truth is, that the great majority of those who pocket the revenues of the Irish Church are clergymen only in name. They are generally the younger sons of the nobility, for whom ordination is obtained to qualify them for rich sinecures. Sometimes the nobility have the benefices in their own hands, — own them as they own any other sort of property; so that, if they have not younger sons who need them, they sell them to the highest bidder, like any other commodity of commerce. As for the bishops, they do little more than write their pastoral letters, (or get some curate to write them, which is frequently the case,) and sign receipts for their enormous salaries. Let us see, in passing, what these salaries are. The net revenues of the two archbishops and ten bishops, as given in a return presented to the House of Lords, in 1854, which is quoted in the Encyclopædia Britannica, article *Ireland*, are as follows: — Archbishop of Armagh, £14,664 9*s.* 2*d.*; Archbishop of Dublin, £7,636 18*s.* 3*d.*; Bishop of Meath, £3,764 1*s.* 1¾*d.*; Bishop of Derry, £8,061 3*s.* 8½*d.*; Bishop of Down, £3,658 17*s.* 5¼*d.*; Bishop of Kilmore, £6,607 12*s.* 3*d.*; Bishop of Tuam, £3,898 7*s.* 7½*d.*; Bishop of Ossory, £3,874 16*s.* 1¾*d.*; Bishop of Cashel, £4,691 11*s.* 6½*d.*; Bishop of Cork, £2,310 11*s.* 7½*d.*; Bishop of Killaloe, £3,310 15*s.* 6¼*d.*; Bishop of Limerick, £3,987 17*s.* 1¾*d.*; making a total for the archbishops and bishops alone, for one year, of £66,437 1*s.* 6½*d.*, — nearly one third of a million of dollars.

Is it strange that the apostolic men who are the recipients of these princely annuities should, when so disposed, hoard up millions for their posterity? But what might seem strange is, that they do not evince the least inclination to forward the interests of the unfortunate people who have to pay this money; but that, on the contrary, they are found, almost invariably, arrayed, both in and out of Parliament, against every liberal measure designed to benefit Ireland. As members of the House of Lords, — "spiritual peers," — the Irish, on whose poverty they prey like vultures, find them their most uncompromising enemies. They oppose even the trifling grants made in recent years for the education of the masses, desiring to have all under their own control, their pretext for this being that the non-sectarian schools are ex-

posed to Popish influences; and, as a matter of course, they are supported in their opposition by the great majority of the rich clergy. There is, however, no great difficulty in understanding all this. In the first place, they are anxious to display their grateful loyalty to the government that placed them in such lucrative positions. And then, again, it is their interest to proselytize as much as possible. Not that they care much whether their proselytes are genuine or spurious, as long as they have names of converts to figure in the Parliamentary returns, and show what progress the Establishment is making.

The curates, who, in general, would serve the people, because they live among them and know their virtues as well as their failings, have not the power to do so. They are, in fact, oppressed themselves. Let their talents and piety be what they may, let their zeal as ministers of the Gospel be ever so great, let them exert themselves in the cause of religion, no matter to what extent, curates they will live and die, — except they happen to have powerful friends, that is, professional politicians who support the government of the day, to procure them livings, or except they can raise the hard cash to purchase them. But poor as the curates are, there are no small number of them who share their little with the destitute. We have known a curate, who had a wife and five children to support on £75 a year, to tear the carpet off his floor, as well as to take the food from his scantily supplied table, for the relief of the cold and hungry; and this we mention only as an illustrative instance, — one out of many similar cases. But this is the one redeeming feature, if such it may be called, of which the Irish Established Church can boast. It is proper, at all events, for religion's sake, to draw the distinction between the poor, pious curate, and the pampered, exacting pluralist; for it is a distinction between the minister of the Gospel, properly so called, and the heartless Churchman, who is the servant of Mammon rather than of God; and it shows that there is still a "village preacher" of whom it can be said, —

> "But in his duty prompt at every call,
> He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all."

Thus we have not found it necessary to have recourse either to Romish or Presbyterian testimony to show that the Irish Church is the Caspar Hauser of institutions, — nothing better than a huge bribing machine, — a monster which the people are compelled to support in splendor out of their poverty, at an expense of five millions of dollars, for their own enslavement.

In this rapid glance at the present condition of Ireland, while glad to recognize all the good that has been done by the British government for the country since the famine, we have had to pass over several real grievances under which the people continue to labor; but have we not at the same time adduced sufficient evidence to show what a hideous mockery it is to pretend that the Irish are, or can be, either prosperous or happy, while they have to bear so many cruel burdens for the sole benefit of England, — while they have to submit to whatever laws, no matter how unequal and oppressive, the British Parliament, for its own purposes, chooses to make for them, and to taxation without representation?

Much stress is laid on the fact that the Irish are not disposed to insurrection; but can this be strange, in view of the constant efforts which are made to keep them divided against one another? How can a poor, disorganized people, without munitions of war, or money, be expected to rebel, successfully, against an ever-vigilant power like England, — a nation so vastly stronger, numerically and otherwise, than themselves, — even though all should act together? If they sometimes make the attempt, however, notwithstanding the overwhelming odds against them, it only shows that they have been goaded on to reckless despair, knowing well, as they do, the horrible butcheries, and the nameless cruelties of all kinds, of which they, and their wives and daughters, are sure to be the victims if they fail. As for such effort at insurrection as has been made since the famine, it is no criterion by which to judge of the national will on the subject. A people almost exhausted by famine, whose spirit hunger and misery had deadened within them, cannot be supposed to have had much appetency for the horrors of war. On the contrary, they shrink from them; for they had sunk into a state of apathy from

which they have not yet wholly recovered. But England ought to take warning, even from that feeble, irresolute, not to say ludicrous attempt, — especially now, since she has received such a terrible lesson from India, — rather than turn it into ridicule, or exult so triumphantly in its failure. She ought to bear in mind now, if never before, that the tempest threatens before it breaks, that houses creak before they fall, —

> "Tempestas minatur antequam,
> Crepant ædificia antequam corruant."

Art. VI. — *Principes d'Ostéologie Comparée, ou Recherches sur l'Archetype et les Homologies du Squelette Vertébré.* Par Richard Owen. Paris. 1856. 8vo. pp. 440.

From the night of early history there have come down in single words visions of wonderful greatness, — the fragments seemingly of another world, mysteriously vast, and after all little else to us than mere words without definite ideas. Of their true history, of their epoch, or of their locality, we know nothing sure, and at times their very existence as former realities has been doubted. Among such words are Babel, Nineveh, and Troy; but a few years ago wholly unknown, yet a part of all our history, and associated with scenes of violence, might, and glory, magnificent as the clouds of heaven, and like them obscuring all that lies beyond. If these faint glimpses of the past may raise such deep interest, we can appreciate the excitement of Eastern discovery, where the explorer even hopes to find the spell by which to raise from the dust around him the ghosts of those older than Samuel, and to bid them speak. But as it is with the traveller, when after long search the ancient city itself stands before him, alone amid the sand-hills, and perfect in its record of former life and greatness, so is it with the student of the human body when contemplating for the first time the vast edifice of comparative anatomy. The fragments and half-inscriptions of special dissection have, with all their addition to our real knowledge,

but stimulated the search for the temple of which they are mere blocks. As architecture expresses ideas of a nobler sort than the mere power shown in its massiveness, so the highest thoughts in anatomy arise from the consideration of intellect expressed in its forms and in the principles of their being. These deeper meanings constitute what we may call the poetry of anatomy. It may be difficult, and perhaps is impossible, to make these principles of anatomy stand clearly by themselves in the mind of the popular reader, in their full proportions of strength and beauty, and divested of their common associations; but it is not here that we apprehend the greatest difficulty. The language of architecture is so far common, that when the vast blocks of stone are measured, and the pillars described, we all form to ourselves some idea of

> "Palace bright,
> Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,
> And touched with shade of bronzéd obelisk,
> . . . . .
> Arches and domes, and fiery galleries."

But the anatomist knows as yet no common language, and any degree of explanation seems to the general reader the material of dry, and perchance disgusting study. And as in the one case the description, however vivid, raises in the reader but a faint and limited emotion, compared with that the traveller experiences when looking up from his watch-fire to the stars whose light has fallen in those empty streets since man and beast were there thousands of years ago; such, and even greater, is the difference between the emotions with which the philosophical anatomist and the general scholar view that foundation of form, the skeleton.

To carry out our illustration, let us consider, in these foundation-stones of being, their *material*, and the *conditions* under which they must be put together. Man builds of wood, clay, brick, or stone, as he would have less or greater firmness and permanence of structure; but the body is built of one material, which, like the genii of Eastern fable, takes upon itself each nature in succession. The hard, white bone was once soft tissue, that could "in many a freakish knot have twined"; and the Nature that so tenderly placed these "ozier wands"

"Framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

But more than this, if we could look within the growing body, we should see that, while the cartilaginous pillars and domes of life are hardening here and there under that magic spell, they are also rapidly developing in size, and thus lifting the edifice into grander and more perfect proportions, as though man should cut in miniature what should thence expand into an ever greater magnitude for finish and adornment. It is the triumph of the painter's eye and skill, that, working on a large surface, he can so far carry the whole design in his mind as to complete each individual part in entire symmetry. But Nature draws the beautiful outline on a small scale, and then, while it grows, from moment to moment reconstructs the details in harmony and with microscopic nicety. In her wonderful art, too, she often seems to court difficulty by making the first outlines wholly different from the finished piece, and to stretch the canvas where human painters would erase and begin anew.

As man, so Nature has built for land, for sea, and for the air; and though of this one material, bone, with a far more certain tenure. Think of a human being drifting away in a storm, his frail seat hung by a few threads to the silk globe above him, suddenly finding himself, as the clouds clear away, far over the ocean, and the valve-string by the swelling of the globe swung out beyond his reach. Imagine the awe with which, as he attempts to climb round the network, he sees that his struggles are pushing the globe slowly out of those threads. Then turn to some mountain-top, where, as you cling to the cliff and look down on lakes as little flecks of silver light, and forests with their mighty roar as an ocean stranded below, a shadow flits over you, and a mighty rush of the air that makes your heart beat quick, and the eagle you had seen an hour ago sailing above passes downward, is lost in the distance, and then comes slowly back with his prey to his eyrie. Thus for air, no less than on sea and land, Nature has been the safest architect.

It has been said that a geological map of any country will at once indicate the style of architecture which must prevail

there, and that the climate will indicate each detail of moulding and decoration. Nor is this wholly absurd; for it simply means that man builds in harmony with the nature of things around him, at least so long as he builds from necessity alone. Thus it is plain that a country abounding in coarse rock will encourage a very different style from that which furnishes fine and easily cut stones; for in the one case, fragments of unmanageable forms would necessitate a rustic rudeness, while in the other large shafts and blocks would rise in polished symmetry. Thus, again, a humid climate introduces the concave moulding, or dripstone; while clear and brilliant skies bring out the convex style for color and show. Equally does Nature reverence her own laws of mechanics and physics, when she constructs living houses. Man builds the ship, for passing through a dense fluid, of the shape that will the most easily divide it and throw it back; while on land, in the rail-car, he disregards the resistance of the lighter atmosphere; but in all this he was preceded by the hand which formed the darting fish and the broad-chested horse.

If then there is this harmony, a perfect apprehension of the laws that govern forms would enable us to assert the conditions of any previously unknown figure. Thus, it is easy to see that the wide rampart is meant to resist outward pressure, whether it be that of a beating sea or of the "iron hail"; and a slight inspection will show for which of these purposes it is designed. And so anatomists find that the habits of an animal are indicated in its structure, exactly in proportion to their comprehension of that structure, and of the great laws of Nature to which it is subject. Yet so varied and *natural* are these adaptions, that they were hardly noticed till comparison in the hands of Cuvier brought out distinctly the variations of a type under different conditions, and thus laid a sure basis for the science of paleontology.

What is it that moves the animal? Every one who has looked through a microscope at a little stagnant water will remember seeing single cells that floated about apparently at will, now contracting, now lengthening, or perhaps suddenly shrinking away from the approach of other atoms. And he may remember the surprise with which he heard that those

cells were plants. But if he continues his examination, he will gradually see that some show more choice and free-will than others, and these he finally sets down as animals governed each by its own little spirit of instinct or reason. Now when he comes to inspect the muscle that moves the body, he finds it made up of thousands of these little cells joined end to end, and harnessed in traces composed of thin membranous tubes, millions of which are put together to serve the "tyrant man." But how does man govern these pigmy trains? From the head thin white reins pass down to each of them, and as they work in the dark caverns of the body, lengthening and contracting in the glossy tubes through which they can dimly see their fellow-gnomes rushing to and fro, they are thus held in the leash of obedience, at least for a time; though when *we* die, they are free in grand carnival till they starve, and sometimes they break out in open rebellion against their living lord. But since each cell can contract very little of itself, the longer their train, the greater is the amount of their motion; and the larger their mass, the more powerful their force. Thus if each cell could contract the thousandth part of an inch, it would take a thousand in line to move the end one inch. Yet their mass is not altogether as a body of men pulling, for careful examination has shown that they can be tired, and as one row drops off another begins to work; thus in a steady pull alternating through the whole set. In proportion to their thickness they must have breadth of standing-room, and thus from their mark on the bone we can judge of their power, and from the length of the bone of their velocity. And as a slight motion at the hinge of a door will give great speed beyond, so the muscles are crowded nearer the joints in the antelope than in the camel, and in the hinder legs of the horse than in those of the ox. Thus, again, we see that the several members agree in their structure with the whole, and also that all these peculiarities of fabric are mere harmonies with the plainest mechanical laws, yet so hidden beneath their simplicity that only the tokens of variation from one condition to another have given us some few of their chords.

But beyond this, as physical and chemical laws are now as

they were ever, from the marvel it has become the truism of science, that the anatomist is able in the light of such principles as he can evolve from present beings to build again from one single fragment the forms that lived ages ago. Thus, for example, let us consider the last or nail-bearing bone of the middle finger. We can judge at once whether it was part of a fin, a wing, or a hand. Supposing we find it neither fin nor wing, we can then carry the determination further, and from the mark left by the nail ascertain whether it was part of a true hand, or of the scratching palm of the dog or bear, or of the tearing and springing paw of the lion or tiger, or of the long and hoofed foot of the horse or deer. A similar examination soon ascertains its nature in every other particular. Again, when we see the broad tail of the fish placed vertically, and that of the whale horizontally, we know that, as it is the chief instrument of progression in both, and exerts its power from side to side of its plane, therefore the first can have but comparatively slender capacity of diving, and is limited to a narrow range of ascent and descent; while the latter has this capacity in excess. Hence it follows that, as in the rediscovered city, the vases, mirrors, paintings, and all the nameless appliances of civilized life, show by their perfection and evident use the customs of a forgotten nation, so may the shapes and apparent fitnesses of the bones indicate the habits of the former life that clothed them, and even the physical condition of the world in which they had their sphere of activity. What an immense volume is thus opened to the imagination, those only can tell who have travelled over continents to unfold but a few leaves of geology in history, each with its million-voiced story of life.

Says one who visited the excavations of Mr. Layard at Nineveh, after describing his journey over the plains at sunset, when the sky was glowing pure and cloudless with the last light of day, while the dark shadow of the great mound lay on the plain, and from the evening mist rose faintly the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle as they returned from pasture: —

"It was of course with no little excitement that I suddenly found myself in the magnificent abode of the old Assyrian kings, where it

needed not the slightest effort of imagination to conjure up visions of their long-departed power and greatness. The walls themselves were crowded with phantoms of the past, unfolding in vivid representation deeds of peace and war, of personal history and national welfare. My mind was overpowered by the contemplation of so many strange objects; and some of them, the portly forms of kings and viziers, were so lifelike, and carved in such fine relief, that they might almost be imagined to be stepping from the walls to question the rash intruder on their privacy. Then mingled with them were other monstrous shapes, — the colossal forms of winged lions, and bulls with gigantic human faces; and all these figures, the idols of a religion long since dead and buried like themselves, seemed actually in the twilight to be raising their desecrated heads from the sleep of centuries."

It is thus that three thousand years lie buried a few feet below the soil. Yet after all, Nature alone is ancient, and man is but a modern invention. Let us now visit a buried city of another kind. As the traveller passes over the open, monotonous prairie, where in the distance the dark range of the Black Hills barely edges the horizon, he suddenly comes to the brink of a valley that looks as if it had sunk away from the world about him, leaving over it thousands of lofty columnar masses. Says one: —

"As it appeared in the distance, never before did I see anything that so resembled a large city; and so complete was this deception, that I could point out the public buildings by their domes and large roofs, and with them were rows of palaces great in proportions and number. Indeed, the thought frequently occurred to me as we rode along, that we were approaching a city of palaces, with everything upon the grandest scale, and fitted for giants who might have ruled the huge animals whose remains are there still, rather than the pygmies that now inhabit the earth. Again and again, as from different positions this region was visible, thoughts of an immense city would arise in my mind, and I could almost fancy that its din and bustle were occasionally borne upon the wind to my ear. But on descending into the valley, and threading its vast labyrinth, the castellated forms vanish, and on every side appears bleak and barren desolation."

Yet not wholly so. As we view the sides of one of those fancied walls, layers of pink and white clay are seen, and here and there a bone protrudes, telling of life as once there, — a life that needs long and careful study to show what its

world was. The little examination that has as yet been made tells, however, a marvellous story. The animals that seem to have been most numerous were enormous swine, not unlike our present tapirs, that swam and fed in a peat-marsh; and with them were immense turtles, some of which, as they now stand in their mail, like the Skeleton in Armor, are supposed to weigh a ton. What great, ungainly forms their contemporaries were, we can perhaps imagine when we find the row of teeth along one jaw five feet in length, and remember that there must have been a correspondingly long and heavy body to balance this determination to the head.

Here again, as in viewing ancient temples, if we knew how long it took to lay one stone upon another, we might form some idea of the time the whole was in building, so we might study to the same purpose these strata of clay. When we think of the slow filling up of our ponds, of adding layer on layer till three hundred feet are thus built up, and remember that this great mass of more than ninety miles in length and thirty in breadth, like the Pyramids of Egypt, is one vast sepulchre of a race now wholly dead, we shall appreciate in some measure the true history of life. And yet this is but one very modern edifice, reared on the ruins of older and vaster buildings, which were themselves preceded by many a greater temple and longer reign.

As the reader inspired by the Muse of History can picture to himself the deeds and scenes of the past, so also does the anatomist conjure up the aspects of other days, when viewing these monuments of life. The animals of the present time, with their land and forest homes, wax dim, as in the magic lantern; but, before quite vanishing, they come back again in gigantic and grotesque shapes. Thus, the elephant reappears in the mastodon; the elk, in that gigantic fossil whose horns measure twenty feet; the sloth, of less than human size, in the megatherion, whose mere width exceeds man's stature. These again vanish, and are succeeded by forms more strange, till, as in a nightmare, affrighted fancy weaves a cloud-veil for those vanished ages, and would fain believe the then world, as too terrible for view, wrapped in perpetual

night. And when with this change of animal life the changes of vegetable growth are associated, and the two bound together by the vast movements of the Earth's crust, which, rising and falling like some living breast, thus nourishes her children, then the scientific dreamer brings before him grandeur which imagination cannot transcend.

We have now seen the bones in columns, walls, and roofs, rising like enchantment from the ground, while the muscles, verifying the myth of Briareus, reach out their hundred arms from windows and doors to give the edifice motion. And so far we have traced harmonies which man can not only appreciate, but use as the key to greater mysteries; for when with this key we wander amid the shadows of the temple of Nature, we come upon a figure, meaning something, no doubt, as all figures do, yet which seems to bear the inscription of Isis: "No one shall lift my veil." Anatomists find that wherever bone has been used, there the body is built about a central pillar of blocks, called Vertebræ; that is, if we find a fragment of bone, however small, from the simple fact that it is bone, we can conclude one important point of its structure, namely, that it was no part of an animal like the lobster, crab, beetle, or worm, — the cuttle-fish, snail, or oyster, — the star-fish or sea-urchin. Bone, in fact, forms the support of the body only in that great natural group called Vertebrates. Now, why is this? The worm and the snake seem much alike; the fish lives in the same element with the sea-nettle, and the fly and the bird might seem as one, if their destination alone planned their forms. And yet snake, fish, and bird are of one structure, while worm and fly are of another. Again, among these *bone-animals* we find two great groups, equally arbitrary and incomprehensible in their division, the viviparous and the oviparous. In the former, we find on the shoulder-blade a high ridge called the spine, and in the neck we find seven of the vertebræ. And this last is the more remarkable, when we consider that man's neck of only six inches in length, the giraffe's of as many feet, the rat's, the elephant's, and the whale's, all maintain this identity. What mean these facts, apparently transcending adaptation to follow an idea?

In the case we have already referred to, the position of the tail in aquatic animals, we find another illustration of the fact that the groups of vertebrates are distinguished by characteristics which are not merely mechanical adaptations. The tail seems in the first group, or the Mammalia, whenever they are fitted to move in the water, to be flattened out horizontally; but in the egg-born group, to be always placed vertically. Now, we have already shown that the former structure is well fitted to the habits of the whale, which passes through so great variations of depth; and it might seem as if the following such an idea in the formation of an animal would determine that only the Mammalia could occupy great ranges of aquatic depth. But we find in a fossil reptile a powerful tail placed as the egg-born should have it, and yet a power of diving secured by a full development of broad paddles in the hind and fore legs. And thus it is ever with Nature, that her seeming limitation only shows the infinity of her resources.

Any one who has ever looked at the skeletons in an anatomical museum, or even at the vertebræ of a fish, a bird, and a sheep or ox, will remember that they seem to be alike only in that they are made of bone, and of separate pieces. What a confusion lies here! The little hourglass-like blocks of a cod-fish, curiously and beautifully carved, with the deep hollows on each end where the sands of life seem to have run; the rough lumps from the neck of a hen, with their spines and ridges; the cubes of the sheep, with a few broad blades on each side, — what can be more dissimilar? Does it not seem as though they who built these forms, wise though they were, took each his own type, one a Gothic pillar, another a Grecian, to form the centres of their separate works. But be that as it may, they all agree in having a head at the end of the spinal column, much like the capitals of our human architects. And though these seem to coincide no more in bone than in stone, yet we can find some groups that are evidently by the same designer.

Since the bones were once cartilage, we might expect to find in the young skull before it is ossified the outlines of the bones that are to be. But when we examine, we see only a dome of cartilage, with here and there a little white

spot of bone-crystal; and as we gaze upon the blank "unformed chaos," we feel much as the child would when looking first into the dome of night, where the numberless stars only amaze and perplex him. Yet as we watch again and again in that night of anatomy, we find these stars of bone shooting out little filaments like freezing water, till, covering the whole, they emerge to light as individual bones. Thus, as the child by long observation of the stars traces a system in the movements of apparent confusion, so do we come to an order amid this labyrinth. And as the savage who has learned the stars plunges boldly into unknown forests, and pursues their guidance over mountains, so does the anatomist, following the stars of growth, find his way amid the mystery of creation, where he seems almost to

"Touch God's right hand in that darkness."

How much this observed development has done to clear up anatomical difficulties may easily be seen, when we know that in the fully formed skull we find in some cases one bone where in others we find two, and this not only in unlike animals, but in those of the same group. And when the separate stars of ossification have been mapped out and compared, and we find two uniting to form one bone in one skull, and remaining distinct as two bones in another, we see then the unity that grows up into variety, just as we find the stars for ever the same by night, while the light of evening and morning blends them together, leaving but here and there one distinct orb. And as with the capital, so with the pillar, both Grecian and Gothic are at bottom the same.

How different then the view of the skeleton to the common mind and to the philosopher! To the one death grins foully in the rattling bones, while to the other thoughts of sublime mystery haunt the ruins. Who can tell why bone should be restricted to one peculiar pattern, or a particular number and form to any single group? Man may apprehend the symbols and ideas of dead nations, since the human mind originated them; but it must be a mind akin to that of the Creator that can determine point for point why this creation is as it is. And here, if sublimity lies in the region of the visible and yet

immeasurable, there surely is sublimity when, in tracing these hieroglyphs of His inscription, we come suddenly upon a thought readable, but too deep for comprehension, yet which we may hope to reach in other realms of being, since we are made in the image of His own immortality.

ART. VII. — *Currency or Money; its Nature and Uses, and the Effects of the Circulation of Bank-Notes for Currency.* By a Merchant of Boston. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 112.

THIS pamphlet, anonymous on its title-page, bears affixed to its Preface the initials "S. H.," which, it is well known, designate Samuel Hooper, whose experience as a merchant, financier, and legislator might give weight to his opinions, were they not sustained by reasonings in themselves satisfactory. Had the work fallen into our hands when it first appeared, we should have promptly noticed it. We did not know of its existence till the forecast shadow, which it announced as already lowering over the seeming prosperity of our mercantile estate, had become apparent and portentous to every eye. It is a searching analysis of the basis of our currency, the elements of its value, the causes of its fluctuation, and the effects of that fluctuation on the course of trade, the profits of capital, and the wages of industry. It announces, indeed, only such truths as have become axioms in political economy among its French expositors; but it has been our unenviable distinction on this side of the Atlantic, that our legislators, bankers, and merchants have demeaned themselves as if the science of finance were still wholly empirical, and they the pioneers in its test-experiments.

Our last number appeared during the most disastrous paroxysm of alarm and distress that has as yet marked the monetary history of our nation. The panic has now subsided, leaving us in an entirely altered condition, with crippled industry, diminished prices, and a contracted currency.

The storm struck us with topsails and studding-sails spread fearlessly to the wind; the ship, thrown on her beam-ends, has righted with the loss of all her top-hamper, and now what canvas remains is close reefed, and she feels her cautious way with lead and line. Before the damage is repaired, and the weather-beaten craft takes the open sea again, it may be well to inquire into the causes, proximate and remote, of our late calamitous experience, and to gather from the past admonitions that may be serviceable in the future.

Credit, as its name imports, is an intellectual creation. It is belief attended by corresponding action; and as with regard to everything else, so as to monetary affairs, belief may be well founded, inadequately founded, or baseless. If well founded, it can suffer no shock; if otherwise, its permanence depends on the creditor's ignorance or heedlessness. Property is the sole basis of credit; and the indebtedness which an individual may safely incur is measured by the convertible value of his property. In certain conditions of the public mind, one may exceed this measure, and may obtain credit on an inflated estimate of his property, or on the anticipated profits of his business. When money is abundant, and the average rate of profits high, the lender's credit or belief readily attaches itself to imaginary values or to gains yet to accrue, and a man may, even for a series of years, owe much more than he owns, without having his solvency called in question. But when money becomes scarce, its owner, being then able to choose among borrowers, scrutinizes the condition of his debtors, and easily takes alarm, if there be one whose present means are insufficient to meet his obligations. And, in like manner, when business is paralyzed, or its profits impaired, creditors who have depended in part on those profits for their reimbursement, regard their debts as insecure, and urge a settlement at the earliest moment. A single conspicuous failure has a similar effect upon the whole class of creditors, and may thus be the proximate cause of a series of suspensions and failures extending through a whole country, and continuing till it has involved all whose indebtedness exceeds the convertible value of their property.

Within the last few years there has been in our country a

combination of causes tending to expand the credit of individuals and corporations beyond its actual basis. In part the influx of gold from California, and in part the inordinate issue of a paper currency, by diminishing the value of money, have caused the rapid expansion of estimated values for almost every description of property, and thus have made the anticipation of still larger values a ground of credit. With brief intervals of depression, the average rate of freights has been high, and the mere carrying trade has in some instances been sufficiently lucrative nearly to reimburse the cost of a ship by the profits of a single year. Most departments of commerce have yielded a large percentage of revenue. The seeming, though in almost every instance unreal, prosperity of our older railways, has given a stimulus to enterprise in the construction of new routes of travel; and railway corporations have been enabled, by the prestige of dividends that were never earned, to obtain loans to an incredible amount, and often on an incredibly slender basis of actual property and potential income. Meanwhile the large returns accruing from almost every species of investment have tempted merchants and business men to become borrowers on a larger scale than was needed for their several departments of business. The man who has been possessed of a sufficient working capital has been tempted to invest it in stocks, and to rely on loans or long credits for the means of conducting his own operations. The importer has speculated in Western city lots, and discounted the notes of the jobbers to meet his obligations in the foreign market. The jobber has bought railroad bonds under par with his funds in hand, and, as his notes came to maturity, has paid them with the paper of his customers. And the retail dealer, buying on eight months' credit, and thus realizing the proceeds of his sales before they became due, has gone with them into the stock market, and resorted to loans when his notes reached maturity.

Thus the summer of 1857 found the whole mercantile community, though apparently prosperous, with an amount of indebtedness, mutual, to banks and to capitalists, exceeding to a degree before unprecedented the aggregate convertible value of the property in hand. Much of this property, too, had

begun to decline in its reputed value. Real estate in the new cities of the West had fallen in the market. Almost every description of railroad property had become depreciated; in numerous instances, the original stock of railways had grown worthless; third and second mortgages could hardly have been exchanged for an equivalent amount of blank paper; and even first mortgages were below par. Manufactured goods had been produced and imported to such an extent as to exceed the highest possible demand of the season, and thus to threaten a general reduction of prices. There were thus accumulated all the materials for a universal panic. At this juncture occurred the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, an institution which had stood high in the public confidence, and had extensive connections in all our great cities. Its suspension at any other period might have affected only those who held its obligations, or were interested in it as depositors or stockholders. But the credits of the country were an inverted pyramid, and needed but a touch for them to topple and fall. Creditors became alarmed, and saw ample reason for alarm. Loans were called in on maturity; extensions and new loans were refused. Prices still falling, and threatening still further decline, the assets of the indebted class were dwindling in the prospect, and could no longer sustain credit. The reduction of the amount of credits became therefore inevitable; and the measure of that reduction was the difference between the expanded and reputed values of property, with its anticipated profits, in a season of general confidence, and the convertible values of that same property on a reduced scale and with no anticipation of profit. To this latter standard, or near it, we may trust that the disasters of the last five months have reduced the mutual indebtedness of our business community; and if so, we may anticipate the speedy revival of commercial and manufacturing enterprise, on a safer basis, with more prudent counsels, and with a more healthful activity.

We have thus given, in the simplest form, what seems to us the genesis and theory of the recent convulsion in our mercantile world. But behind this expansion of credit, which could not but be followed by a ruinous contraction, there lies

a cause which, unless removed, must produce in our future, at no distant intervals, vicissitudes similar in kind, but of severity enhanced by the increased extent and complexity of our business relations. We are accustomed to call ours a rich nation. We are rich, as regards the annual products of our industry and our ability to command the comforts and elegances of life; but we are poor as to the movable and convertible capital which alone can preserve the business of a country from disastrous fluctuations. In what we term prosperous times, our people collectively are transacting a business beyond all due proportion to their capital. We are emulating the gigantic and world-wide enterprises of England, with but a mere pittance of that accumulated wealth of centuries which constitutes her safety-fund and movement-fund.

Among the indications of our lack of capital is the high rate of interest, ranging by law from six to ten per cent in the different States of our Union, seldom falling below the lowest of these rates, except on loans to the national, state, or city governments for a long term of years, and often rising far above the highest for well-secured business notes that have but a short time to run. Add to this the fact, that but six of our States are free from debt, while the aggregate debt of the States, larger than at any previous period, falls but little short of two hundred and fifty millions, a very great portion of it incurred in the aid of enterprises undertaken by private corporations, which had neither the funds nor the credit to complete them. The amount of county, city, and town debts can hardly be less than the aggregate indebtedness of the States; and where these have not been incurred to aid corporations, they have been incurred because the capital of individual citizens would not bear the full amount of taxation needed for the erection of public buildings and other necessary expenses of government. We have before us an imperfect schedule of the debts of our railways, exceeding three hundred millions of dollars, and a complete schedule could fall very little short of four hundred millions. On all these debts the annual earnings of our national industry are chargeable with not less than sixty millions of dollars, which is about two thirds of the annual value of the cotton exported,

and nearly one fourth of the entire value of our annual exports. At least one third of this indebtedness is for foreign capital, the interest on which must be transmitted without return in goods or money, and is a dead loss to the country.

Much of this debt, it may indeed be apprehended, will be cancelled by the insolvency of railroad corporations. Many of our railways do not, and cannot for years to come, pay their running expenses and keep themselves in repair; and a railway that yields no revenue to the stockholders is worth only the iron, *minus* the cost of taking it up and conveying it to market, and the land, *minus* the cost of reducing or raising it to the level of the adjacent fields. But the gainful dishonor which will throw off the burden by declared insolvency, will ensue only after a long conflict between the sanguine hopefulness of our people and prolonged and chronic disappointment. The art of so employing figures as to conceal the facts which they purport to make known, — an art which has probably been carried to its highest perfection by the financial *employés* of these corporations, — will still, undoubtedly, juggle wasted millions from capitalists at home and abroad; and we shall carry this increasing load till it receives that last proverbial ounce which breaks the long-suffering back.

But it may be said that these railways are developing the resources of the country so rapidly as to compensate for their heavy drain upon our capital. Whether this is the case it may not be difficult to determine. The cost of the railways to whose statistics we have access has been about six hundred millions of dollars, or twice their aggregate debt. We will assume this as their actual cost, though the entire cost cannot have been less than eight hundred millions. Our exports show no increase of industrial products; still less do our augmented imports indicate a productiveness keeping more than even pace with our population. The population of the Union is increasing at the rate of about six hundred thousand per annum. Considering that the increase consists of infant children, and of immigrants nine tenths of whom are meagrely fed and clothed, and that the average life in the country of the year's new-born and immigrants is but half of

the year, we should find sixty dollars a large estimate for the subsistence of each. Assuming this, however, we have thirty-six millions as the aggregate cost of sustaining the annual increase of our population. In other words, the products of our national industry, which furnish no increased surplus for exportation, are augmented annually by an amount, which at the outside does not exceed six per cent on the lowest estimate of the capital expended in the construction of our railways, leaving the cost of their management (fifty millions or more), and their wear and depreciation, without any counterbalancing increase of productiveness. We should reach a similar conclusion by taking any single railway, computing the aggregate amount of interest, running expenses, and depreciation, and then attempting in vain to imagine an equal increase of productiveness on its route, or in the regions which it serves as a medium of communication. Thus, the New York Central Railroad could compensate the country for its cost only by stimulating an increased productiveness to the amount of eight millions of dollars per annum. Our railways, then, so far from being a means of the increase of capital, fall far short of paying for their continued existence, and are consuming every year more wealth than they nurse into being.

Let it not be imagined that we would, if we could, reverse the progress in the means of communication, which has formed the prominent economical feature of the last quarter of a century. Where neither fraud, peculation, nor arrant folly has left its record, we rejoice in the enterprise, however precipitate, which has thus belted the continent. These iron bonds have given more strength to the Federal Union than all other instrumentalities combined; and in the hot war of party with party, and section with section, had it not been for such clamps, the dissilient States might even now have been arrayed in rival confederacies. Iron, too, has reasserted in our Western world its old prerogative as the prime material agent in civilization; for, had not locomotion been thus expedited, barbarism must have settled down on our tracts of inland wilderness and prairie, and our nation would have diffused itself in space only to decline in all the elements of culture

and refinement. Nor do we deem it other than an inestimable privilege to have opened genial homes for the fugitives from need and oppression that have poured in upon us from the Old World. We have spoken of railways only in relation to capital; and we maintain that, with all that they have done and are doing for union, civilization, and humanity, they have drained and are still draining the national capital to an amount immeasurably beyond any added wealth of which they have been and are the cause and the medium.

Another reason for the deficit of capital in our country is the increasing disrelish of our free native population for productive industry. In the Free States, foreign operatives, with their lower standard of intelligence and the cruel prejudice with which they are regarded, are degrading labor in the general estimation, in very much the same way in which slavery degrades it in the Southern States. Since Irishmen have swarmed through our land as hod-carriers, coal-heavers, diggers, and day-laborers, there has been a growing reluctance to engage in hand-labor on the part of native Americans. Foreigners, as farm servants, are supplanting the children of the soil; as manufacturers, are superseding the sons and daughters of our yeomanry; as domestics, coachmen, and gardeners, are repelling from these posts the classes that once sought in them an honest livelihood. Their children are in training in large numbers for the mechanical professions; and, in that same proportion, mechanics decline educating their sons for their own and similar callings. The consequence is a wasteful glut of the professions of law and medicine, trade and commerce; and every supernumerary in these professions defrauds the community of the cost of his own subsistence, and of the revenue that should accrue from his industry to the common stock. It is not too much to say that, with a reduction by one half of the regular practitioners of medicine, and an entire abatement of the multiform nuisance of quacks of every name, our bills of mortality would be essentially lessened. A similar reduction in the legal profession could have no other effect than the decline of needless litigation. In the various departments of commerce, the stages through which goods must pass from the producer to the consumer are inju-

riously multiplied; and there is hardly a commodity which is not thus retarded in its natural progress, till it has paid black mail to half a dozen intermediary holders who contribute in no wise to its legitimate transfer. Then there is the horde of mere speculators, whether in stocks, wild lands, city lots, or merchandise, whose only function is to derange prices, unsettle markets, entrap purchasers, defraud sellers, and introduce into transactions intrinsically necessary and honest the hazards and chicanery of the gambling-table. Could we turn into the ranks of productive industry all who are not needed elsewhere, this would alone be sufficient to create a large annual surplus of industrial earnings, which would contribute most healthfully toward that working capital, the lack of which is a fruitful source of financial embarrassment.

Then, too, we are a wasteful people in our personal habits. We live too fast. Our unproductive consumption, in proportion to our population, exceeds that of any other country upon earth. Of a part of this excess we can think only with complacency and pride. We rejoice that our laborers and mechanics have an unprecedentedly high standard of intelligence, comfort, and refinement. We would not bate one jot from the expenditure which ministers to mental improvement, to the joy of home-life, or to the amenities of social intercourse. But, beyond this, all except the very poorest sacrifice large portions of their earnings to mere idle show, — to superfluities which are as offensive to good taste as to prudence. Our amusements are expensive, without being genial, refreshing, or invigorating. Our holidays, too few were they devoted to innocent mirth and simple festivity, are too many for the riotous, wasteful, enervating dissipation to which they are given up. Our people seem to have no hearty love of pleasure, and estimate what they call by that name, not by their personal revenue of enjoyment from it, but by the amount of money they squander in it.

We are prodigal in our tables. Here, again, our standard is not healthful nourishment, but cost. Let the favorite viands of this year be furnished the next year at a reduced price, they will be spurned from three fourths of our larders. We reject the more wholesome grains; we look askance at the

flour darkened with the sweetest and most nutritious particles of its native kernel, and choose for our domestic use that for which the demon of dyspepsia might have woven the bolting-cloth. We depend for our nourishment, to a greater degree than any other people not hyperborean, on animal food, and make this carnivorous habit quadruply costly and destructive, by suffering the juices of the meat to evaporate in cooking, and contenting ourselves with scorched fibrine; while a French family might feed luxuriously on the refuse of one of our hugely spread, but coarsely and unhealthfully served American tables. In apparel, neatness, appropriateness, and comfort might be attained for less than half of what is now expended in setting them at defiance. In other countries, only a small fraction of the female population deem it their province to sacrifice economy, health, and grace to the reigning fashion, whatever it be; here, almost every woman not a pauper regards herself as under this necessity. Our annual importation of from thirty to fifty million dollars' worth of silk and silk goods is but one index of the extravagance in dress, which is certainly not the least prominent of our national characteristics. Among our other follies, our courteous English visitors have anticipated our castigation of the absurd prodigality manifested in our inns and steamboats. In our large cities, the sojourner pays at least half of his exorbitant tavern bill for tapestry and gilding that interfere with his comfort, for plate from which food tastes no better than if served on porcelain, and for servants whose duty it is to give as much annoyance and as little help as the circumstances of each individual case will admit of. With a still more foolish improvidence, on some of our waters, we find double the sum which would build and maintain a stanch and well-appointed steamboat expended on cobwork and upholstery; thin boilers and Wilton carpets, machinery that may have survived half a dozen wrecks and furniture that has not seen its first winter. In these, and in more ways than we can specify, are our people wasting what ought to be a yearly accumulation of capital.

We believe that the industrial interests of the nation demand retrenchment and economy in all classes but the ab-

jectly poor. We fear that our children will not "rise up, and call us blessed." We are taxing posterity for almost everything except our daily living, and are leaving them no sinking-fund for the liquidation of their inherited debts. We cannot regard our people as rich enough to be just to coming generations, till we know of at least one costly public building, church, school-house, court-house, jail, or capitol, or one great public work, or one extensive manufactory, that has been paid for by those under whose auspices it was constructed. If the reverses of fortune which have of late befallen so many of the worthiest men and best citizens, and have made all who remain unimpoverished tremble for the permanence of their fair estate, shall have generated more simple and frugal habits among those whose social position gives weight to their example, the disastrous crisis through which we have just passed will have been, not a public calamity, but a public benefit and blessing. But retrenchment must begin with those who cannot incur even the suspicion of being compelled to it, — with the acknowledged leaders in wealth as well as in fashion. Reforms of all kinds run down, while they cannot even creep up, the social scale.

It may here be asked, If there is a deficiency in our national capital, — in working capital, which is money or property convertible into money, — why have prices ruled so high, and increased so rapidly for the last ten years? High prices certainly are a *prima facie* evidence of the abundance of money. If a bushel of wheat will purchase no more iron, or cotton, or beef, than it would ten years ago, yet can be exchanged for twice as much money, this fact might be assumed as a proof that the moneyed wealth of the country has doubled within ten years. This would be the case, had actual money been our medium of exchange, and our sole or chief currency. But if other commodities, under fluctuating conditions, have filled the place and served the office of money, then high prices are no evidence of pecuniary wealth. Should two thirds of the community take to wearing blankets instead of silk and broadcloath, silk and broadcloth might be comparatively scarce, and yet would decline in value. And so, if the fashion is set of using property of all kinds instead of gold

and silver, gold and silver may be diminished in quantity, and yet may be cheaper than ever before, that is, may be required in larger quantities than ever before for any definite purpose for which one may see fit to use them. Now this is precisely what has taken place. Property of every description, and reputed property, pretended property, future property, possible property, have all been converted into money. Credits, based on everything and on nothing, have passed current for the payment of dues. Goods and property have been bought on long credits, which, when they expired, have been replaced by other credits, and they by others still; and when at last nominal liquidation took place, it has been by the substitution, for the written notes of individuals, of the engraved notes of corporations. These last have been the chief medium of smaller purchases. True, they purport to be the representatives of money, but they are not so. There has not been a solvent bank in the country, — not one which could come near the fulfilment of its pledge to pay at sight its promises to pay in circulation. On the first of January, 1856, there were in Mississippi nearly forty-two dollars of bank-notes in circulation to one dollar of specie in vault, and in the whole country the circulation of bank-notes exceeded that of specie in the vaults of the banks in the proportion of ten to one. Bank-notes actually represent debts due to the banks, and those debts are represented by the houses, lands, and merchandise which have been purchased by bank loans. The bank-notes in circulation are nearly equal in amount to all the specie in the country, and considerably exceed in amount the specie in circulation; for a large amount of specie always lies inactive in bank vaults and in the Sub-Treasuries. We have then a depreciated currency, even when paper money is nominally redeemable by gold and silver; with only this distinction, that an unredeemable paper currency falls beneath its par value in specie, while redeemable paper depreciates with itself the specie with which it has concurrent circulation. The value of money, like that of everything else, is determined by the relation of the supply to the demand; and if paper not representing actual money is received as equivalent to money, the supply diminishes the value both of the paper and money,

just as burnt peas, did they suit the general taste as well as coffee, would reduce the market-value of coffee.

It is perfectly obvious that an inflated paper currency, together with the habit of lax and long credits, places the industry of a country at a disadvantage as compared with countries which have a sounder and safer system of currency and credit, and turns the balance of trade in their favor. Unlimited paper currency and protective duties — hard money and free trade — are respectively parts of the same system. Our error has been, not in lowering our tariff of duties, but in refusing to consolidate our currency. We should need no protection for our manufactures, did we pay for our home-grown raw materials and for our labor in gold and silver. But inasmuch as the currency of France and of England approaches nearer than ours to a specie basis, their home-grown materials and their labor are cheaper than ours. Nay, in manufactures in which labor forms a large ingredient, they can afford to purchase materials from us, and can then undersell us in the finished goods. Hence it is that they of late years have undersold us in our own markets. The rate at which we purchase their goods is determined by our depreciated currency; but at the same time we pay for those goods in gold and silver or their equivalents, thus draining our country of its specie, and inviting still larger issues of paper to meet the increasing deficit.

But the evil does not stop here. A paper currency is not only a depreciated, but a necessarily fluctuating currency, especially when it is furnished by numerous independent corporations, of which none are sufficiently strong to meet any sudden or continuous draft upon their resources. The tendency of the system is to alternate seasons of expansion and paroxysms of contraction, the former generating causes which must needs issue in the latter. It is a system, too, by which the banks can lend the most when their aid is the least requisite, and the least in the very stress of need. A bank has for the measure of its loans its capital, its average deposits, and its average outstanding circulation, — the first a constant element, the last two variable. We have seen that it is the tendency of a depreciated currency, by creating high prices, to

encourage importation. When the imports exceed the exports, there is a balance against the country, which must be liquidated in specie. This specie the banks for the most part supply, and the supply is drawn from them by the return of their circulation to their counters. When the draft for specie has been for some time continued, or is at any one time peculiarly urgent, the banks find that their solvency is in danger; and their only remedy is to call in at once their loans (if they have made any) on demand, and their loans on time as fast as they reach maturity. The payment of each loan virtually cancels its own amount of circulation; for the payment is made either in the bank's own bills, which it thus redeems, or in the bills of other banks which it can exchange for specie. But in this state of things new loans cannot be made; for they must needs be made in the bank's own bills, which will at once find their way back to its counter. By this curtailment made simultaneously by the banks of the great commercial cities, (and if by the New York banks, they necessitate the same movement through the country,) the currency is diminished in quantity, the relative value of money is raised, and a general decline of prices ensues. This decline renders securities that were deemed ample inadequate, alarms the whole class of creditors, and leads to prompt and peremptory measures against the indebted classes. They, no longer able to obtain bank accommodations, are obliged either to pay a rate of interest which combines compensation for the use of the money and insurance for the safety of the debt, or to sacrifice property at a rate below its cost and its intrinsic value; and if the first alternative be resorted to, it often only staves off the latter till the sacrifice is still more ruinous. Thus the individual or the firm that six months previously could honestly reckon a large surplus of assets over debts, may be forced into bankruptcy with a deficit as large. All this while, importation declines; the demand for specie slackens; the bank vaults are filled; and at length it becomes safe for the banks to extend their accommodations and increase their circulation. Then commences the steady process of expansion, till again a crisis ensues which compels a sudden and rapid change of policy. We thus see, that, were all

other causes inactive, our banking system alone would produce a periodical pressure, panic, and convulsion in the money market.

It may be fittingly inquired, On what defensible grounds of justice are private corporations permitted to furnish the currency of the country? The transaction is intrinsically unfair. It affixes the government sanction to a procedure by which the bank gets a double interest on every dollar of its circulation. The bank, by issuing its bills, virtually borrows so much money of the community without interest, for every holder of its bills is its creditor to that amount; and while it can ward off the payment of these debts, it may hold on interest to their full amount the obligations of its borrowers. In the States where bank capital is taxed, the tax is indeed regarded in the light of compensation for this monopoly; but it may reasonably be doubted whether it is an adequate compensation, and if it be, it properly belongs, not to the government, but to the holders of bills, who, if compelled (as they are virtually, if not legally) to use evidences of debt instead of money, are equitably entitled to interest from the corporations that are their creditors.

The sudden suppression of a paper currency, however, would occasion a decline of prices ruinous to all holders of property, and would render the cancelling of all existing obligations oppressive to debtors, and unduly advantageous to creditors. Approaches to a specie currency should therefore be gradually made. The first step might be the prohibition of the issue of small bills. On commercial grounds it would be well that our currency should be assimilated to that of France and of England, the countries with which our mercantile intercourse is the most intimate, and which therefore should not have the opportunity of underselling us in our own markets, by means of the depreciation of our currency below theirs. In England no bank-notes are permitted below the value of five pounds; in France, none below one hundred francs. Our first step should be the suppression of bank issues below the denomination of twenty dollars. The change brought about by such a measure would be very great; but it would be gradual. At first, in the scarcity of specie, there

would be a largely increased issue of bills of the higher denominations, and individual credits would be more frequently employed than now to hold smaller dues in suspense. But the needs of the community would by degrees draw into circulation increased quantities of the precious metals, till in a few years the entire place now occupied by bills of from one to ten dollars, inclusive, would be filled by gold and silver. When this state of things should have been reached, it would be seasonable to agitate the question of a still further reform, with the view of confining the circulation, properly so called, to the precious metals. There would, indeed, still be needed convertible paper of some kind for the transmission of values between distant places. This need might be met by drafts on the United States Treasury, obtainable for a slight percentage, by bills of exchange, or by bank orders made redeemable by arrangements that could be easily effected between city and city.

There can be no doubt that the ultimate effect of a purely specie currency would be in the highest degree beneficial to all departments of industry and enterprise. It is a currency that cannot fluctuate. It may expand with the increased quantity of the precious metals, but there is hardly a possibility of its contracting; and its expansion must take place by the operation of causes which operate equally throughout the civilized world, thus keeping the international relations of currency unchanged. Our country, by ridding itself of its bank circulation, would attain for itself a higher level of general prosperity than could be witnessed elsewhere, and a vantage-ground in every career of honorable competition, for the not far distant period when the same reform shall have taken effect through the whole commercial world. With a metallic currency, the low prices of labor, provisions, and home-grown materials would at once give our manufacturers such protection as a precarious tariff could never afford, and would insure them the command of the domestic market, and a sufficient foreign outlet for their surplus products. The growth of manufacturing industry would stimulate agriculture, whose products would not be compelled to cross continent or ocean to find purchasers, but would be in perpetual demand among the

artisans and operatives. Then, too, the cheapness of our fabrics would enable us to export them with ample profit, and to offer them even in competition with English or French manufactures on their own soil, thus furnishing a far more lucrative business for our ships than when they load with deal on the Canadian rivers, or sail in ballast from New York, with the mere chance of engaging a paying freight in Liverpool. Whenever this state of things is reached, exchange will be in our favor, and the current of metallic wealth will set in upon us, instead of receding from us. But for years, nay, for centuries to come, till our whole territory from ocean to ocean is reclaimed, settled, and developed in all its capacities, the influx of the precious metals may continue, without raising our prices in comparison with those of other countries; for our growing population, the immense expenditure of capital and labor which will be demanded in bringing successively less and less eligible soils into productiveness, and the enterprise needed to feed and clothe our increasing millions, will absorb into use every accession of the circulating medium as fast as it accrues.

But how can a reform in the currency be effected? It is beyond hope that the individual States should concur in any measure of the kind. But is it beyond the scope of the general government? A strict constructionist might not indeed find license for it in the Constitution. But recent judicial decisions have taught us that the Constitution, as expounded by its official expositors, means whatever the people or the government would have it mean. And they are right. We yield to none in our regret for the ground assumed by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case; but we regard such a construction as inevitable, so long as the national administration was committed to the principles it recognizes; and we even rejoice in the demonstration it furnishes of the flexibility of our Constitution, and its capacity to adapt itself, without formal change, to the general will. A permanent written constitution is in the nature of things impossible. A nation's constitution is at every moment composed of the nation's existing usages, opinions, and resolves. The only difference between the British and the American Constitution is that the former is modi-

fied directly by the will of the nation, as expressed in acts of Parliament; while the latter demands the word-jugglery of the Supreme Bench to consummate any modification made by Congress, or by the general voice. The Constitution confers on Congress the exclusive right "to coin money," and to "regulate the value thereof"; and what is engraving but an *alias* for coining? or why may not Congress, as a "regulator of value," declare engraved money to be without value? Again, the States are forbidden to "emit bills of credit," and "to make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts." But *qui facit per alium facit per se.* Bank-bills are bills of credit, and the State virtually issues them in authorizing their issue. Moreover, their currency makes them, if not a legal, a necessary tender in payment of debts; for it renders the procuring of specie for the payment of debts at all times difficult, and often impossible without a premium. And especially, when a State legalizes the suspension of specie payments by the banks, (as Pennsylvania has recently, and as most of the States did in 1837,) such legislation can have no other intent than that bank-bills shall take the place of specie in the payment of debts. Yet more, when, by a fluctuating paper currency, specie itself is depreciated, and made of uncertain and varying value, that which the Constitution declares to be the only legal tender is deprived of its function as an equitable measure of value, and the undoubted and manifest intent of that constitutional provision is frustrated. We cannot but think, then, that the whole subject of a paper currency falls within the province of the general government; and we earnestly hope that there may be a lull of fruitless sectional strife for the consideration of an interest which vitally concerns all portions of the Union. A properly regulated currency, by giving free scope to the enterprise and industrial capacities of the whole country, would tend to the peaceful settlement of the controversies which now agitate us, and which are only inflamed by the retaliatory legislation by which the North and the South alternately seek to depress each other's prosperity. On a field of open competition, if free labor does not demonstrate its superiority, and win the reluctant and in time the hearty suffrage of its opponents, we

are content to take issue on the side of slavery; for we do not believe that economical and moral laws can work otherwise than harmoniously; and did what we conceive to be a moral law fail by economical tests, we should regard our judgment as reversed by the decision without appeal of Him whose providence is the arbiter of national fortunes no less than of individual destiny.

Let it not be supposed that what we have written has been dictated by hostility to banking corporations. Could we enter into the detail of our personal relations and sympathies, they would suggest a bias in the opposite direction. Were we to strike those concerned in the management of these institutions from our list of friends and associates, the catalogue of the residue would be meagre indeed. But it would be for the interest of the banks to be relieved from the responsibility of furnishing a circulating medium. Their chief dangers are those incurred in consequence of this function. The most arduous and harassing duty of their officers is to protect their circulation. And when the contraction of their currency is forced upon them, it is only at the hazard of the most serious losses from the insolvency of their borrowers. Banks could still lend to the amount of their entire circulation, *plus* the minimum, if not the average, of their deposits; and the interest on such loans as were based on their deposits would leave a surplus above the expenses of management, thus affording for net profits more than the legal or usual interest upon their capital. The average deposits in the banks in Massachusetts exceed one third of their aggregate capital, and in the New England States collectively the proportion exceeds one fourth.

Moreover, the repeal of usury laws would be the necessary accompaniment of such measures as should look toward the establishment of a specie currency. These laws, by depriving money of its value in open market, compel its holders to increase its quantity by its paper representatives. It must for the most part be only a depreciated currency that is worth but six per cent in New England. Were sugar or pepper legally restricted to a low average price, its adulteration would be necessary whenever an increased demand or a diminished supply augmented its actual value. Bank issues are an adul-

teration of the currency, which is rendered necessary and legitimate by a similar error of legislation. But were specie the only article offered in the money market, its value, the profits of its lenders, and of course the profits of the banks, would be regulated by the relation of the supply to the demand. And the use of money is essentially a merchantable commodity, which ought to be left to be influenced by the same laws which determine the current value of all other commodities. The only legislation needed on this subject is a legal determination of the interest to be charged on accounts and dues, with reference to which there has been no stipulation of the rate of interest.

We have now presented such views as have occurred to us in connection with those great financial questions which have been forced upon us by the stress of the times. We are aware that they differ from views that have been ably advocated in this journal in former years. They do not represent the creed of any sect in politics or in political economy, but are simply our own opinions, offered with all proper diffidence, yet as a contribution which we have deemed it our duty to make to the fair discussion of subjects that are pressed upon the immediate and decisive action of our merchants, financiers, and legislators. While on not a few concerns of national interest we dissent *toto cælo* from our Chief Magistrate and the party shown to be dominant by his election, we are glad to quote authority so eminent for some of the views developed in the foregoing pages. Since we wrote them, we have received from a friend a copy of remarks made by Mr. Buchanan in the United States Senate on the suspension of specie payments in 1837, from which we make the following extract.

"Let me now recur to the proposition with which I commenced; and I repeat that I do not pretend to mathematical accuracy in the illustration which I shall present. The United States carry on a trade with Germany and France, — the former a hard-money country, and the latter approaching it so nearly as to have no bank-notes in circulation under the denomination of five hundred francs, or nearly one hundred dollars. On the contrary, the United States is emphatically a paper-money country, having eight hundred banks of issue, — all of them

emitting notes of a denomination as low as five dollars, and most of them one, two, and three dollar notes. For every dollar of gold and silver in the vaults of these banks, they issue three, four, five, and some of them as high as ten, and even fifteen dollars of paper. This produces a vast but ever-changing expansion of the currency, and consequent increase of the prices of all articles, the value of which is not regulated by the foreign demand, above the prices of similar articles in Germany and France. At particular stages of our expansions, we might with justice apply the principle which I have stated to our trade with these countries, and assert that, from the great redundancy of our currency, articles are manufactured in France and Germany for one half of their actual cost in this country. Let me present an example. In Germany, where the currency is purely metallic, and the cost of everything is reduced to a hard-money standard, a piece of broadcloth can be manufactured for fifty dollars, the manufacture of which, in our country, from the expansion of our paper currency, would cost one hundred dollars. What is the consequence? The foreign French or German manufacturer imports this cloth into our country and sells it for a hundred dollars. Does not every person perceive that the redundancy of our currency is equal to a premium of one hundred per cent in favor of the foreign manufacturer? No tariff of protection, unless it amounted to prohibition, could counteract this advantage in favor of foreign manufactures. I would to Heaven that I could arouse the attention of every manufacturer of the nation to this important subject.

"The foreign manufacturer will not receive our bank-notes in payment. He will take nothing home except gold and silver, or bills of exchange, which are equivalent. He does not expend this money here, where he would be compelled to support his family, and to purchase his labor and materials at the same rate of prices which he receives for his manufactures. On the contrary, he goes home, purchases his labor, his wool, and all other articles which enter into his manufacture, at half their cost in this country, and again returns to inundate us with foreign woollens, and to ruin our domestic manufactures. I might cite many other examples, but this, I trust, will be sufficient to draw public attention to the subject. This depreciation of our currency is, therefore, equivalent to a direct protection granted to the foreign over the domestic manufacturer. It is impossible that our manufacturers should be able to sustain such an unequal competition.

"Sir, I solemnly believe that, if we could but reduce this inflated paper bubble to anything like reasonable dimensions, New England would become the most prosperous manufacturing country that the sun ever shone upon. Why cannot we manufacture goods, and especially

cotton goods, which will go into successful competition with British manufactures in foreign markets? Have we not the necessary capital? Have we not the industry? Have we not the machinery? And, above all, are not our skill, energy, and enterprise proverbial throughout the world? Land is also cheaper here than in any other country on the face of the earth. We possess every advantage which Providence can bestow on us for the manufacture of cotton; but they are all counteracted by the folly of man. The raw material costs us less than it does the English, because this is an article the price of which depends upon foreign markets, and is not regulated by our own inflated currency. We therefore save the freight of the cotton across the Atlantic, and that of the manufactured article on its return here. What is the reason that, with all these advantages, and with the protective duties which our laws afford to the domestic manufacturer of cotton, we cannot obtain exclusive possession of the home market, and successfully contend for the markets of the world? It is simply because we manufacture at the nominal prices of our own inflated currency, and are compelled to sell at the real prices of other nations. Reduce our nominal to the real standard of prices throughout the world, and you cover our country with blessings and benefits. I wish to Heaven I could speak in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout New England; because, if the attention of manufacturers could once be directed to the subject, their own intelligence and native sagacity would teach them how injuriously they are affected by our bloated banking and credit system, and would enable them to apply the proper corrective."

In what we have now written, we have purposely confined our discussion to the causes of financial disturbance most nearly concerning ourselves. We forget not that, while we write, England is approaching or passing a crisis bearing some resemblance to our own recent experience, though evidently less extensive and severe; and that the other commercial nations show symptoms of derangement in their monetary relations. The whole civilized world now virtually constitutes one confederate nationality as to matters of finance. Every quickened or slackened pulse-beat in the circulation of one member is felt in all. Especially must England be profoundly affected by the sudden suspension of purchases on the part of her best customer, by the unlooked for insolvency of her largest debtor. At the same time, the Crimean war and Australian emigration had largely reduced her produc-

tive force, while the war had drawn from the pecuniary resources of the country at least all the accessions of wealth derived from Australia; and now the peril of her Eastern empire is renewing the drain of men and money. In France, too, the *Credit Mobilier*, of which our limited space precludes more than the mere mention, and which presents on a gigantic scale many of the worst features of our banking system, has been expanding credits to a dangerous extent, and thus rendering the financial condition of the country precarious and alarming. But, while we cannot now extend our remarks so as to embrace the financial history or condition of France or England, it is worthy of note that from the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England in 1793, to the suppression of the small-bill circulation in 1829, periods of financial distress had occurred at no very distant intervals; while from the last-named date to the present crisis, the fluctuations in the money-market have never been rapid and violent, nor has there been in the kingdom any general stagnation of business, or strongly defined ebb of commercial prosperity.

But it is time that we return to the pamphlet named at the head of this article. It commences with a definition of money, an enumeration of the grounds on which gold and silver commend themselves for monetary uses, and the principles on which prices regulate themselves in the ratio of the relative supply of money and of the commodities for which it is exchanged. Then follows a demonstration of the inevitable tendency of paper money, whether irredeemable or nominally convertible, to depreciate the currency of which it forms a part. We have next a detailed "Sketch of the History of the Modern Currency of Great Britain," which is followed by a masterly treatise, historical and argumentative, on the currency of the United States. This survey of the subject prepares the way and furnishes the grounds for an exhibition of the incomparably superior advantages of a specie over a mixed currency. The discussion is then narrowed to "The Practice of Banking, and Effects of the Currency in New England." The closing chapter exhibits the fatal facility of establishing new banks in Massachusetts. It

is shown that it is perfectly easy for a company, not of capitalists and lenders, but of borrowers, to procure a bank charter, and to comply in form with all the legal conditions of their charter. No money need be furnished by the subscribers to the capital stock. Their subscription may be paid by checks on the new bank, and balanced by discounts made on the same day; or, still better, by checks on other banks, based on the deposit in those banks of the bills of the new corporation obtained by loans. In the last case these checks, being payable in specie, may furnish the necessary specie for the vault of the new bank, while the bills paid out for the discounts obtained by its stockholders constitute its circulation, and their notes its loans. Thus the new bank enters at once on a thriving business, and can present a fair show of its condition, — just so long as its directors and large stockholders remain solvent. But it furnishes them with the means of putting their solvency still further in peril. Its shares are hypothecated as collateral security for yet other loans, so that every dollar of its stock represents a double indebtedness on the part of those who virtually placed themselves before the community as capitalists. Banks thus organized are driven to desperate expedients to prevent their circulation from returning too rapidly upon them. Distant loans are made in small bills, which, from the very nature of the case, may pass through many hands before they find their way whence they came. Railroad and manufacturing companies have peculiar business facilities allowed them, and sometimes a *bonus* paid them, on condition of their using the small bills of a particular bank in change for the price of tickets or in payment of the wages of operatives. There is one of our principal railroads, at whose Boston terminus the bills given in change are always on the same bank. We have even known an itinerant umbrella-mender supplied with a huge roll of the bills of a bank, whose continued solvency has from its birthday been deemed a financial miracle.

In proposing the approach and the ultimate resort to a specie currency, Mr. Hooper gives the following approximate estimate of the amount of money required in a community for the transaction of its business.

"The amount of money required to transact the business of a community, for which paper money can be substituted, is much less than is usually supposed by those who have not considered the subject. Financial writers variously calculate the whole amount required in an active business community at sums varying between ten and fifteen dollars a head for the population. With a mixed currency, consisting only in part of paper money, still less would be required. Ten dollars a head would probably be a large estimate for the amount of paper that could be substituted for coined money without greatly depreciating the currency. The amount of paper circulation in England, Scotland, and Ireland is less than forty millions sterling, equal to nearly thirty shillings sterling, or little more than seven dollars a head for the population. In the State of New York, containing as active a trading and commercial community as can be found in any part of the world, all the bank-notes are supplied by the State, and registered and countersigned by a State officer. No bank, whether it be incorporated or organized under the general law, is allowed to issue any other notes for circulation. According to the official returns on the 30th of September, 1854, the whole amount of such notes furnished to incorporated banks was $19,300,963, and to banks organized under the general banking law, $24,661,572, making together $43,962,535; or about twelve dollars a head for the population of the State, including the amounts held by the banks, and therefore not in circulation. There is probably no community in the world where paper money is so freely used as in the State of Massachusetts. Each one of its hundred and sixty-eight banks can have printed and ready for use as many notes as they please. The law allows them to be circulated to the extent of one quarter more than their capital, but attaches no penalty for exceeding that amount. The capital of the banks of Massachusetts exceeds fifty-six millions of dollars, which would allow an aggregate circulation of more than seventy millions of dollars. Some of the banks often exceed their proportion, but no notice has been taken of it, when the published returns have shown any of them to have exceeded the lawful limit of circulation. It appears by the annual official return for 1854, that there are nearly twenty-five millions of the notes of the banks of Massachusetts in circulation. A large amount, however, of each others' notes is returned as held by the banks themselves. Moreover, there is always a large amount of notes issued by banks in the country, instead of checks, which do not really become general circulation, being merely transmitted for payments in large sums, instead of a check or draft, to gain the advantage of a few days in interest, and they are immediately sent into the Suffolk or some other bank in Boston, which

acts as the agent of the country bank. There are, likewise, large amounts of bills at these agency banks in Boston, which have been redeemed, but not yet sent back to the country banks that issued them, and must therefore appear in the returns as circulation. Making these allowances, the whole amount of bills actually circulating among the people in Massachusetts, does not probably exceed twelve or fifteen millions of dollars, or about from twelve to fifteen dollars a head for the whole population of the Commonwealth. This conforms very nearly with the issues of bank paper in the State of New York. If the actual amount of paper circulating in Massachusetts amounts to fifteen millions of dollars, since checks and drafts could be advantageously substituted for many of the purposes for which bank-bills are now used, it would not require more than ten millions of coined money, less than the product of California in three months, to supply a sound, uniform, and substantial currency in its place." — pp. 72 – 74.

The following paragraph shows the ease and rapidity with which the desired substitution of specie for paper might be made.

"What would be the cost to Massachusetts of ten millions of the precious metals to use for currency, instead of paper money? If the $ 41,197,300 of gold and silver that were exported from the United States during the single year ending in June, 1854, had remained in the country, at least one tenth part of the amount would have rightly belonged to Massachusetts with her extensive commerce and manufactures. This would have supplied nearly one half of the amount required in a single year. To the industry of Massachusetts, it would have been worth, at the least, as much more, by the protection it would have given to her manufactures against foreign competition, by lessening, to that extent, the amounts of foreign importations, which it was sent abroad to pay for." — p. 75.

In illustrating the feasibility of this change, if gradually made, Mr. Hooper says: —

"With the large quantities of gold that are constantly brought from California by the enterprise of the citizens of Massachusetts, there could not be any trouble or inconvenience in supplying, by degrees, the place of the present paper money with the precious metals. To avoid trouble and inconvenience, it ought to be done gradually, by a law to prohibit the circulation of any notes below the denomination of ten dollars, after one year from the passage of the act. This would give the banks time to recall the notes of smaller denominations, and for the specie to be circulated to take the place of them.

"In England and France, the two greatest commercial countries of Europe, paper money can hardly be said to exist, in the sense in which it exists in the United States. For the Bank of England and the Bank of France, both of which are so organized that those governments exercise great influence in their management, are not permitted to issue bills of a denomination so small as to be used in the every-day transactions of retail purchases and sales. In England, the lowest denomination of bills is five pounds, equal to nearly twenty-five dollars of our money; and in France, until recently, the limit was five hundred francs, nearly one hundred dollars of our money. The Bank of France has, within a few years, issued bills for one hundred and two hundred francs, equal to about twenty and forty dollars. The smallest denomination of bank-notes in England and France are too large for the common use of the people; their use is confined almost entirely to purposes of trade, or for transactions that require large sums of money." — pp. 76, 77.

According to our author, our republic holds at the present time a solitary pre-eminence as regards a paper currency.

"When the Bank of England was rechartered, in 1844, it was not intrusted with the unrestricted power to expand and contract the currency by its issues of paper money. Its issue of paper without a cash foundation is limited to fourteen millions of pounds sterling, equal to about sixty-eight millions of dollars, and it is required to keep that amount specially invested in government stocks. The Bank of England must have specie in its vaults for every note issued for circulation beyond that sum. Thus it has no interest in extending the issue of paper beyond the fourteen millions, as it could not loan or invest it, but would be obliged to keep the amount on hand in bullion or coin. No bank organized since 1844 is allowed to issue any bills for circulation, and a limit is fixed to the circulation of all banks organized before that period.

"Paper money has been sometimes used in times of war, for the purpose of giving to government the control and use of the real money of a country. It exists in Austria and some other despotic countries, where the governments can control it, and where they control all property. But it is only in the United States that communities can be found willing to delegate to individuals and to private corporations the despotic and sovereign and irresponsible power of furnishing and controlling the currency, which measures the value of all the property of the country." — pp. 77, 78.

The illegitimateness of a paper currency — its existence by sufferance rather than of right — is stated as follows: —

"The use of paper money was long since discontinued by the national government, but it has been permitted, and indirectly protected and sanctioned, by most of the State governments, though it has never been directly recognized or legalized by any of them as real money. Paper money is an excrescence which has grown up illegitimately on the body politic; but, as it is based on false principles, it cannot be expected to endure. Either its evils will continue to augment until an enlightened public will no longer bear them, or an intelligent, judicious, and gradual change to a more substantial and to a more just system will be introduced." — p. 79.

We regret that we cannot give a detailed analysis of the lucid statements and cogent arguments which make this pamphlet well-nigh a complete manual within its range of subjects. We trust that recent events will draw attention to a work so replete with the wisdom of experience, and so thoroughly demonstrative of the evils and the remedies of our present financial condition. We know not that it needs our introduction to those who are students in the science of finance; we are certain that, where it is read, it cannot need our encomium.

ART. VIII. — *The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be.* By J. T. BARCLAY, M.D., Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia: James Challen and Sons. 1857.

A MONOGRAPH upon Jerusalem is by no means a novelty. Dr. Titus Tobler, a paragon of precision and accuracy, has recorded in two stout German volumes the results of his surveys and measurements; with a supplement on the "medicinal topography" of the neighborhood where mandrakes grow, and rivers run from hidden fountains. The learned work of Ernst Gustav Schultz, whose untimely death was a severe loss to Biblical science, proves that an Eastern consulate need not

be altogether a life of lazy dreaming, — a round of coffee, chibouks, and siestas. The airs of Palestine could not subdue the ardor of this enthusiastic Prussian. His zeal, we must add, often outran his discretion, and his conclusions are not always free from mistakes. Krafft's work, published at Bonn in 1846, on the topography of Jerusalem, is dry, but very minute. Mr. Bartlett's "Walks about Jerusalem" is very pleasant reading, but has only the intrinsic value of a charming picture-book. Of all the regions, East and West, which his pencil illustrated, this Syrian region was the favorite. A secret longing compelled him back to Mount Zion, and we have a second series of landscapes and impressions of the scenery around the Holy City, a last parting gift to the world of art. His Judean sketches, though by no means as perfect as photographs, are yet, according to our judgment, his best efforts. "The Holy City," by the Rev. George Williams, B. D., is in many respects the most valuable special treatise on that subject. It is spoiled as a scientific work, however, by its untenable theory, and by the distortion of facts to suit this theory. Mr. Williams carried with him to Jerusalem an imperturbable belief in legends, and a determination to gather arguments for the identity of all the traditional sacred places, and of course he found what he sought. He is the most distinguished English defender of monkery, and ought to be admitted an honorary member of the goodly fellowship of Romish prophets. The most credulous of Catholic pilgrims could not vindicate more chivalrously the pious frauds of former ages.

Beside the solid works to which we have alluded, very frequent articles have appeared in the religious periodicals of various sects. The "Zeitschrifts," "Monatsblatts," and "Academic Memoirs" of Germany, Jewish and Christian, have not omitted that fascinating dispute, which began with St. Helena, and is still as fresh as ever; the light papers of the "Eclectic," and the heavier essays of the "Quarterly," have acquainted England with the matter and the magnitude of the long quarrel; and the volumes of the Bibliotheca Sacra store away the gleanings of more than one sagacious investigator. From time to time the columns of a small magazine in

Philadelphia, hardly known farther north, have been enriched with sketches of Jerusalem, evidently by one whose facilities for observation were unusual. Those sketches have not obscurely predicted a future work of more importance, and their prediction is now verified in the volume named at the head of this article.

The author is a man whose views and opinions, even when they do not command acquiescence, are entitled to respect. At once a physician and a preacher, a practised chemist and a skilful draughtsman, he carried to his labors in Jerusalem more than the heart and faith of a missionary. The intervals of professional toil were filled by researches not less congenial; and extending, as they did, over so considerable a period, three years and a half, these researches have led to some novel conclusions. As a critic of facts in Jerusalem, Dr. Barclay had great advantages. His residence in several quarters of the city, — first in the Moslem neighborhood on Mount Bezetha, afterward between the Jewish houses on Mount Zion and the Mogrebin huts around the mosque, and in the summer on the Mount of Olives, — the intimate association of his family with the various races, Jewish, Armenian, Turkish, Syrian, and Bedouin, — the assistance which he was able to secure in his explorations, — his signal good fortune in gaining free and frequent admission to the forbidden precincts of the Haram es Sherif, mosques, chambers, vaults, and all, even to the extent of taking sketches and measuring dimensions, — his patient study, on the spot, of the various conflicting hypotheses, historical and topographical, — would lead us to expect from him a very valuable treatise. He had the opportunity of seeing Jerusalem under all its aspects, in winter and in summer, in the dry season and in the rainy season, in its Easter crowds and its Hebrew festivals, by night as well as by day. Most of those who have written in English about the Holy City have stayed there only a few days or a few weeks, and have been obliged to borrow their facts from other authorities. Dr. Barclay was able to perform for himself the work of examination. He had time and opportunity to go over all the ground. He had the photographic art as an efficient auxiliary, and his demonstrations

of antiquities and proportions are verified by the stamp of the unerring solar ray.

Dr. Barclay's style is not always that of a practised writer, and we notice some phrases and witticisms which severe taste would have excluded. There are occasionally involved sentences, and here and there inaccurate forms of expression. We cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the phonographic printing of *Greek* words in English type, or to the orthography adopted for many of the proper names. A fault-finding critic might frequently object to the choice of words and the structure of sentences. These, however, are trifling faults. Though not chosen with the most fastidious care, the language is, in general, perspicuous, and the familiarities of style, which seem out of place in a scientific treatise, will doubtless make the book more readable. It is a misfortune of the plan which Dr. Barclay has adopted (otherwise a very judicious plan), that it involves a great deal of repetition. Jerusalem "as it was" requires mention and discussion of many things which belong to Jerusalem "as it is." The ancient city cannot be described apart from its existing remains, nor can the modern city be separated from those monuments of antiquity which are its best treasure. The account of Rome as it is to-day may leave out the Forum and the ruins of the Palatine and Esquiline Hills. There is enough to satisfy one in galleries, churches, and festivals. But Jerusalem has no galleries, and only a few churches. Its artistic, social, and sacred interest still resides in its walls, its pools, and its sepulchres. These are as truly parts of the city El Khuds, with its motley throng of races, as of the city of Herod and David. We cannot find fault, therefore, with the frequent repetitions which are necessarily incidental to the plan of the work.

Professing the highest regard for the judgment and the conclusions of Dr. Robinson, in several important particulars Dr. Barclay ventures to disagree with that eminent writer. As to the direction of the Tyropœon he fully coincides with Dr. Robinson; but he pronounces very confidently that the ravine west of the city is *not the valley of Gihon*, but is part of Hinnom, as it was formerly believed to be. He finds the

valley of Gihon in the depression which begins north of the Damascus Gate, and continues southward, between Acra on one side and Bezetha and Moriah on the other, until it joins the Tyropœon at the northeast corner of Zion. This is certainly a novel hypothesis, and it seems at first almost preposterous. Dr. Barclay defends it bravely, and by plausible arguments, which we have here no space to repeat. He insists that the statement of the Hebrew records (2 Chronicles xxxiii. 14) is entirely at variance with the common theory; that Manasseh never would have built a wall on the west side of that farther valley for any purpose of defence; and that, as the "Fish Gate" is the present Damascus Gate, the valley must have extended through some more central portion of the city to reach that gate. The fountains or pools of Gihon, which Dr. Robinson, contrary to the views of Schultz and Krafft, holds to be the existing reservoirs west of the Jaffa Gate, Dr. Barclay locates in conformity with his theory; — the lower one, at a point near the Damascus Gate, the upper one farther to the north in the "Fullers' Field"; — and he strongly urges the improbability of the coronation of Solomon having taken place in the deep valley of Hinnom. In spite of his earnest argument, we may doubt if the advocates of the prevailing theory will yield at once. In a recent supplementary volume, Dr. Robinson takes occasion to review his statements in regard to Gihon, and reaffirms with emphasis his former position. The point is now opened for new discussion, and a nice topographical controversy may be expected. A denial of the genuineness of the "Pool of Hezekiah" is of course involved. Dr. Robinson is very cautious in speaking of this reservoir, though, on the whole, he allows it to pass unquestioned. But Barclay is positive that this is the Amygdalon of Josephus, and is long posterior to the age of the good king of Judah. Unlike Robinson, he is not content with proving a negative, but never rests satisfied until he has found a place for every site or object mentioned in the Scriptures or the Rabbinical stories. Such a catalogue of fountains, aqueducts, pools, wells, cisterns, and the like, has nowhere else been brought together. If all these waters are to be separately located, we might almost imagine

Jerusalem to be a mountain Venice, half city, half lagoon, with pools in every square, conduits in every street, and pierced by a network of subterranean rivers. Marvellous is the change at the present day, when sharp economy catches every rain-drop from the roofs and domes.

In regard to the *hills* of Jerusalem Dr. Barclay makes no important correction in the received topography. Some slight emendations are suggested upon the Mount of Olives, and some names which have been given to sites on the north and west are questioned; but Zion, Acra, Bezetha, the Hill of Evil Council, Scopus, and the region intervening, are left undisturbed. The "Ash Mounds" are summarily disposed of, and our hope that these singular hills might be the remains of the temple sacrifices must yield to the discovery of these ashes in another more convenient place. The theory of the Ascension from the mosque village on Mount Olivet is demolished in a most satisfactory manner, and this village is degraded to mark only the *lunar* telegraphic station, whence signals were passed from the land of Judæa to the land of Moab. Dr. Barclay shares Dr. Robinson's distressing indifference to tradition.

Two important discoveries, however, on the hills around Jerusalem, are here confidently brought forward. The first is the site of Bethphage, "the house of figs," which Robinson settled by the concise remark that "no trace exists of it." The trace has since been found, and not only the place where it ought to be, according to the Evangelist's narrative, but the place where its ruins actually remain, has been ascertained. On this point Dr. Barclay's reasonings win our full assent, and it is only singular that a site so obviously appropriate should have so long escaped the scrutiny of investigators. The hill of Bethphage is "over against" the winding road leading from Bethany across Mount Olivet, and is almost in sight from Mount Zion, at the distance of about a mile.

The other discovery, which will not be so easily accepted, is the discovery of the true place of the Crucifixion, — of Calvary, and of Golgotha. We shall not review the arguments which condemn the traditional site, or criticise those offered for the new site. In the absence of any other reasonable sup-

position, the new location of Calvary has a certain prerogative right, and should be hailed rather than rebuked. Its claim is supported on philological grounds, as well as on the general ground of local adaptation. In the book of Jeremiah (xxxi. 39), the word "Goath" occurs in such a connection that it is not difficult to fix that desecrated spot, where idols were broken, idolaters were slain, and the bodies of dead malefactors were buried, somewhere in the valley of the Kidron. According to Krafft, whose interpretation Dr. Barclay adopts, "Goath" means "violent death." "Gol" he explains to mean an "elevation" or swell of land. "Gol-gotha" or "Gol-goath" (for the two expressions are identical) means, therefore, "the hill of violent death." No place in the valley of the Kidron below Gethsemane answers to this description. There is nowhere any prominent hill or elevation. But *just above*, there is a spur of land projecting southeastwardly into the valley, which only lacks its hillock of rock to answer exactly to the Evangelical accounts of the Saviour's death. Dr. Barclay gets over this difficulty of the absence of the rock, by supposing that the enemies of the new religion had it removed, that there might be no witness of their bloody deed. In the neighborhood of this eminence, lower down in the valley, is a spot where there are to this day numerous sepulchres, yet at the same time traces of an adjoining garden. There is no sign, he maintains, that the *west* side of the city was used in ancient times as a place of burial. Moreover, he argues that, even supposing the present Church of the Sepulchre to be beyond the western wall, the Jews would never have risked the transit of their victim through the city, but would have hurried him to the nearest place of execution. The rapidity with which the examination, the trial, and the crucifixion followed the arrest, is evidence that they had fear of a rescue. On the west side of the city, too, there is no place where the crucifixion could have been witnessed by the immense crowd then gathered. The suburbs in that direction were occupied and peopled, the intervening walls and buildings would have prevented the priests of the temple from seeing the spectacle, and there was no spot where the women could stand "over against" the cross and note the movements of the soldiers. All these

objections are obviated in the site which Dr. Barclay proposes. It is a site where myriads could have looked on without hinderance, visible from the temple, visible from the sides of Olivet, and directly opposite the lower ledges of this hill. The road to the priestly cities of Anathoth and Nob must have passed very near, and the travellers on this road would have been just the men to "wag their heads" and revile the Saviour. In the absence of any more reasonable theory, we must allow that these suggestions make a strong case of probability.

Dr. Barclay differs from Dr. Robinson in regard to the beautiful monument commonly known as the "Tombs of the Kings." While he readily allows that the name is a misnomer, he thinks it equally a mistake to call this the tomb of Helena, queen of Adiabene. The mechanism and material of the door do not correspond with the account of Pausanias. The door is *not* of the *same* rock as the catacombs, but of a rock quite different. "Besides," he asks, "what would this widowed old lady want with a sepulchre containing about thirty loculi, even if her son, niece, and five grandsons, sent to Jerusalem by Izates to be educated, were also interred with her?" He imagines that the monument may belong to some branch of the Herodian family.

The "Red Heifer Bridge," a lofty structure spanning the Kidron, opposite the eastern gate of the Temple, is mentioned and described for the first time in English in this work on the Holy City. It was a double-arched bridge, the foot of each upper arch resting upon two arches beneath. Over it the red heifer was led to be burned on the Mount of Olives, and over this bridge Jesus was led after his arrest, on the way to the house of Annas.

Another discovery, of which Dr. Barclay is entitled to the credit, (although the account of a subsequent visitor has anticipated the novelty of his description,) is that of the great cave under Mount Bezetha, from which the stone was quarried for the walls and palaces of the city. The narrative of our author's nocturnal adventure is very entertaining. It was attended not only with ludicrous inconvenience, but with serious danger, such as can be appreciated only by those who

have crawled through the cavities, and threaded the mazes, and glided by dim candle-light along the edges of the pitfalls, in the Egyptian catacombs. The skull of some former adventurer, which one of the party picked up, was a caution against such hazardous attempts. The Turkish authorities are very jealous of these subterranean investigations, and during the day a fanatical Moslem watches this quarter from the opposite grotto of Jeremiah. Dr. Barclay is convinced that the ravine between this grotto and Mount Bezetha is an artificial trench, made by the removal of the rock which once extended in a long ledge northward from the city. It supplied the building material, which left by its removal a better defence to the northern hill.

Another piece of good fortune which attended one of the expeditions of Dr. Barclay in the neighborhood of the Holy City was the discovery of that "Ænon, near to Salim," the place where John baptized, which Dr. Robinson in his last visit fruitlessly sought. Robinson, following Jerome and the tradition, looked for it in *Galilee*, in the neighborhood of Beisan. But the account of Jerome contradicts itself, and is of no real authority. The waters of Farah, in a wady about six miles northeast of Jerusalem, correspond entirely to the Scriptural account. The name of the wady, as the Arabs to-day pronounce it, is *Salim*, or something very near that word; the fountain itself is in a position very central, easily accessible, and sure to be known to all "the dwellers at Jerusalem"; the water is extremely abundant, and there grow still near it those wild *reeds* which probably suggested the Saviour's comparison. The authority of Lightfoot is mentioned in confirmation of this view. The fountain of Farah becomes afterward that river Kelt which empties into the Jordan near Jericho, the "brook Cherith" of the Hebrew Scriptures. It is probable, therefore, that the place where John baptized was the place where Elijah was fed by ravens. Ravens still infest that locality, and dispute its possession and plunder with the roving Arabs. A curious fact which Dr. Barclay mentions is that the word "Orebim," rendered "ravens," may be equally well translated "Arabs." Only a slight change of the arbitrary Masoretic points is required. The miracle, he adds, would

be quite as great for Arabs to feed or succor a despised Jew, as for the fowls of the air to become his ministers.

The account of Jerusalem "*as it was*," is contained in fourteen chapters, filling about two thirds of the volume. These chapters treat in succession of the name of the city; its local features, hills, valleys, ravines, bridges, and surrounding villages; its various quarters and their successive developments; the walls and trenches of the city from Melchisedec to Zedekiah, with an estimate of the population at the time of its destruction by the Romans, justifying the large numbers given by Josephus; the Towers and Gates, a concise, yet a full and valuable chapter; the Castles and Palaces, with the names of the ancient streets, markets, and monumental pillars within the city; the Tombs and Sepulchral Monuments, including an elaborate discussion and description of the Holy Sepulchre, special notices of the numerous caves in the valleys of Jehosaphat and Hinnom, in which doubt is expressed as to the genuineness of the supposed pit of Aceldama, and a very interesting narrative is given of a visit which the author's daughter was enabled to make to the tomb of David on Mount Zion, a Moslem shrine most jealously guarded, and described by no modern writer; the Temple, a long and careful topographical study, reducing its dimensions, its arrangement, and its splendor to a picture before the eye as distinct if not as brilliant as the chromograph of the mosque of Omar; the Water Supply of the City, a chapter exhaustive in its fulness; and, finally, connected notices of the history of the city from its subversion by Titus to the present century, in which, in addition to the well-known stories of mediæval travellers and pilgrims, from Willibard to Maundrell, we have a long extract from the Moslem history of the Cadi Mejr-ed-din, and an excellent summary of the chronology of the Crusades. This first portion of the work, though scientifically the most important, will have less interest for the general reader than the six chapters which treat of Jerusalem "*as it is*," in which are related the personal experiences and adventures of the author, and facts take the place of argument and conjecture. These chapters treat of the climate and productions, the walls, towers, and streets, the "Noble Sanctuary," the water resources

within and around the city, and the missionary operations. They afford ample material for a comprehensive sketch of the Holy City.

There are some features of Jerusalem which scarcely change in the lapse of years. It is still, as when it was a fort of the Jebusites, a bold promontory standing out from surrounding hills, a "mountain of the Lord on the top of the mountains." The deep ravines of Hinnom and Jehosaphat still belt its scarped and battered sides, a natural moat which the rubbish of ages of destruction has not obliterated. The innumerable caverns are there, restored from their long use as sepulchres, to become again the lairs of foxes and jackals, and the haunts of wandering robbers. The eastern hill still proves the fitness of its ancient name, and olive-trees yet live and shade the pathways around its sides and up to its summit, along which the Saviour loved to wander. For a time in the spring, after the latter rains, there is beauty enough in the fresh foliage, the many-colored blossoms, and the verdant terraces which stretch from Siloam to En Rogel, to recall the metaphors of the Canticles, and to show that this narrow acre might well have been the garden of a magnificent king. The aqueduct arches of Solomon, which were gray with age when Claudius led his line of arches across the Roman Campagna, are more than a picturesque ruin, adorning desolation; they bear a stream to a shrine. The great stones, so massive that the wrath of conquest has been compelled to spare what the earthquake could not move from their place, — so carefully laid and finely rebated that the cemented walls of Rome seem mean in the comparison, — attest to the eye to-day the solid grandeur of the Hebrew power. If the beautiful columns have been thrown down, and the entablatures of temple and palace cast into the streets, the curious observer detects their grace of color and carving as they are tessellated in the worn pavement or inserted into the modern walls. Zion still stands over against Moriah, the Upper over against the Lower City, though the ruins of its towers have lifted almost to its level the dividing valley. Ophel still shoots its spur far downward to the Kidron, and beneath its ridge the waters still "flow softly" from the sacred spring to the sacred basin. They gather

"ears" in the season from the near plain of Rephaim as in Isaiah's vision, and not seldom the muster there of Arab clans repeats that "spreading" of the Philistines when they came up against David. The landmarks of the city remain substantially the same as the Queen of Sheba saw them when she came to wonder at the Holy House, and as Joseph saw them when he journeyed from Hebron to Shechem.

The area of the modern city, though narrow in comparison with the extent of the city when the army of Titus encamped before it, is yet nearly or quite as great as the area which Adrian enclosed in his Ælia Capitolina, and the present Saracenic wall follows nearly the line of his defences. Its gates, if less numerous than those which were opened at Nehemiah's festival, are not without beauty of a certain sort, and still repay the study of an architect. The lions above St. Stephen's portal are as boldly sculptured and as properly placed as the lions in St. Peter's before the tomb of Rezzonico. Of the forty towers, some are formidable to look upon, and all help to relieve the long monotony of the serrated battlements. A path within these battlements on the top of the wall makes it easy now to "walk about Zion, and to tell her towers and bulwarks." There are points in this path where the downward view, taking in not only the seventy feet of artificial structure, but the scarped rock beneath, even to the bottom of the Hinnom ravine, is truly terrific. The wall, however, is rather a fence than a fortification, and it would be no protection against artillery or the scientific assault of modern warfare. It is constructed without curtains or bastions, and is defended by a half-dozen of rusty guns on the western castle, which speak only on occasions of Mohammedan festival.

The streets of Jerusalem as they are resemble the streets which Josephus described in being "very narrow," but they differ from his description in being the reverse of "clean." The central ditch, which is the thoroughfare of beasts of burden, is usually not wide enough for two animals to walk abreast, and is the receptacle, moreover, for the filth of the bordering shops and houses. On either side, a raised ledge of half a yard in width offers to human feet a precarious path, only less foul than the central way. During a shower, the

streets are rivers of mud; during a drought, their dust is as penetrating as the dust of Maäbdeh mummy pits, and the Turkish authorities experience what Nahum predicts of the Assyrian nobles. The streets are less labyrinthine than those of most Oriental cities, so that it is not easy to lose one's way. Patriarch Street and Damascus Street would delight the gardener of Versailles by their right lines, hardly broken by a projecting lattice. The Via Dolorosa, on the other hand, annoys one by its needless angles and the grievous irregularity of its pavement. It is literally a way of penance to the pilgrim.

Solomon, in all his glory, could not number in his capital so many races as are now gathered in these streets of Jerusalem. No city in the world has a more heterogeneous population. Every variety of complexion and feature, from the flaxen-haired Teuton to the swarthy Mogrebin, — every inflection of speech, from mellifluous Tuscan to guttural Copt, — costumes in motley confusion, the round hat, the cap of Hydra, the Turkish tarboosh, and the Bedouin kefiyeh, long boots, short boots, slippers, and naked feet, — the strangest styles of armor, here a belt full of pistols and cartridges, there a long scymitar rattling on the stones as its owner strides forward, there a ten-foot lance adorned with plumes and streamers, and there again a Koran chained to the girdle, — officials of every description, muftis and janissaries, Rabbins and Pharisees, monks of all colors, black, blue, brown, and gray, hangers-on upon the synagogue, the mosque, and the altar, with lying tales to proffer, and holy trinkets to barter, — soldiers, dervishes, missionaries, beggars, and lepers, — such magistrates as the judge in the parable, such priests as the priest who passed the wounded man on the other side, and such blind men as Bartimeus, — may all be met, on any day, passing and repassing along the "Street of David."

Of all these races, the ancient race of Israel is still in numbers predominant, though basest in condition, with scarcely a shadow of power. The whole Jewish population, as computed by Dr. Barclay, amounts to nearly twelve thousand. Of these the "Sephardim," who are mostly Spanish Jews by descent, number about nine thousand, and the various classes

of the "Askenazim" about two thousand three hundred. The spiritual lords of this Hebrew household number two hundred and forty-six. To them is committed the instruction, the worship, the government, the disbursement of money, and all the important functions of the community. The mass of the Jews are miserably poor, supported chiefly by foreign contributions. The average share of each man, about two cents a day, is the minimum of wages to an Egyptian Fellah. The homes of the Roman Ghetto are luxurious, compared with the habitations of the Jews in Jerusalem. Crowded upon the smaller half of this half of ancient Zion, in huts and hovels which betoken the most squalid poverty, breathing an air feculent and poisoned by the odor of the most revolting of shambles, hated by Christians, despised by Moslems, victims of a threefold oppression, they stay as a race of Pariahs in their sacred home, waiting for a grave in the valley of Jehosaphat, and praying for the restoration of the fallen Temple. If they may not venture, on pain of death, within the precincts of the Christian shrine, or share the traffic of that religious "Exchange," they have the sad compensation of mourning before the dear stones which retain the sign of their fathers' honor. There is no more touching spectacle than the meeting of the Jews of Jerusalem on every Friday at their wailing-place. The proud spirit and the low fortune, the hope and the misery of the nation, are centred in that strange service. Old men, with beards long as the beard of Aaron and eyes dim as the eyes of Eli, mothers with infants in their arms, teaching lamentation as the earliest of childhood's lessons, ruler of the synagogue, proud even in their prostrations, — on some faces the frown of wrath, on more the smile of wretched idiocy, — frantic and convulsive gestures, as some fanatic rushes up to kiss the stones, and the low murmur of prayers muttered in concert by some family group, — the contrast of the bright clothing which the better class wear to that mockery of festival, and the squalid rags which are all that the poorer class have to bring, — the mingling of patience and sorrow, of bitter joy, vindictive hope, and abject grief, — combine to make this ceremony of wailing the most suggestive of all the singular customs of modern Jerusalem.

Dr. Barclay reckons the synagogues of the Jews as fourteen in number. Three or four of these, gathered in a single enclosure, near the centre of the Jewish quarter, are accessible to visitors, and afford an opportunity to compare the present with the ancient ritual, and note the changes which time has brought. The Hebrews have a tradition that this was the site of a synagogue in the time of the Maccabees, and in proof of its genuineness urge that the mass of ruins heaped around has lowered the present buildings to the position of cellars, their roofs being but little above the level of the streets. Of this tradition Dr. Barclay makes no mention, and it is perhaps not worthy of heed. But, at any rate, the interior of these synagogues indicates extreme antiquity. The chairs are as quaintly shaped as the most approved of Anglican "sedilia." The reading-desk is as ancient in form, if not as precious in material, as the "Presbytery" of St. Clement's at the foot of the Esquiline Hill. The faded tapestry would make the hues of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton seem bright, and the old rolls of the Law are matched only by that precious fragment at Nablous which a handful of Samaritan monks spend their days in guarding. The worshippers correspond with the place, and if one would go back a thousand or two thousand years, he can do it in no way more effectually than by creeping down on a Sabbath morning at daybreak, through the dark streets, to the assemblies in the synagogues on Mount Zion.

The better class of the Jews earn a scanty living in small mechanical trades, but the mass have no regular occupation. No community is the object of a larger philanthropic sympathy. In addition to the gifts which come from brethren in London, Frankfort, and Vienna, the largesses of the Rothschilds, and the missions of such benevolent men as Sir Moses Montefiore, the Christian concern of many nations has been redundantly exercised for this remnant of Israel in the city of David. In proportion to its results, the mission to the Jews, in which England and Prussia co-operate, is the most expensive Evangelical work in the world. The endowments of the episcopal establishment near the Jaffa Gate, with its showy cathedral, its college, hospital, houses for the staff, and

palace for the bishop, its numerous and liberal salaries, varying from fifty to fifteen hundred pounds, its funds for relief of the destitute, assistance to the converts, and encouragement for the wavering, reach a prodigious figure, when the number of converts is considered. Up to 1854, the sum of the proselytes had amounted to ninety-nine; enough to make the expense of each convert somewhat more than a thousand pounds. The title of the resident bishop is very imposing, and his assistants and subordinates form a fair proportion of the congregation which worships in the Gothic cathedral. Yet, in spite of such discouragements, the humanity of Berlin and London perseveres, and if money can bring it about, the tribes of Zion shall yet be won to the joint creed and liturgy of Cranmer and Luther.

The success of the most recent American mission, of which Dr. Barclay himself is the head, though not positively very great, has been such as to warrant the renewal of his labors. We must confess, however, that the inspection of the table of missionary effort which is given in the volume before us forbids the hope of any considerable Christian inroad on the obstinate Judaism of the Israelites in the Holy City. All that has thus far been done to "ameliorate" their condition is painfully inadequate. Their reform, if it is to come, seems more likely to come through influences in their own communion, or through the change in civilization and in political rule, which can hardly be far distant in Syria. It is not altogether their religion which makes the Jews of Jerusalem so miserable.

The religious help which has been so liberally bestowed upon the Jews has not been extended to their Moslem fellow-citizens; nor, until recently, has it been lawful for a Christian to tamper with the faith of a follower of the Prophet. Though the numbers of the Mohammedans in the Holy City are now far less than those of the Israelites, yet their strength is as much greater as the space they occupy is broader and their circumstances more comfortable. We cannot see that Dr. Barclay gives any exact census, and, from the loose way in which the Turks reckon population, it is not easy to obtain one. Five thousand will probably be an

ample estimate. Of these, perhaps a thousand belong to the garrison, and are condemned to that painful existence of guard and drill, which is tolerable to a Turkish soldier only when it is relieved by the luxuries of the bath and the *café*. Half as many more are connected in various ways with the service of the "Haram," which more than rivals the cathedrals of Rome in the abundance of its sinecures. More than a score of shrill-voiced muezzim are appointed to scream the summons to prayer five times daily from the balconies of the half-dozen minarets which shoot up from Moriah and Bezetha. Officials of all kinds are in excess. Some guard the entrances of the Prophet's sanctuary; some keep the doors of the Christian church; some, in fierce array and with haughty mien, patrol the streets and watch in the markets; some administer summary judgment in primitive tribunals. Pilate has worthy successors in the present race of Cadis, and many an Effendi repeats to-day the chaffering of Judas with the Sanhedrim. Turks are the ruling class, and hold all the lucrative places. Jerusalem is not an Arab city, and only a few hundreds of that race are willing to stay in company with their victorious rivals. The son of Ishmael finds no joy within these gray walls, and the shrine which they hold is quite other to him than the shrine of Mecca. There are a few proselytes from the Jews and the Greeks; and the southwest corner of the Mohammedan quarter is tenanted by a brutal, fanatical, and hideous race of Africans, who delight in the special privilege of being watch-dogs to the Holy Places. Their antipathy to Christians is intense; and in case of a rising, they would be foremost in the work of massacre.

There is some wealth, some refinement of manners, but very little culture, among the Turkish Moslems. Protestant Christians are well treated by them, and foreigners are not much persecuted. Some of the officials are good-humored and polite in their rapacity, while others are as noisy and savage as Bedouins at camel-loading. Dr. Barclay's family were able to enjoy the full hospitality of Turkish houses, and to the courtesy of a Moslem lady was due the visit to that reputed tomb of David, of which the gorgeous chromotype given in this volume is averred to be an accurate copy.

The more important gratitude of a high official enabled Dr. Barclay to gain free access to the "Noble Sanctuary," and to bring away exact sketches of its parts and dimensions. The gravest Turk is not too pious to be venal, and a sufficient "backshish" will open to the infidel the doors of almost any forbidden place. The strength of Turkish integrity, which so many writers are pleased to extol, resides in caution rather than in conscience, in the fear of man much more than in the fear of God. Policy, rather than piety, has barred the avenues to the Haram, and walled up the Golden Gate, and made the cloisters of the sacred enclosure the lurking-place of dervishes and Mogrebs. There is meaning in the legend that, when these hinderances are removed, and infidels may walk freely on the square of the Holy Mountain, and see all its secrets, then the power of Islam and the rule of Stamboul will cease in the city and the land.

The Mohammedan quarter of the city occupies all that section lying east of the Damascus Street and north of the Street of David, including the area of the hills Bezetha and Moriah, the lower side of Acra, and the depression which, according to Dr. Barclay, was formerly the valley of Gihon. A large portion of this area is left untenanted, and no part is so densely peopled as the Jews' quarter on Zion. The grounds of the Haram are the common and the only garden worthy of the name, and there is no private house fit to be called a "villa." The few rods of bazaars are a dismal caricature of the shops of Damascus, and there is not in all the city any warehouse. All the beauty of form and ornament is brought into the sacred enclosure, and the whole luxury of Moslem decoration is lavished upon the domes, arcades, and platforms, the columns, tiles, and pavements of the cluster of the "Mesjid el Aksa." This group is to Jerusalem what the Duomo and its surroundings are to Pisa, or the Acropolis and its ruins to Athens. Here only in the Holy City does any vestige of the splendor of the ancient architecture remain.

Dr. Barclay's description of the Mohammedan sanctuary, its walls, its edifices, and its principal objects, is exceedingly

interesting. His measurements of the outer walls differ materially from those of previous examiners, and his account of the gates, as they appear on close inspection, is very full. Several of these gates are now for the first time brought into notice, and they help to mark the true place of some of the ancient gates of the Temple. Dr. Barclay is able to correct the notion that columns of porphyry and verd-antique are built into the wall, having proved with acids that the grain of the stone is marble. He copies, from a block near the southwest corner, a Roman inscription, partly inverted, which only great patience and good glasses could fairly make out. Of the "Sakhrah" rock we have an elaborate picture, to which the chromotype only lends more vividness of coloring. He is able to bring facts in refutation of the Moslem pretence, that this rock rests on nothing, and swings in mid-air, supported by angels. His list of the treasures of the great mosque shows that pious absurdities are not altogether confined in Jerusalem to the Christian churches. The stone which marks to the Greeks the "centre of the world" is matched by this "Sakhrah" stone which started to accompany the Prophet in his flight to heaven, and was stayed only by the firm grasp of Gabriel. The Holy Sepulchre has its rival in the "Bir Arruah," or "well of souls," where the faithful hold intercourse with departed spirits. In the relics of the Haram, however, we observe more of mythic than of strictly historic character. "The pomegranates of David," and "the birds of Solomon," indeed, may be classed with locks of the Virgin's hair, and thorns from the Saviour's crown; but there is a more charming fancy in the "scales for weighing the souls of men," in the imprint of an angel's hand, and in the slab of marble, which marks by the flight of its silver nails the successive epochs of Moslem chronology. All but three of the original eighteen nails have disappeared, and according to present signs the Moslem millennium, which will come when the green marble is released from its last fastening, cannot be many centuries distant. Some of these Moslem relics, like the religious treasures of Christian cities, bear token of recent manufacture. The ring to which the Prophet tied his mule was evidently forged long after the

night of his memorable ascension, and the shield of the Prophet must be classed for genuineness with the stone of flagellation and the handkerchief of Veronica. Unfortunately, while the authentic tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin are shown beneath the rock of Calvary, the trace of the tombs of the murderers of St. Thomas of Canterbury has disappeared from before the doors of the mosque "El Aksa."

Dr. Barclay does not seem so much impressed as some recent travellers by the graceful proportions of the old church of Justinian. He styles it "a jumble of various orders," and corrects the mistake of Mr. Catherwood, which has led some to claim the Gothic as an ancient and an Eastern form of ecclesiastical structure. The works of art which he prefers are the small pulpits and praying places. Indeed, it is the picturesque grouping of these small objects within the enclosure, rather than any one imposing marvel of size or splendor, which gives to the Haram its fascination. Details in themselves ugly and formless become beautiful here by their happy combination. The lead-colored dome contrasts finely by its oval form with the octagon base and the oblong pavement, and by its hue with the purple glass and the dazzling marbles. The tapering dark cypresses harmonize delightfully with the slender yellow minarets, and the fringe of battlements along the eastern wall is an appropriate counterpart to the line of arcades along the western barrier. The arrangement does not satisfy the rules of art, and there is a kind of grotesqueness about it which is half mystical. But it cannot fail to charm the eye of any one who looks down upon it from the roof of the seraglio in the northwest corner. It is at once fresh as a garden and quiet as a graveyard.

But the most important revelations of the sacred enclosure which this volume gives us are the minute descriptions of those parts which are ordinarily invisible, — of the vast arches by which Solomon lifted the slope of the hill to a level with its summit. Bewildering measurements of these great artificial caverns leave us in equal admiration of the patience which has traced their dimensions, and the daring which raised their fabric. This underground architecture is indeed Cyclopean. Three hundred and nineteen feet in length, two

hundred and forty-seven in breadth, with piers of three, four, and five feet in thickness, dating from the age of the magnificent Hebrew king; — it was well that this haunt of owls and ravens should be explored, and its wonders laid open to the curious eye, — that the rock in which the Devil is imprisoned should be exposed to Christians, and that they should be permitted, if they dare, to attempt the release of that Prince of Darkness from his long captivity. It is strange to find in these vaults the monumental cairns of hundreds of the pilgrims of Islam, and to see the radicles of olive-trees which have penetrated the crevices, hanging like stalactites from the roofs of the arches. Dr. Barclay has no hesitation in assigning the *piers* to the age of Solomon, although he thinks that the *arches* may belong to a later age.

The *Christian* quarter of modern Jerusalem has been much more frequently described than either the Moslem or the Jewish, and it would seem that nothing new could be said on that subject. The absurdities of the Holy Sepulchre, the quarrel between Greeks and Latins, the hospitalities of the convents, — the ferocious follies of Easter week, the memorials of Helena's piety, and the Crusaders' valor, — the houses of the knights of St. John, and the monks of St. James, — puerile legends, poor superstitions, and bodily discomforts of every kind among the Christians; — has not the tale of these been fully exhausted? Yet the accounts widely differ. One writer tells how well the monks live, with cheer like the cheer of Bolton Priory. Another tells us how the poor brethren mortify the flesh, and deny all lusts. Sometimes the persecutions to which Christians are subject in the Holy City are magnified before us, and again it is declared that they are considerately treated and have nothing to fear. Estimates of their numbers vary. Those who go at Easter see them a vast throng, while those who wait for the autumn to accomplish their pilgrimage are pained that the watch of the shrines is left to such a handful. One reporter praises the industry of those who care for the Holy House, while another sees with regret the general idleness.

Dr. Barclay, whose love for tabular statements and skill in preparing them is remarkably evinced throughout this volume,

has arranged in a schedule the churches, convents, hospitals, schools, patriarchs, bishops, priests, deacons, nuns, clergy, and laity, of the various sects of Christians, Protestants included, that inhabit all the western side of the city. The aggregate is somewhat larger than the usual estimates. He reckons the Christian population, in all, high and low, sacred and secular, exclusive of pilgrims, but inclusive of temporary foreign residents, such as consuls and missionaries, at 4,518. Of these the Greeks considerably predominate, comprising about half of the total number. They have twelve convents, with twelve churches, four schools, one of them of theology, ninety nuns, one hundred and fifty priests, and one hundred boys in training to be priests, six bishops, an Archimandrite, and a Patriarch. Most of them are Greek only in their religious name, being Syrian by birth and lineage, and speaking the Syrian Arabic as their native tongue. It is a prevalent mistake in regard to the Greek Church, that its adherents are mostly of the Greek race. That race is a small minority of those who retain the liturgies of Cyril and Chrysostom. The term "Eastern Church" would be a more correct description.

Next in number, and quite equal in influence, come the Latins, or those who belong to the Roman communion. They have a Patriarch, a hundred priests, ten nuns, two churches and convents, two hospitals, with male and female physicians, an almshouse, a hotel, a printing-house, and three schools, one of them theological. Most of the brethren are natives, but about fifty are from European nations, — from Italy, Spain, and France. The whole number is 1,350. Their position toward the Greeks is one of bitter rivalry and antipathy, and was until very lately one of inferiority. But the result of the recent war has been to give them more confidence and more privilege. Their convents are in close neighborhood with the Greek convents on Mount Acra, yet there is but little intercourse between the pious brethren of the two communions. The Greeks ridicule the droning organ which helps the Latins to celebrate their mass, and the latter retaliate by mimicking the nasal twang of Oriental chanting. The Greeks call the Latins "impudent intruders," and the Latins retort that the Greeks still are "liars," like the Cretans

of old. Except in the Holy Sepulchre, they scarcely frequent each other's shrines, and a Greek rarely seeks the shade of the Garden of Gethsemane, which must be opened to him by a friar in the garb of St. Francis.

In industry there is not much to choose between the brotherhoods of the two religious bodies. A considerable number are employed in the fabrication of those curiosities which pilgrims and travellers are eager to buy. Rosaries of olive-wood from Olivet and Gethsemane, of which the supply of the most ancient sort is unlimited and increasing, — napkin-rings, — canes which are as brittle as clay pipe-stems, and pipe-stems of wood which are as porous as clay, — crosses, Greek and Roman, of pearl-shell, black basalt, and the red limestone of the native rock, which for a consideration will be warranted parts of some ancient palace or column, — amulets of all materials, camel's bone, doum-palm, sandal-wood, and amber, — tin bottles to be filled with holy water from Siloam or Jordan, — the seal of Jerusalem, carved in stone of divers colors, four rude crosses in one larger cross; — such trinkets and merchandise as these are exposed for sale along the avenues to the churches, in the areas of the Christian court-yards, and on the balconies of the convents. This is the chief traffic, and the principal exercise of art. The most cunning workmen of this kind, however, are the Christians of Bethlehem, who look upon their Jerusalem brethren as bunglers.

Besides the Greeks and Latins, the Armenians are the only other considerable Christian body in the Holy City. The streets of their quarter are comparatively neat, and the size and solidity of their spacious buildings offer a pleasant reverse of the filthy hovels on the other side of Zion's Hill. The costume, both of priests and laity, is more tolerable, not to say more elegant, than that of either of the before-mentioned bodies. They have the means, in their three convents, of exercising a large hospitality in time of festival, and they boast that the cells of St. James alone can shelter eight thousand guests. Their religious staff is large, consisting of a Patriarch, two bishops, thirty-two priests, ten deacons, fifty-one subdeacons, and twenty-five nuns, and they

have two schools and a printing-press. Jerusalem is nominally to the Armenian Church what Rome is to the Latin, and Constantinople to the Greek, the seat of highest authority. The chief Patriarch ought to reside there. But, in reality, Jerusalem has the same complaint to make of Aleppo and Mosul that Rome made of Ravenna in the seventh and of Avignon in the fourteenth century, — the superior charm of safety and comfort in these more northern cities interferes with the conscience of the sacred magistrates. Many of the Armenians are men of good education, and some are employed by the government as scribes. The acting consul of the United States for many years, Mr. Murad, was an Armenian, and highly esteemed, though he occasionally went beyond the limits of his duty in turning a penny for himself.

The other Christian sects are small. The Copts, whose convent lattices look out upon the so-called Pool of Hezekiah, have, according to Dr. Barclay, only three priests and a hundred members. *Ten* brethren would crowd to suffocation the niche in the Church of the Sepulchre which they call their chapel. But if their numbers are small, they can boast, and with some reason, that their liturgy is more ancient than that of the more powerful sects. We have no doubt that the chanted prayers and psalms of the Coptic are more nearly those which belonged to the worship of the second century than any existing ritual. The Abyssinians, a still smaller body, dispute with the Copts this honor of the highest antiquity, and have a bishop to rule over their fifteen priests and their eighty members. Of "Greek Catholics," that body so large in Northern Syria, who pray in the language of Hellas, while they obey the successor of St. Peter, there is a church of twenty members, who have their bishop as well as their candle-officer and their priests. Fewest of all are the Syrians proper, those Jacobites who labor under suspicion of inherited heresy. They have just members enough for the bishop to say "Dearly beloved brethren," and "Phebe, our sister." *Four* persons are reckoned as the force of the establishment.

Each of these religious bodies has its own places of worship in and around the city. But there is a common ground, in which they all claim a right. The "Holy Sepulchre"

belongs to all, and within the enclosure of the great church some place has been found for each to say its special mass. The existing world affords no stronger illustration of the confusion of Babel than the many-voiced prayers of this edifice on a Sunday morning. Each separate service is a discord, and the combination of discords admits no comparison with anything earthly. Standing in the rotunda gallery above the sacred tomb, one thinks of the eighth circle of the "Inferno," and seems to behold in the grimaces and genuflexions and lamentable cries such spirits as Dante found in that hideous depth; —

> "Quindi sentimmo gente, che si nicchia
> Nell' altra bolgia, e che col muso sbuffa,
> E sè medesma con le palme picchia."

From the top of Calvary comes such a wailing as the daughters of Israel in all their woe might never reach. The Abyssinian "tamtams" furnish a monotonous bass for this wild mingling of screams, shouts, and echoes. One wanders round in the chaos of sounds, first amazed, then bewildered, till at last all thought and consciousness seem to be disintegrated, and the senses sink, under the influence of this powerful acoustic opiate, to realize the formless void (תֹהוּ וָבֹהוּ) of the Hebrew Genesis. No description can exaggerate to a finely tuned ear the horrors of this musical experience.

Dr. Barclay anticipates, in his sketch of Jerusalem "as it was," the account of the Church of the Sepulchre, which belongs rather to Jerusalem "as it is." His photographs have enabled him to present quite exactly the Saracenic ornaments of the court-yard and entrance. His account of the curiosities of the interior is somewhat hasty, and he hurries the reader through with summary impatience, like the custodian of the royal palace at Munich, or the major-domo at Holyrood. One statement we take leave to question, — that all visitors must remove their shoes at the door of the church. That ceremony is very frequently dispensed with in the case of Protestants, however necessary it may be in the case of pilgrims. In the mosque on Mount Olivet, and in the synagogue on Mount Zion, a stocking or a slipper is the only covering for pious feet; but at the Christian shrine the heed

is less scrupulous, and we have worn the solid leather of Florence into the very centre of the tomb. We are less positive about the *hat*, and think it quite likely that, without excessive bigotry, one might "knock off" the hat of a boor or an absent-minded man, who had forgotten one of the first rules of propriety. We are not aware that it is anywhere considered in order (except among Jews) to wear the hat in a consecrated building. The style of Mr. Spurgeon's audiences has been but recently introduced in Christian congregations.

Nor are we quite able to agree with Dr. Barclay, that the gilded ornaments of the Greek Church which occupy the nave of the building are "puerile." Their beauty is barbaric, but their execution is creditable, and there are many new churches in American cities more objectionable in the matter of taste. Some of the portraits of saints and bishops which are wrought into the walls are good specimens of Eastern art, and the inscriptions around the cornice in the old Greek letter are quite as appropriate as the tablets which adorn so many Protestant chancels. When this church is lighted for religious service, and the triple line of crowded worshippers is stretched along its sides, and the procession of priests passes to and fro around that stone which is the Greek pivot of the globe, replacing the earth of which Adam was made and covering his buried head, — when the Patriarch, magnificently robed, comes forth to the door of the screen which divides the holy mysteries from the common throng, and from the steps of the altar gives his blessing to the kneeling multitude, — one seems to see again (what nowhere else he can see so well) the pomp and glory of the Jewish ritual on the day of rejoicing. It is Caiaphas with his brethren.

Most of the Church of the Sepulchre is very modern. In the great fire of 1808 nearly all the buildings were destroyed, and their long-accumulated treasures burned to ashes. The subterranean chapel of the "Invention" was spared, and shows still in its heavy Norman pillars the style of the Crusaders' work. The small building of the sepulchre, though buried in the fallen fragments of the dome, escaped injury as by miracle, and its preservation is to the faithful an argument for its genuineness. The renewed church is substantially a copy of the

former, but the "ages of faith" having passed so far, its treasures are fewer and the gifts of monarchs to its altars of smaller value. Already the heavy vault is dingy with the smoke of candles, and threatens in its seams a future downfall. The starry curtain is faded; and the appeals to France and Rome for aid in restorations meet with slight and tardy answers. Napoleon and Pius have not the same care for the tomb of Jesus that Philip and Innocent had in the days when they sent men and money to silence the infidel.

Jews, Turks, and Christians of various sects make up the population of modern Jerusalem, and of these bodies the Synagogue and Wailing-place, the "Haram es Sherif," and the Church of the Sepulchre, are respectively the centres of life. But south of the Armenian quarter, and close to the wall, is a row of huts in which dwell an outcast race, whom neither Turk, Jew, nor Christian will tolerate. The *lepers* still wait for charity at Zion's gate, though hopeless of healing, as if to illustrate by their loathsome misery the greatness of that miracle of Jesus which may not be repeated. Their touch is pollution, and the Christian monks who bear the corpse of some guest out to its grave on the brow of the hill shrink from the beseeching contact of those wretches whom their Master once waited to purify. All the subjects of the Saviour's miracles may still be met in and around the Holy City, — blind men, lame men, palsied men, and maimed men not a few, mutilated in childhood to escape conscription. But no sign of these miracles is so impressive as the terrible malady which has in no city so bold a front as in Jerusalem. "Why sit we here until we die?" is still the refrain of those groups who wait at the entering in of the gate, but have now no resource in a hostile camp, and no prospect of successful plunder. They are too vile for men to fear their villany.

We have no space to follow Dr. Barclay in his excursions around the city, his visit to the springs of water, — to the great Pools of Solomon, — to the Jebl Fureideis, or Mount of Paradise, a curiosity for the archæologist as for the naturalist, — to Gaza on the south, where are the pillars of Samson, and to Mizpeh on the north, where is the monument of Samuel, — down the valley of Kidron and up the valley of Farah, — over

the hills to Bethany, and over the plain to the convents of Elias and St. John; or in his description of "Silwan," where Arab peasants burrow like marmots in the caves of the hill-side, and of "Jebl Tûr," where accommodating Turks exhibit for a piastre the last footprint of the ascended Saviour; or in his catalogue of fruits and flowers, so extensive as to clothe the hills of Jerusalem almost with the beauty of Damascus, and his observations of heat and cold, which would bring its climate to be mild as that of Madeira. For all these details, and much more, we refer our readers to the book itself. Its numerous engravings on wood, stone, and steel leave nothing to be desired in the matter of pictorial embellishment. The mechanical execution of the work corresponds to the importance of the theme, and to the scientific thoroughness with which the author has fulfilled his task.

The closing chapter on *millennial* Jerusalem, in which from the hints in Isaiah and Ezekiel Dr. Barclay undertakes to construct the future "city of the great king," and to "re-edify" the temple and the towers, it does not come within our province to criticise. It will be interesting to those who expect the literal fulfilment of prophecy. It is easier to cast the Scriptural horoscope of Zion, than to tell the near political or social fortune of this city, so often fallen and so often raised. There are some hopeful circumstances, but there are more discouragements. The new toleration of the Sublime Porte is likely to prove a barren boon, and the gift of a chapel or two to the French Emperor will hardly bring the activity of Paris into the stagnant life of the dullest of Eastern cities. The agricultural experiments at Artâs and Sharon may send a better culture to the hills that overlook the city; yet we cannot think that the Jews will so far forsake the customs of their fathers as to become tillers of the soil in the land of their enemies. No man can wisely predict the morrow of Jerusalem, whatever may chance in other parts of the Sacred Land. A railway may cross the northern plain, on which chariots of fire shall run more swiftly than the horses of Sisera, and a channel for ships may lead the navies of Europe across the Isthmus desert; but the Holy City will remain, as we fear, a lonely shrine, sought chiefly in the toil and fervor of reverent pilgrimage.

Art. IX. — 1. *Le Roi des Montagnes.* Edmond About.
2. *Les Mariages de Paris. — Germaine.* Edmond About.
3. *Les Manieurs d'Argent.* Oscar de Vallée.
4. *Cinquante Jours au Désert.* Charles Didier.
5. *Séjour chez le Chérif de la Mecque.* Charles Didier.
6. *Marthe de Montbrun.* Max Valrey.
7. *Un Eté dans le Sahara.* Eugène Fromentin.
8. *Le Réalisme.* Champfleury.

In this list of authors our readers will not recognize every name; but it is impossible, in noticing the successive issues of the French press, to leave out of sight the contemporary school of young writers. It would not, perhaps, be true to say that they recommend themselves to public consideration by their talents, or by the elevation of their ideas, or by the morality of their principles and convictions. Alas! nothing of all this is true. Yet this school cannot be overlooked; for it is a sign of the times, an unmistakable rather than an honorable one.

It is indisputable that the lesser and not the greater creators in the world of art typify national tastes and tendencies. Striking and exceptional individualities are of all lands and ages, and belong merely to that small chosen band of spirits which stands between the human race and the One Thought Supreme. The Homers, Shakespeares, Dantes, Goethes, prove nothing save God's greatness, and explain none of the intellectual phenomena of the particular country or period of time in which they exist. The details of any one particular civilization are exposed and involuntarily commented on by the smaller minds, which, instead of subjugating, are subjected to, the spirit of their time and of their country. Take at the present moment, in France, in Germany, in England, and in America, twenty young writers of the same worth, and you will have a very fair notion of the moral and intellectual tendencies of the races of which these are in reality but a reflection. There is no partiality, no pride of race, in saying that the opinion conceived, after studying the general literature of the four countries we have named, must infallibly

be in favor of the Anglo-Saxon race; whilst the works furnished by the continent of Europe, with hardly any exceptions, bear witness to a state of moral decrepitude and degradation, — to a condition of insalubrity, and what in a material order of things is termed *squalidness*. We need not call to mind that there are still "up and doing" such men as Tocqueville, Cousin, Villemain, and some dozen others, the glory, not of one race, but of all humanity. But these men are of another epoch; they are not the men of this day, whose tastes and tendencies they resist, and energetically make war upon. The young men *and boys* who seize hold of the pen in France, and begin to write, no matter what, no matter where, on escaping from the benches of their college, do not follow in the track of these great thinkers and citizens, — do not aspire to be approved by them, — do not even study what has won their world-wide fame. No! they simply watch the humor of the hour, and dash into it, making up their minds to be utterly cast aside whenever the wind shall set from another quarter. In contradistinction to the high, noble literature of France, from Châteaubriand to Guizot, some few glorious representatives of which still remain, we have now what is entitled *la Litérature de la Bohême;* that is to say, the productions of men without principles or convictions, without courage and perseverance sufficient to toil in some obscure but honest profession for their bread, who, in order to live from day to day, are obliged to condemn their pens to every use, even that of downright calumny. That the greater proportion of these young writers of *la Bohême* are possessed of a certain degree of talent, is incontestable; but it is the mere art of cleverly expressing this or that, whilst the author has in himself nothing to express, no feeling, no belief, to convey. About has talent, Champfleury has talent; but after reading all the volumes the whole school ever wrote, no one would be the richer by one single lofty or honest thought, or by one single idea which he would desire his memory to retain. Yet these young men replenish the railway libraries, gain for a short time considerable sums, and may see their works in the hands of nine tenths of the inhabitants of France. That they reflect the general color and tone of modern French civ-

ilization is indisputable, and it is from this point of view that they merit attention.

At the head of this "Bohemian literature," and one of its completest types, stands Edmond About, a man under thirty, who has already well-nigh written himself out, but who was indubitably gifted with a very large share of what the French term *esprit*, and who, had he possessed any other more serious quality, might have shone steadily as a star in the literary firmament, instead of sparkling for an instant as an *ignis fatuus* over a reeking marsh.

M. About's first work of any importance was a small volume, published three years ago, upon Greece, in which facts exaggerated and distorted were so presented to the public as to produce an immediate success. The book had a great sale, and was certainly most amusingly written. Some months later the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published a *nouvelle* by the same author, entitled *Tolla Feraldi*, a sketch of Roman manners, the truth and vivacity of which were universally admired. But before the entire tale was well-nigh complete, out came some revelations that diminished strangely the author's renown. *Tolla* was discovered, in its most interesting parts, to be the translation of a pamphlet printed and suppressed in Rome, containing the history and original letters of a young lady of high family; and in the remainder, to be a calumnious *vendetta* of the author against some persons by whom he imagined himself slighted. Great scandal came of all this. Of course M. About tried to attenuate the accusations brought against him; but his career in what is termed serious literature was stopped; the *Revue des Deux Mondes* withdrew from any partnership with so unsafe a personage, and the author of *Tolla* made his new home in the *Moniteur*, and in the *Figaro*, the lowest and vilest of those small journals which in Paris gain a livelihood by revealing all the private scandal which they can lay hands upon. The *Figaro* was, on account of its perpetual attacks upon the members of the Opposition, supported by the government, and M. About's so-called *Chronique de Paris* was allowed to assail private reputations to the right and left; but for an inadvertent expression employed concerning the archbishop's assas-

sin, Verger, M. About was ordered to resign his office of chronicler in the *Figaro*, and was confined to the feuilleton of the *Moniteur*, in which paper have appeared his best works. Of these, the two that have been most read, and are best worth reading, are, without a doubt, *Le Roi des Montagnes*, and *Germaine*, which is one of the series entitled *Les Mariages de Paris.*

Le Roi des Montagnes is full of *esprit*, and of a certain kind of sharp observation, from beginning to end. The story is simply that of a young German doctor sent by his native town of Hamburg to herborize in Greece, and enrich the Botanical Garden of the great Hanse city by specimens of the Flora of Athens, and who, while so employed, is made prisoner by a terrible bandit chief, called Hadji-Stavros, surnamed "the King of the Mountains." Worse than even the redoubted outlaw (who, by the way, is an outlaw only *pro forma* in the hopeful realm of Greece) turns out for the Hamburg doctor a certain young English miss, whom, with her mamma, he encounters in one of his botanical excursions, and who is taken prisoner with him by Hadji-Stavros. The fair-haired professor (who wears a pair of gold spectacles) does not absolutely fall in love with Miss Mary Ann Simons, but is for ever speculating upon what would happen to him if he should do so; and at last he is fired by some well-calculated words uttered by the elder lady, in which she hints that her daughter's hand might be the reward of the "hero" who should deliver both ladies and their purses from Hadji-Stavros; and he attempts the work of rescue, fails therein, and is retaken, after having contributed to cheat the bandit chieftain of his ransom, and lost his chance of espousing Miss Mary Ann. The modern bandit of Greece is exceedingly well painted, and is a singularly original type. He is a most business-like rascal, who not only stops people on the highway, and even cuts off their heads "for a consideration," but who has raised brigandage into a trade, a profession. Submitting to the influence of a money-getting age, he has devised the establishment of highway robbery by a joint-stock company, and among his shareholders he counts many of the foremost personages of Athens; ministers even, and, above all,

superior officers of the army and *gendarmerie corps*. A scene full of a genuine comic spirit is that where, before consenting to take any notice of his prisoners, he dictates in their presence his correspondence to one of his secretaries. Three documents are thus framed; a letter to his only child, a girl brought up with every luxury at the first school in Athens; one to John Barley, Esq., Banker, of Cavendish Square, London, in which he prescribes such and such uses to be made of the large sums he has in the hands of the firm; and a Report to the Committee of the Joint-Stock Company he has founded, in order to carry on his wholesale trade of rapine and "black mail." This is full of real humor, and would merit being quoted from beginning to end, did our limits permit it; but there is a still more striking passage, which is that of the *rencontre* between the band of Hadji-Stavros and a company of *gendarmes* despatched to punish the incorrigible offender, and deliver his captives. A scout flies into the camp screaming out that an armed force is approaching. "Whose company?" inquires the chief. "I don't know, because I can't read," replies the sentinel, whose faulty education prevents him from distinguishing what number is visible on the caps of the soldiers. Hadji-Stavros sallies forth. "We are free!" exclaims Miss Mary Ann. "I told you we should be delivered!" exultingly cries Mrs. Simons; "I knew the government would be forced to set us at liberty, and hang these wretches, for I am an Englishwoman, and I should have written to Lord Palmerston." The gold-spectacled German hangs his head, and thinks that in truth the English are a mighty nation, when Hadji-Stavros bounds back into his camp, joyfully shouting, "Good luck, boys! Bring out a keg of Ægina wine, — here is Pericles's company!" And sure enough, a dashing young officer, whom the Hamburg doctor had marked at the court balls of Athens as one of the most elegant of all dancers, springs into the arms of the brigand chief, embraces him tenderly, and the two exchange the titles of "godfather" and "godson"! The arrangements made between the bandit and the gayly attired Captain Pericles are amusing in the extreme; and the upshot of the whole is, that in the Athens journals Pericles shall pass for having

"beaten Hadji-Stavros in a recent encounter, driven him back into the mountains, and dispersed his band," at the cost for his company of "ten or twelve *gendarmes*," whom he leaves with the King of the Mountains, in order that they may learn to be good soldiers! Pericles distinctly declares that he is in want of an affair of this kind, in order that he may obtain the decoration of the Saint Sauveur; but besides this distinction, he has all his interests embarked in the enterprises of Hadji-Stavros, he being one of the chief shareholders in the famous joint-stock company! The capture of Mrs. and Miss Simons is to yield no less than four thousand pounds sterling, and upon this ransom turns the entire story. The German doctor knows Modern Greek as well as the banditti around him, and he has listened to the letter written by Hadji-Stavros to his banker, John Barley, and profited largely by his attention. Miss Mary Ann is no other than the niece of the aforesaid John Barley, whose own sister is Mrs. Simons. "Now," reasons the cunning professor, "if you make your brother pay over four thousand pounds to Hadji-Stavros upon receipt, that sum will merely be deducted from what he possesses in the bank of Barley & Co., and you will be free without having to pay for your liberty." So said, so done; the four thousand pounds are forwarded to the robber chief, who then and there dismisses his female prisoners, retaining the Hamburg doctor, whose ransom is not forthcoming. A violent dispute ensues between the two, when the fair-haired professor, exasperated, reveals to the robber king what stands written in English in the paper accompanying the sums he had received, — "which sums to be deducted from his account"! The bandit is infuriated, and devises tortures unheard of to punish the botanical professor; but the latter had written to Athens to an American friend of his, a certain John Harris, half sportsman half pirate, who expeditiously insures his friend's safety by carrying off the daughter of Hadji-Stavros, shutting her up in his yacht, and warning her illustrious sire that "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" should be his rule of conduct towards Mademoiselle Photini; and that as the Hamburg botanist was treated, so should she be. The success of this manœuvre on the part of our countryman, John

Harris, is immediate; and the story ends by the delivery of the German doctor, the retirement from "the public service" of Hadji-Stavros, and the adoption by the gold-spectacled botanist of the idea that he may after all marry Miss Mary Ann, in pursuit of whom he sets off upon travels to which the author abandons him.

We repeat it, it is difficult to evince more of the mere book-making talent, to show more *esprit*, more humor, more comic *verve*, as the French term it, than M. About exhibits in *Le Roi des Montagnes*. Nowhere is a more admirable portrait drawn of the hard-boned, hard-headed, obstinate, brave, proud, hungry, and patriotic elderly Englishwoman, than in Mrs. Simons. She is true to the life. With one hand for ever on a knife and fork, the other is perpetually ready for resistance. She will not be daunted into yielding up her rights, not she! and she is indignant at the idea of *buying* a freedom which "her government," she is convinced, will oblige her enemy to give her. She never forgets her hour of breakfast, lunch, or dinner, and boldly meets every threat by the name of Lord Palmerston.

It would perhaps not be just to say as much of *Les Mariages de Paris*, M. About's last work. In the series of many tales, intended to illustrate the manner in which marriages are brought about in France generally, but more especially in its capital, one has above all arrested public attention, and been both much read and much bought. This is the last of the collection, as it at present stands, and is entitled *Germaine*. It is the tale of a ducal house brought to such helpless, hopeless poverty that it consents to surrender its last scion, a dying girl, to little less than downright shame, by uniting her in the strangest possible manner to a Spanish grandee, who is heart and soul bound over and given up to the most worthless wretch the female sex ever owned. This latter lady, by name Madame Chermidy, is the wife, and hourly hopes to be the widow, of a navy captain who is in China. Her adorer, the Spaniard, is as chivalrous and as simple as any of those brilliant hidalgos who served as models to Cervantes, and he will go any length to gratify a whim of his Dulcinea, or sacrifice his countless millions to avert an

annoyance from her. Now, circumstances require that a lady shall be found who will not only espouse Don Gomez, but who will pass for being the mother of a boy of a few weeks old, to whom the above-mentioned Don Gomez is resolved to leave all he possesses, and his names, titles, and distinctions, which he can do only if the boy is his legitimate offspring. The same physician happens to attend Madame Chermidy and the consumptive Mademoiselle de la Tour d'Embleuse, whose father and mother, the Duc and Duchesse of the same name, are reduced to such straits that one of them (the mother) does not eat a meal every day, in order that her abominable old consort, Monsieur le Duc, may be pampered upon the days when he does not dine out. The doctor, who is one of the few tolerable characters in the book, has set his heart upon making Germaine de la Tour d'Embleuse a grandee of Spain, bringing her to life by proper treatment and a warm climate, and shaking off the woman Chermidy from her prey, Don Gomez. Of course he finds it easy enough, by the offer of a million here and a million there, and by the assurance of *rentes* upon which he may live expensively, to make Monsieur le Duc agree to anything, even to the sale of his only child, upon what seem very like disgraceful terms.

The end of the story is, that Germaine, who is ignorant of half of what has happened, and who is but half aware of what she stands responsible for, gets well in the Ionian Isles, in spite of Madame Chermidy's charitable attempt to send her off to the other world, captivates her husband, and completely rescues him.

But it is precisely here, in the close of the tale, that the author, to our mind, entirely fails. *Germaine* does not begin as a tragic tale, but, on the contrary, as one in which *castigat ridendo mores* was to be the principle followed out, and in the early chapters there is enough of the *esprit* that we have remarked in *Le Roi des Montagnes* to make the book attractive. But here we touch upon the radical defect of this whole school of young book-makers in France, who are writers without being thinkers. They are, as we have said, full of ability; they use words with wondrous dexterity and

grace; they are like those men who, not being genuine equestrians, make their horses dance minuets, but fall back before that "real thing," a fox-hunt. They could say anything anyhow, but *they have nothing to say.* The proof of this is to be found in everything they write. They never take the trouble to *think* a character, to "create," as it is called; they merely describe; and their personages are patchwork. As in Emile Angier's *Mariage d'Olympe*, so in M. About's *Germaine*, the characters do not end as they began; they are other people, not themselves; and the inevitable consequence is, that they sorely embarrass their author, who does not know how to get rid of them. He finishes on the scaffold what was commenced in a saloon, simply for this reason, that his story is true nowhere, neither in the saloon nor on the scaffold.

Another illustration of the deficiency of serious forethought in the productions of the present moment in France is to be found in a work which is worth commenting upon for many reasons, — *Marthe de Montbrun.* This is a tale much read, much discussed, written by a lady who uses the pseudonyme of Max Valrey, and who is perhaps capable of writing a work far more serious and more complete. Still there are things in *Marthe de Montbrun* that make it a book to be attended to for more reasons than one. The story is that of an orphan girl of good birth, brought up by a very worldly-minded aunt, with male and female cousins of similar character, and in the midst of all the corruption of the best possible French society, both in town and country. The romance of Mademoiselle de Montbrun's life, which, but for one incident, might pass on like that of all the young ladies around her, is attached to a certain Spanish refugee, who is *not* a grandee, like Don Gomez, but a man of ordinary birth and of ordinary means; but who, dazzled by a smattering of oratory and of journalism which he is thought to possess, conceives himself intended for a high destiny, passes his existence in what he calls a struggle between passion and the duty he conceives he owes his country, and invariably sacrifices other persons without ever once sacrificing himself. Manuel is a character one meets with every day in what is termed "the world," and there would be but small merit and no originality in painting such

a character well. But the originality of the book is in Marthe herself; and the fact of its being written and read is a *social fact*, and one that must be noted among the accidents of French civilization.

What is the romantic medium, if we may call it so, of French literature, — what the means whereby the reader's interest is to be awakened and held fast? An essentially unhealthy and immoral idea, — the love of a married woman and a married man; an impious and abominable passion, and one that every honest man or woman can vanquish if so minded, but which the French men and women of novels and poetry never transcend the theatrical show of trying to overcome. It is not "received" that fiction, in France, should take for its heroes and heroines those who are unshackled by any tie, and it would seem as if love without dishonor were too insipid a food for the taste of the public. As to a girl, no matter whether she be five-and-twenty or fifteen, she is not taken into account; and the notion of a love springing up in two free hearts, growing to its fullest development in its own natural soil, prompting in both the natures that own it the loftiest deeds and purest sentiments, and in fact perfecting — as it only can do — the mind, heart, and soul, — softening here, strengthening there, and leading to *marriage* as to that one end to arrive at which every lower ambition is spurned and every generous impulse cultivated, — of such a love as this, the main-spring of all Anglo-Saxon civilization, the French have no idea. They would hardly believe in it, and would be slow to understand its beauty, it is so entirely beyond their conventionalities. Now of this piece of hardihood, of this onslaught on French taste and on the polite practices of *le grand monde*, has Max Valrey been guilty; and for this reason we say *Marthe de Montbrun* is a book worth reading.

Another remark or two may not be wasted. If *Marthe de Montbrun* were the work of any woman, who, like Madame Sand and some dozen others that might be named, were unsexed at once by her best and her worst fame, there would be less to say upon the subject, and the whole might pass for the freak of an eccentric imagination, too utterly un-

trammelled by any social ties. But no; the author of *Marthe* is a lady highly born and connected, living in the midst of the stiffest and most conventional French society, and who, from fear lest her opinions should seem too unfeminine, has adopted the pseudonyme we allude to, which, without her permission, we do not feel authorized to cast aside. Not only is she placed in the best and most "regular-minded" society, but she has herself placed her heroine in it also. Marthe is no adventurer, or artist, or governess, or lady "at large," — the only positions in which it is admitted in France that a woman should be single and independent, and admitted then at the price of disgrace. No; Mademoiselle de Montbrun is a young lady, as we have said, well born and well bred; brought up as young ladies should be, with the due complement of nurses, and lady's maids, and *dames de compagnie*, and masters, and well-behaved female friends, who never heard of such a thing as a young lady having a heart or an opinion of her own, except on a bonnet or a flounce, or — what is more proper still — on an embroidery pattern. Yet, in spite of all this, Marthe conceives the idea of having a heart and a mind all to herself, — of actually seeing, hearing, judging, feeling, thinking, and acting as though she were somebody entitled to do so, and not a mere automaton. She is a girl who, in the midst of French conventionalities which say to her, "You *are not*," dares *to be*. This is original, and makes the book — especially in the circumstances under which it was written — worth reading. Marthe does not dream of running away with Manuel, as an English girl would; but she does determine to marry him, and no other, as a French girl would not. The difficulties brought in the way of these two lovers form, of course, the romantic element of the novel, and, as long as these difficulties do not become too dramatic, the tale is a true and an interesting one.

The close of *Marthe de Montbrun*, however, shows, as we remarked above, the same fault that vitiates all the books of this present school. The author never really knew her hero and heroine beforehand, never called these people into life; only loosely thought about them, and painted them from fancy. Consequently she did not know what to do with

them in the end, how to "get rid" of them. And so she, like M. About and M. Angier, resorts to anger instead of argument, and cuts the whole short by an expedient which is not true. Marthe does what she would not have done, what she never did, and what makes her not herself. She, whose whole character is earnest and intense, throws herself away lightly, and loses her lover as well as her honor.

Romance-writers of this school do not reflect that their personages are not at their own disposal, if they are to be personages at all, real characters. Ask Scott and Cooper, ask Fielding and Richardson, and they will all tell you they are controlled by their creations because their creations really are, and live. Sir Walter could not, if he would, make Ravenswood marry Lucy Ashton. Ravenswood exists, and would forbid his doing it. And Lovelace, — see if he be not his chronicler's master all the time, simply because Richardson is only his chronicler, and sees and knows him as he really is, and therefore obeys him. This is the history of all serious writers, who think before they write, and only write because they have thought deeply. Conception is the necessity, — production is a mere consequence; but the fault of all these young writers in France is, that they are for ever producing, whilst in fact they have never conceived.

And now we ought, perhaps, to say by what name these young writers are one and all known, — what is the device they inscribe upon their banner. They are called Realists, and Realism is the object they are supposed to be trying to attain. A word is lightly caught at, particularly in France, and Frenchmen will ride they know not whither, upon any horse you offer them, be he safe or not. One of their present writers, Champfleury, is so tormented by the fashionable epithet, that he has published a whole volume to explain what Realism means, and he has not succeeded. He acknowledges himself a Realist, but he is by no means clear as to what that term implies, and he proves this at once by his misapprehension of certain conditions of art, in the following passage: —

"What is the existing generation desirous of? Does it know? Can it know, in the midst of the social storms during which it has completed its rude education?

"Granted that a few spirits are called forth, who, tired of versified lies, and of the absurd persistence of the tail of the Romantic school, resolutely throw themselves into the study of Nature, descending even to her lowest regions, and throwing off the shackles of 'fine language,' out of all harmony with the subjects they treat of, — will these form the basis of a school? I hardly think it.

"Yet everywhere in other countries, in England, in America, in Germany, in Sweden, in Holland, in Belgium, in Russia, — everywhere, I see writers of fiction, who submit to the universal law, and are influenced by mysterious currents, charged with realities.

"I do not think it is requisite to quote Dickens, Thackeray, Currer Bell, Gogol, Hildebrand, Auerbach, Conscience, or Miss Bremer, with fifty others, who, if you convened them all together, would tell you their thought and their pen are devoted to observation by a kind of fatality which neither men nor writers can escape in our nether world.

"It is the law of the epoch."

Now here it is we should like to differ from M. Champfleury, who, be it said *en passant*, is, like the rest of his brethren, full of talent, but who, like them, mistakes the appearance for the truth, the shadow for the substance. No "epoch," whatever he may imagine, condemns by any "fatality" its thinkers to the mere trade of "observation," just as no epoch ever existed in which reflecting men could altogether do without observation. Mere writers, who are not thinkers, may observe, and no more; but those who write because they have thought, that is, who produce because they have conceived, cannot do so. Creation is a gift far sublimer than all this comes to. People who paint the outward garb of a figure may have little else to do than observe the rapid changes of fashion, and the smallest detail of a plait or fold of silk or linen; but people who paint men, and therefore create them, know the object of their study to be eternal, and are not much influenced by this or that accident of time. Here lies the mistake, — to fancy this present epoch either more or less than its predecessors with regard to man. It is just what all other epochs have been, only it has a strong industrial and unartistic tendency, which leads it to fancy that the product of the brain can be regulated like that of the loom, — "Being given so many novel-writers, shall be produced so many novels." This is an error. Art is still

what it ever was and ever will be, — a world apart, above the world of mere material combinations; and the great mistake made by these extraordinary writing engines, the fiction-writers of the young French school, is to imagine that the nature of art has been modified. So, again, with the word Realism; it is an absurd one, and means nothing. All art is a compound of the Real and the Ideal, and no artist, no creator, has ever lived through ages who has not just the requisite Realism of detail at the service of the immaterialism of his idea. What a human being is without his soul — that is, a corpse — is the dead appearance that is offered to view by a work whence the Ideal is absent. Dress up your corpse in all the splendors of Solomon; — you may admire the stuffs in which the dead body is attired; but it will be a dead body for all that, and to make it move and live is beyond you. Take away from a spirit its outward, tangible form and garb; you have a seraph or an angel, something you not do feel at home with because it is out of the reality of your sphere. These are the two extremes; but in the combination of the two lies the domain of creative art. There it has always lain, and there it will always lie. Look at Homer, and at Dante, and at Shakespeare. We shall not be told their epoch influenced them; yet was ever Realism, as it is called, more intense than in Priam and in Hecuba, in Thersites and in Nestor? And is not Ugolino, is not Francesca da Rimini, real? As to Shakespeare, never was idealism so inseparable from reality as in him, and not one of his characters, from Desdemona down to Audrey, but would suffice to knock upon the head all the vulgar theories of these purblind young penholders who have grown to fancy that their "epoch" it is, forsooth, that is by a "fatality" condemning them to a species of photography in literature which they are pleased to style "observation."

A few hours may, perhaps, not be wasted in reading through such a book as *Le Réalisme*. It shows accurately enough what the mistakes of the present school are, and it is undoubtedly the work of a man who asks no better than to see his way, but who would be astonished beyond all description if he were told that nature most likely never intended him to write at all!

As we have said already, the great cause of all this so-called "Realism" (for, absurd though the word be, it is hard to find a better) is perhaps to be traced to the materialism of the age in general, more visible in France than anywhere else; and possibly the very best commentary upon it all may be found in a little work that belongs less to literature, in a restricted sense, than to that spirit whence literature springs, with all the other artistic manifestations of a nation. This book is entitled *Les Manieurs d'Argent*, and is an attack upon the covetousness of all classes in France, — upon that rapacity which leads men to prize nothing except in the precise measure in which it can be converted into gold. This, with the violently industrial tendencies of the hour, will probably be found at the root of everything that in France is false both in morality and in the arts. *Les Manieurs d'Argent* has had a great success, and is in some respects exactly the reverse of the works we have just spoken of. It is written by a magistrate, M. Oscar de Vallée, and is full of earnest purpose, without much talent, and without any skill as to the mere writing. The following passage of the first chapter is worth quoting, for it strikes, as we said above, at the root of the evil in France.

"There is truth in the saying, that 'nations have the government they deserve.' This was already the opinion of Horace when he undertook to show the impotence of laws without national habits and manners (*Quid leges, sine moribus, etc.*). He told the corrupt descendants of the race that had conquered the world, that 'the unbridled love of gold is stronger than law,' and that 'they were lost if they did not bury in the deep the diamonds and pearls and useless gold which were but the sources of every ill (*summi materiem mali*).' What high minds mourned over in the Rome of the Cæsars was far less freedom forfeited than public virtue destroyed. And herein they were right. . . . . The origin of all political degradation lies in the corruption of hearts that are filled with the insatiable love of riches easily obtained.

"Listen to Juvenal: he attacks here and there both Pompey and Cæsar; but the enemy he never allows to rest, and is for ever striking with his utmost might, is the despotism of gold, — *sanctissima divitiarum majestas*. This he accuses of having weakened Rome, and he describes it as like a leprosy fastening on the loins of what had been once a generous race.

"It was the deficiency of public virtue, and not the deficiency of the

laws, that drove men in ancient Rome to get rich quickly, even at the cost of honor. The love of gambling possessed Rome and smothered all honest impulse; infamy was hidden under the gold that rose high enough to cover it. . . . . Her vices dishonored Rome, and paved the way for the ruin of Roman society. If these vices had been born of the law merely, it would have sufficed to alter the law; but they came from that part of the human heart which, unless in the purest air, soon grows corrupt, and they attained their maturity victoriously; for instead of having shame cast upon them, they were let alone, when they were not actually applauded. Juvenal does not deduce the cause of this horrible contagion from the institutions of Rome, but from the examples and lessons fathers give their sons. What matter whether Cicero speak out or be silent, when fathers instruct their sons in the most sordid details of the art of making money rapidly? All is lost then.

"Even in the days of Ennius, no one asked whence riches came, and it was sufficient to be rich. You must go back to a very early period in Roman history to find out the origin of corruption, and Montesquieu will be eternally right when he traces the fall of the empire to the loss of public morals.

"When a constituted society comes to deify gold, to hold up riches as the praiseworthy aim of a life, and the great agent of happiness, even the so-called 'master-works' that its artists may produce will have only an apparent glitter; for such a society is severed from the living gods of art, and is become fragile as the metal it adores.

"We must not disguise it to ourselves; if our social and political state is not absolutely analogous to that of the Roman Empire, it is nevertheless certain that we yield, without measure or restraint, to the all-absorbing love of riches easily acquired, and that this is a state of disease calling for the physician with the least possible delay."

Now here, be it remarked, is the stimulus to every exertion, healthy or not, — "Riches easily acquired." It is a dishonest tendency, and the age *is* dishonest in France. The honest acquisition of the reward for honest labor is another thing altogether, and there are, after all, but few who have not been able by courageous efforts to secure the remuneration their labor has been worth. But the French system at the present time is to obtain more than the worth of the merchandise sold, which is simply cheating. Now cheating in art is decay in art; for art cannot be, if not true. What these young writers want to do is to "acquire riches quickly," and therefore they force production, as if production in the intellectual soil could

be forced. There are, of course, some exceptions, which prove nothing, unless the vitiated taste of the public, which is satisfied with painting and music and writing by the yard or sheet, and helps the literary "contractors" of France to make their fortunes at its own cost.

This is undoubtedly but an indifferent state of things. As long as the few veterans of the last generation endure, the harm done will not be so evident, because in the glory of these men of the past the littleness of those of the present stares one less in the face; but when the heroes of French literature die out (as they will probably within the next ten years), it will then become manifest that they leave no one to succeed them, and it will scarcely be possible for France to maintain her self-assumed, and in some degree merited, name of the "brain of Europe."

In contradistinction to the sordid instincts that inspire them at home, the young generation of Frenchmen have within their reach a world that should teach them all great thoughts, — a civilization the aspect of which should abstract their minds from the miserable interests they so basely serve in their own country. We allude to Algeria. If ever there were a field for poetry, it is there; yet hitherto it is strange how little it has been cultivated by the conquering race. Latterly, however, this has altered somewhat, and, in the midst of a host of lesser publications on the same subject, the only work that has really, for months past, produced a sensation from its strong poetic feeling, is one of which the desert is the sole theme. *A Summer in the Sahara*, by Eugène Fromentin, has taken the French reading public by surprise, and almost made it confess that the gold of the sun's rays, as he sets on the sands of Arabian wastes, may be as worthy an object for the mind's contemplation as the base coin upon which it concentrates its yearnings. To this book we will refer more at length by and by; meanwhile there are two volumes by Charles Didier that ought not to be left unattended to. M. Didier is that very rare personage, a conscientious, impartial, truth-seeking, and truth-telling traveller. He travels neither to prove anything, nor to pin elegiacs on mile-stones out of place. He travels to see, and to relate simply what he has seen. His

"*Desert*" is not that of the author we have above mentioned; it is that lying between the Red Sea and the Nile, and his *Fifty Days in the Desert* is a volume full of solid instruction and original matter. His other book is called *Séjour chez le Grand Chérif de la Mecque*, and treats of men and things seldom visited by a Christian traveller.

We would particularly recommend to our readers the chapters in this last-mentioned work entitled *Djeddah*, *The Red Sea*, *The Schérifs and Wahabites*, and *Galerie Vivante*.

"The Mekka pilgrimage is much gone down latterly," says M. Didier. "Those of poorer estate and middling condition still discharge this duty in goodly numbers; but whether from want of zeal, or from pecuniary embarrassment, or from avarice, the rich manage now-a-days to evade it, and there are no longer to be seen pouring out from Islam those mighty lords of other times, who upon this solemn occasion used to display a magnificence that has become only a matter for tradition, and is now for ever banished to the marvels of the Arabian Nights."

M. Didier relates, however, that the last pilgrimage had brought to the sacred city, from the remotest end of Persia, a widow lady of great consequence, who, although she avoided a splendor no longer in fashion in the East, yet travelled with a princely retinue, and communicated with public functionaries, of no matter what rank, only by the intervention of her major-domo, a black eunuch.

In his *Galerie Vivante*, M. Didier has the following portrait of a captain of *Bachi-bouzouks*: —

"Kurde-Osman-Agh was *Sandjiak*, or chief of some thousand or twelve hundred men of irregular cavalry, stationed for the most part on the Mekka road, and perpetually ready for revolt because perpetually unpaid. If money had not come in the end from Constantinople, a universal mutiny would have ensued." (This was in 1854.) "These *condottieri* of the East, called *Bachi-bouzouks*, which in Turkish means *broken heads*, are the curse of the countries where the Porte sends them as garrison-troops; they seize on everything in the bazaars without paying, and maltreat the tradesmen who dare to complain. A man's life is in their eyes of no more worth than a dog's, and of far less than a horse's. One of these ruffians met the other day a woman without her veil; he drew out a pistol, aimed quickly at her, and blew her brains out before all the world; after which he coolly replaced his pis-

tol in his belt, and went his way, curling his mustachios, without any one feeling inclined to obstruct him or look upon him with horror or affright. Let it be imagined what is the fate of populations that are by war placed at the mercy of such barbarians as these!"

M. Didier's volumes, as will be seen from these extracts, treat more of the sedentary than of the migratory populations, and he has to deal with the representative of a somewhat worn-out civilization, — with the Turk, rather than with that eternally primitive and Biblical wanderer, the Arab. It is precisely this study of a race that *must* soon die out which makes his observations valuable. You see what the Asiatic Turk has become, and also what he will never be. You see what the contact of European corruption and narrow-mindedness has made of the town residents of Asia, who, as our author says, "have thereby lost ninety per cent"; but you have comparatively little to do with the free son of the waste, who, for more than one reason, may be transformed, and by agriculture and by war still endure, instead of literally rotting off into decay, as the Turk will erelong, poisoned by the vices of a civilization whose virtues lie entirely out of his reach, and are absolutely inapplicable to him.

"The hatred of Arab to Turk," says M. Didier, "is something extraordinary; there is between the races an invincible antipathy, an utterly irreconcilable dislike. The proverbial expression of 'bitter as Turk to Moor' is more than ever true, the Arabs being Moors. The Osmanlis, as conquerors, treat the subject race with intolerable despotism and haughtiness. The Arabs, on the other hand, proud as they are free, regard their masters with a hate that is inferior only to their contempt. They are furious at the ignorance of the Turks, and at the absurd way in which the latter speak the Arabian tongue; they declare a Turk cannot read the Koran in the original, and does not know how to say his prayers correctly. Above all, they say they are perfidy itself; they give them the surname of *Khaïn* (traitor), and laugh at the notion of the Sultan, who calls himself *Khan*, which in Arabic signifies *he has betrayed*. Their legend is, that a certain Sultan, having been false to his promise with an Arab, the latter called him *Sultan Khan*, or *Sultan who has betrayed*, and the Turk, not knowing the real meaning of the word, took it for a title, and in his ignorance added to it his other names, and left it to his successors.

The name of 'Turk' is an insult even between children; they apply it to one another when they are angry, and give it commonly to their dogs."

Now M. Fromentin's *Summer in the Sahara* treats of the reverse side of Asiatic civilization, and is entirely confined to the conquered race, to the Arab and to his desert home, if *home* it can be called. Never has the country which is now called "French Africa" been made so real to the reader as in this delightful little book. It is a sort of *Eöthen*, only that one of the merits of *Eöthen* lies in the contact of Western and Eastern civilization, whereas M. Fromentin is so entirely absorbed by the aspects of the East, that he reflects back to us the East, and the East only. He brings before us all he sees, without any intermediary between it and us. We are with him in the Desert; and this is the master-charm of the book.

Like all really poetical works, *A Summer in the Sahara* deals with a very limited range of subjects, and its writer finds the springs of poetry in himself, and not in the objects around him. These *are* poetical, which is of small consequence; but he sees them poetically, which is the thing required. Only three places are touched upon during the whole two hundred and ninety pages, — Medeah, El-Aghouat, and Tadjemout-Ain-Mahdy; but these stand in the book, as in the desert, bathed in an atmosphere of heat and light, — apart and in a world which is not the world of our every-day occupations.

On the 22d of May, 1853, M. Fromentin started from Medeah to reach the Desert; to find, as he says, "a spot where winter never came." His book closes in July, and consists of the familiar letters written during those two months to an intimate friend.

"I have studied," he says at the outset of his journey, "the map of the country south of Medeah and up to El-Aghouat. I have studied it more as a painter than as a geographer, and here is what I find: Mountains up as far as Baghar; — after Baghar, under the name of the *Sahara*, plains that succeed to plains; plains flat and marshy; plains sandy, dry, and stony; plains that are wavy and overgrown with *Alfa*; — and then, twelve leagues north of El-Aghouat, a palm-tree; — at last

El-Aghouat itself, figured by a point rather larger than the rest, in the midst of the intersections of a multitude of broken lines, branching off in all directions, towards places with strange, half-fabulous names; — beyond this, to the southeast, all at once a plain of infinite flatness, — flat as far on as the eye can reach; and upon this vast space, left blank and empty, a name that would make many a one stop to reflect, — *Bled-el-Ateuch*, namely, *The Land of Thirst*. I suppose most persons would draw back before the dread nakedness of such an itinerary. I confess it is precisely this nakedness that draws me on. Perhaps I have an aim to gain in making this journey; if so, it will, if ever gained, explain itself; if not, why talk of it here? Grant me but this: that I passionately love *the blue*, and that there are on earth two things I am burning to behold again, — the sky without a cloud above the desert without a shadow."

These words tell the attraction of the book. It is written *passionately*. You see in every line how intensely the writer has felt and loved what he has spoken of; and this, as it is in the nature of all real passion to do, carries you away with it.

The Arab is painted as he really is, by M. Fromentin, and there is no fancy-dress work in his descriptions, but you see that he dwells more tenderly with nature than with man, and above all, as he himself says, with a certain phasis of nature, with the arid, burning-blue, sharp-outlined waste. The desert has secrets it reveals to him, and which he tells in turn.

"If I am not mistaken," says our traveller, on reaching Baghar, "I have now before me the African Africa of my dreams, and I shall probably, in all my journey, learn little more than I have learned to-day. Here, gazing on night, I end my first camp-watch. The air is not damp, but the earth is soft, and the cloth of our tents saturated with dew. The moon, about to rise, whitens the horizon above the distant woods. Our bivouac sleeps in deep shade. The fires lighted in the midst of the tents, and round which till now our Arabs have gathered, whispering I know not what tales, — the fires are abandoned, and gone out, leaving no trace save a vague, resinous odor, which flings its perfume over the whole camp; our steeds quiver amorously, and from time to time cast towards the invisible object of their ardor a neigh as sharp as the clarion's tone; whilst from its hidden perch an owl breaks the silence of night by that one single wailing note, *clou!* that falls regularly on the ear, and seems rather a sonorous respiration than a chant."

It may not be without interest for our readers to know what the word *Sahara* means in fact, and the following few lines contain perhaps some information not familiar to all.

"Geographically," says M. Fromentin, "the Sahara begins at Baghar; that is to say, there ends the hilly region of cultivable land, known under the name of the Tell. The etymology of the terms Tell and Sahara is, however, not decided upon. General Daumas, in his work that is even now most valuable, after eight years of discoveries, *The Sahara of Algeria*, gives one etymology which I acknowledge pleases me, from its Arabic origin. According to him, Sahara comes from Sehaur, namely, the precise moment when in the twenty-four hours day is just about to be, but is not yet, and at which even in fast time it is allowed to eat, drink, and smoke. Tell, also, he thinks, is derived from Tali, i. e. the last. The Sahara would therefore mean the vast flat country where the Sehaur is most easy to appreciate, and, by analogy, the Tell would be the mountainous district behind the Sahara, where the Sehaur would be last to be seized."

At all events, M. Fromentin establishes the fact that *Sahara* does not mean *desert;* but is merely the general name or any country composed of plains, whether inhabited or not; and he teaches us that, accordingly as these plains are more or less habitable by sedentary or wandering tribes, they take the name of Fiafi, or Kifar, or Falat. Now, from Algiers to the Sandy Sea, or Great Desert, which commences at Touat, there are some forty days' march; so that, although when we are at Baghar with M. Fromentin we stand on the verge of the Sahara, we are not for that reason on the edge of the desert, or Falat.

The purely contemplative or poetic element is not the only one to be found in M. Fromentin's book. There is also a strong dramatic sense, and we would advise all who wish to seize the manners and customs of the Arab tribes to the life, to study well the descriptions of the siege of El-Aghouat, of the murder of the two poor Nayliette girls, of the encounter with the caravan of a Bedouin Emir or prince, and of the arrest of the native servant who had stolen a purse. There are characters, too, in this little book that will live for ever; and the French Lieutenant, the ostrich-hunter, the flute-player Aouïmer, and the Kalifat Si-Chériff would be well placed by the side of the finest creations of Cooper or Walter Scott.

As our limits will not let us quote every passage that tempts us in this charming work, we will end with the following, which gives an admirable picture of what the effect of a desert day may be upon a European : —

"We have enjoyed an incomparable day. My tent is opened to the south, which is what I like. All my companions are absent or plunged in their siesta; and thus alone I inhale with delight a warm moist wind that feebly breathes from the southeast. In front of me I have all our camp-horses, camels, baggage, tents; in the shadow of the latter are some human beings who seek rest; they are seated all together, but they do not speak. If a wild dove flies over my head, I see its shadow glide over the ground, so smooth is it, and I hear the sound of its wings, so absolute is the hush of all things round me. Silence is one of the most subtle charms of this land of solitude and blankness. It gives to the soul an equilibrium you know nothing of, who live in the midst of tumult; far from oppressing, it disposes the mind to pleasant thoughts; you fancy silence means absence of noise, as darkness means absence of light; this is an error. If I may compare the sensations of the ear to those of the eye, I would say that the silence that is spread over a vast space like this is a sort of aerial translucidness, that only quickens our perceptions, and lays bare to us the world of infinitely small sounds, revealing to us pleasures indescribable and infinite. By every satisfied sense do I absorb the joy of a nomad life; nothing fails me, and my whole fortune is contained in two trunks lashed on to the back of a dromedary. My horse lies stretched before me on the naked earth, ready at a word to transport me to the world's end; my tent gives me shade during the day, and a home during the night, — I take it with me, and have learnt already not to look upon it without emotion. The thermometer is at 32° [Centig.] in the shade, but neither heat nor light is oppressive. The latter is of an incredible brightness, — just like a second atmosphere bathes you equally on all sides in its impalpable waves, enveloping but not blinding you. Besides, the splendor of the sky is softened by such tender shades of blue, the color of the low heights covered with short grass, already dried to hay, is so soft, the shade, and all that produces it, are so tinged with countless dyes, that the eye suffers no violence, and the aid of reflection is required to understand what is the intensity of light."

But here we must leave our traveller, earnestly recommending his delightful little book to all who may wish to have a familiar idea of Arab life and of the strange attraction of

the desert. Strange indeed, but strong as strange, — for what are M. Fromentin's last words?

"The thirst one suffers from is beyond all words. Ever the same, ever unbearable. . . . . I think even to madness of a glassful of pure cold water. My whole being is transformed into the one raging appetite for drink. Yet no matter! there is in this land a something incomparable, that obliges one to love it. I think with horror that I must turn northwards; and on the day when I shall pass out by the door of the east never to return, I shall bitterly look back towards this wonderful place, and shall with deep, regretful longing salute the menacing horizon that bounds the desolate waste so justly named the Land of Thirst."

ART. X. — *The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its Origin in Greece down to the Present Day.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Library Edition, much enlarged and thoroughly revised, in two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857.

THE study of the history of philosophy, when pursued by means of abstracts and generalizations, must, from the nature of things, be to a certain degree unsatisfactory. Philosophers are in general close writers, as well as close thinkers. A thinker who has spent years in elaborating a system, and at last publishes it to the world, free from those rounded proportions and that outside adornment which swell the bulk of works designed to attract and to gratify the unthinking crowd, does not ordinarily say in a volume what may be as well said in a few pages. What abstract, for instance, can do any justice to the chain of reasoning by which Kant binds the soaring spirit of man within the darkness of his scepticism, in seemingly hopeless imprisonment, until he himself leads him forth again into the free air and sunshine? And if this difficulty is experienced in regard to a merely critical philosophy, it is felt even more strongly in those that are constructive. A mere generalization is most unsubstantial fare. We

need to see the slow process by which it attains its growth, and absorbs all things into its own nature. We can scarcely read an original work of this class, however much we may dissent from the final result at which it arrives, without gaining a new insight into the nature and connection of things.

The difficulty of obtaining a knowledge of such works by mere abstracts is of course more felt in regard to the comparatively later than to the earliest philosophers, partly on account of the greater simplicity of the earlier systems, partly because in regard to them the whole world suffers together. By a glance at one of these we can perhaps better understand the difficulty of which we speak. We will take as an example Thales. All that can be said of him is, that he asserted that the principle of all things is water. Nothing can seem more absurd, at the first glance, than this assertion, made thus boldly. This solid earth, the green trees, our own frames, seem by their very presence to belie it. Yet, if we should consider, in detail, all the facts by which it might be supported, and should compare these with the all-embracing generalizations of the Neptunian theory in modern geology, we should admire the broad grasp of the reason of Thales, rather than ridicule his simplicity. But this single sentence, which we have quoted from him, bears a much greater proportional relation to the speculations and observations to which we have referred, than do the abstracts of the systems of later philosophers, given in the common histories, to the systems themselves; and the difficulty in the former case is so much less considerable, as the connection of the thoughts in the latter is more concealed and intricate. The matter is made worse by the fact that historians in general attempt to give an abstract of the reasonings of a philosopher, instead of their result. What we want is what the Germans call his *Weltanschauung*. The historian should have imagination enough to place himself upon the stand-point of the philosopher he would describe, and, instead of leading his reader among skeletons of arguments, and ghosts of ideas, and huge systems of terminology, which are to him almost as bare of meaning as they will ever be useless for application, he should construct the world as beheld from this position. This, if it

were skilfully done, as in many cases it might be, would at once interest and instruct the reader; and if afterward he might wish to climb the height and see for himself, there could be no better course suggested to him than the intricate labyrinth which the author of the system has followed out, and of which he alone can furnish the clew.

We know not whether the histories of philosophy, that succeed one another so rapidly, do not owe their existence as much to the lack of satisfaction that is felt in this study, as to any other cause. Men have a desire to look into these philosophic mysteries. Each work that promises to aid them in this fails either to interest or to instruct them as they wish, and thus they demand ever new manuals. The work whose title is placed at the head of this article can less than any other, perhaps, be accused of dulness. The writer is lively and pleasant. Where others would put their readers to sleep, he amuses them, so far as the subject will admit, with his vivid fancy. This pleasantness, however, is in part owing unfortunately to a certain flippancy, which would be less objectionable were it merely on the surface. It seems, however, to extend into the thought, or rather to spring from it. Thus the philosopher, whose deep and intricate reasoning would almost appall any other writer who found himself forced to communicate an idea of it in brief, and who might perhaps only bewilder the reader by his attempts, causes no difficulty to Mr. Lewes. He turns him at once into a harlequin, and leads him forth to amuse the crowd by a sort of ground and lofty tumbling. This exhibition is greeted by laughter, instead of yawns, and doubtless the exhibitor congratulates himself on his success.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Lewes had not selected a field in which his peculiar talents would have been more appropriate. In works merely scientific, if he had wished, and had turned his studies in that direction, he might have done something to enlighten the popular mind. In studies relating to the literature and the thought of France he might have made himself especially at home. But, unluckily, he has devoted himself to labors to which his irreverent and superficial habits of thought are especially unfitted, namely, philosophy and German literature.

We are glad to see that the new edition of his History of Philosophy is less marked by that flippant conceit of which we have spoken, than the first. While he still boasts that he is the only person who ever undertook to write a history of philosophy without having any faith in the possibility of philosophy, he no longer claims this as the only proper stand-point for undertaking such a work. While he still does not hesitate to attempt an analysis of the system of Hegel, he does not claim any longer the peculiar honor of being the only person who has undertaken to show how it grew up in the mind of its author, and this without understanding its first principles. While the work is thus improved in some respects, it has not, we regret to say, gained to a corresponding extent in depth and insight. The distinction between science and philosophy was much more correctly stated in the earlier edition than in the present.

The author starts, as has been intimated, from the principle that a true philosophy is impossible. We certainly have no fault to find with this position. It is the one more commonly held by the world, and a writer occupying it is to be respected for the respectability of his constituency, if for no other reason. It is also the view most naturally taken by one who looks at things merely from without, whether in philosophy or religion. He sees sects and parties that appear in direct opposition to one another. Each claims to hold the truth. If either is right, it would seem to imply that all the others are wrong. The simplest way, then, is to affirm that all are wrong. Not till one has reached the central idea in either case, and seen how all grow out of it, and serve for the development of it, can this position be opposed with any show of reason. A candid expression of opinion is to be welcomed from all parties, especially when supported by sound argument and learning. If Mr. Lewes occupied simply this position, his work should be hailed as the first formal representative of it. If his position were controverted, it would be simply a free and honorable discussion. But when a writer, instead of merely announcing his lack of faith in that philosophy of which he is to give the history, starts with the most imperfect and fluctuating notion of what that phi-

losophy actually is; when he fails to perceive in their truth those distinctions which meet him at the very threshold; when he shows himself unable to grasp the thought of some of the most important writers of whom he treats; when he evinces a disposition to hold up as ridiculous what he cannot understand; when he thus ridicules works which he has never read save in part, and this part only carelessly; and when he supports this ridicule by gross mistranslation, — the case is changed. Such is the position which we charge Mr. Lewes with occupying, which charge it will be the principal object of the following pages to maintain.

It is first to be inquired, What idea does Mr. Lewes attach to the word *philosophy?* He acknowledges the propriety of this question, and informs us that he wishes to attach to it the same meaning which it bears in all other histories. He therefore defines it as *metaphysics*, in opposition to science. He subsequently includes psychology under the same head, where it properly belongs, and intimates that in that study some real progress has been made. On the same page he writes: "Vainly do some argue that Philosophy has made no progress hitherto, because its problems are so complex, and require more effort than *the simpler problems of Science.*" (p. xii.) Here it is distinctly intimated that the problems of philosophy are essentially different from those of science. On a subsequent page we read as follows: "The heights and depths of man's nature, the heights to which he aspires, the depths into which he searches, and the grander generalities on Life, Destiny, and the Universe, find as eminent a place in Science as in Philosophy, with the simple difference, that they are less vague and are better founded." (p. xiv.) All questions relating to God and the soul belong certainly to metaphysics. The moment we approach such subjects, we leave the domain of science, as Mr. Lewes defines it. He himself says: "To aspire to the knowledge of more than phenomena, — their resemblances, coexistences, and successions, — is to aspire to transcend the inexorable limits of human faculty." (p. xii.) God is certainly not a phenomenon; yet a knowledge of him is certainly the highest to which man aspires, and therefore must be included in the splendid promise quoted above.

Mr. Lewes's remonstrance, when a thought of this seems to cross his mind, reminds us of the reply that Mephistopheles made to Faust's first demand, after he had pledged himself to satisfy all his wants. Mr. Lewes writes, a few lines below those last quoted: "If we cannot reach certain heights, let us acknowledge them to be inaccessible, and not deceive ourselves and others by phrases which pretend that these heights are accessible."

In relation to science and philosophy Mr. Lewes writes: "The object of both is the same, namely, Explanation of all phenomena. Their cha acteristic differences, therefore, do not lie in the thing sought, so much as in the Method of search." (p. xv.) This view he admits to be different from that maintained in his first edition. He goes on to illustrate this alleged distinction by a twofold attempt to explain the phenomena of table-tipping; the metaphysical method being to assign some fanciful cause, without supporting its position by proof; while the scientific method subjects everything to careful experiment.

We have thus collected scattered remarks of Mr. Lewes, which may serve to illustrate his view of the distinction between science and philosophy. Let us look back upon them, and see what we have obtained. In the earlier quotations he intimates distinctly that their problems are of a different nature. On page xiv. he asserts them to be the same; which assertion is quickly withdrawn, as soon as it is seen to lead to undesirable consequences. In the passage last cited, he again affirms them to be the same, and this time holds his position. It is certainly a safer one for science than the one which he relinquished; for in that he had raised science to the heights of philosophic thought; while in this he brings down philosophy to the objects of scientific inquiry. He has before rightly stated that psychology is a part of metaphysics, and had admitted that the study of it had been pursued, at least in part, in the scientific method, to which it had been indebted for its progress. Now we read that science and philosophy differ only in their method. To which field, therefore, does psychology belong? We have already said that Mr. Lewes began his History with an imperfect and fluctuating

notion of what philosophy actually is. We think that the statement has been proved true.

Before leaving this part of the subject, we will refer to a method by which we might seem at first glance able to unite the two meanings which we have charged Mr. Lewes with giving to the word philosophy. Mr. Lewes himself suggests this (p. xxx.), though not apparently observing that such a reconciliation is needed. Philosophy has both a peculiar aim and a peculiar method. The latter of these is the most fundamental. Its object differs from that of science, because its method is different. Science, having adopted the experimental method, rejects all such objects of inquiry as cannot be reached by this; philosophy retains the intuitional method, and applies it to all objects, both to those which are included in the circle of science, and to those which have been rejected by science. Mr. Lewes is therefore right in speaking of the peculiar aims of philosophy, and at the same time in affirming that its fundamental difference is in its method. At least he is consistent with himself. A review of the points that have been stated will show, however, that this defence will not hold good. He defines philosophy as metaphysics. This is no loose and popular definition; for he states in his Preface that he is now writing for scholars, having been surprised at the reception which his first edition had received from them. His use of the term metaphysics must be the ordinary one, or he would not have used it in this unrestricted manner. The meaning of the word as given by Worcester is, "The science of the mind; ontology." This definition is sustained by the analysis of the word itself. Mr. Lewes retains psychology under this head, and admits that it has been pursued in the scientific method. Either this is false, or else psychology is a branch of science, and not of metaphysics. He asserts that the assignment of electricity as the cause of table-tipping belongs to metaphysics. Yet we think that either he, or any one else, would be puzzled to tell what this has to do with "the science of the mind," or with "ontology."

We ask the reader's pardon for this repetition. We felt it our duty to give Mr. Lewes the best defence in our power

against the charges we had just made; and no less, to show that these charges are not invalidated by our defence. This is not a mere question of words. It makes very little difference in what sense a man uses them, provided he make that sense clear, and stand to it. But when a writer undertakes to give an entirely new view of any subject, the first question is, not whether it be the right view, but whether it be any clear view at all. If he undertakes to treat of subjects which require the most subtile discrimination, it is worthy of notice if, in the very first question that arises, one indeed which he himself has started, he becomes confused, contradicts himself, and leaves no decided conception in the mind of the reader except that of his own want of any. If one should employ a guide, who had promised to lead him to the place whither he would go, by a new and safe route known only to himself, it would make some difference whether, on starting, he should first turn to the east, and then to the west, uncertain which direction to take. It would at least show his own incapacity for the business before him.

To illustrate more fully the imperfection of his notion of what philosophy is, let us examine a little more closely that into which he settles down at last. It is the explanation of phenomena, — such phenomena as table-tipping. He selects this example as one particularly appropriate, because the scientific explanation is fully established; yet what he calls the metaphysical explanation has been so recently maintained, and, he might have added, is still so generally maintained, that the reader can enter into the spirit of it without difficulty. What he assumes as the metaphysical explanation consists in this, — "that it is an hypothesis started, and taken for granted without being proved by experiment." The theory which is based on the interference of disembodied spirits, and that which assumes the phenomena in question to be caused by electricity, are alike brought under the head of metaphysical. What he calls the scientific explanation is, that the movements in question are produced by involuntary muscular action. It is called scientific, because it is based upon careful experiment. Mr. Lewes, as we have before seen, expresses the same anxiety to use the word philosophy, in the

sense in which it is used in other histories, as M. Jourdain in the play of Molière did to dress and to conduct in all respects like the quality; and he is about as successful. We think he would find no history of philosophy in which the term is thus used, namely, to designate the explanation of particular phenomena by finite causes. If science has any realm, it is precisely this. If the causes are assumed too freely, and without proper investigation, they do not on this account belong to philosophy or metaphysics. They constitute imperfect science. Or rather they bear the same relation to science, which the dreams of some wild enthusiast do to philosophy. They may be counterfeits; but whatever they are, it is science that must suffer from them. Philosophy has to do with far different subjects. The objects of its study are God, spirit, freedom, the world as an organic whole. These it does not take singly, but in their relations to one another. The form under which it contemplates them is that of necessity. It is not at variance with science, but it uses its results freely, and absorbs them into itself. If it has anything to do with particular phenomena, it is when it can regard them as the results of the absolute world-system. Then, and then only, does it assume the function which Mr. Lewes ascribes to it, namely, the explanation of phenomena. This is a distinction which he connot appreciate. He compares the certainty with which the philosopher speaks of the objects such as have been referred to, which are visible only to the intuition of reason, with the confidence with which some dreamer might speak of his conceptions of the nature of the inhabitants of Sirius. He does not comprehend that the one speaks of that which forms the groundwork of his own being, and which the eye turned inward, if not already blinded by the glitter of the outward world, could hardly fail to discern; and the other, of the outward peculiarities of beings most unlike himself. We have referred to this subject, not to give a definition of philosophy, but to illustrate the sense in which, with only minor differences, it is used in the works which Mr. Lewes would imitate, and to show by contrast the difference between this and the meaning which Mr. Lewes assigns to it.

Mr. Lewes's last definition of philosophy, or metaphysics,

for he uses the terms as synonymous, is well fitted to support him in the assertion, that the course of science is always onward, while that of philosophy is circular. All explanations of phenomena which are not thoroughly proved, he calls metaphysical. Any such explanation which turns out to be false cannot have been thoroughly verified; therefore, as soon as any scientific assertion is at last seen to be ungrounded, it at once passes from the realm of science into that of philosophy. Thus philosophy is burdened, not only with its own blunders, but with those of science also; and science is as infallible as the Pope. This is the only view by which the infallibility of science can be maintained. Take, for instance, the various positions of science in regard to light. First, we have the corpuscular theory; but shortly the existence of light corpuscles is denied, light is affirmed to be an ether pervading the universe, and the effect of light is produced by the undulation of this ether. At present, by the bold generalizations in regard to the correlation of forces, science seems on the point of ignoring even ether. The same is true in regard to electricity. The existence of the electrical fluid seemed established, if anything was; but now doubt is thrown even over this. Light and electricity, heat and magnetism, seem about to lose their existence as distinct entities, and to be brought together as mere modifications of one pervading force. This example, in which doubt is seen to be cast by science itself on what is still generally regarded as established by science, may serve as an example to offset Mr. Lewes's table-turning, which occupies the same intermediate position between that which is proved and that which is still doubtful. It may be said that the changes in science result in general from the progress from a narrower to a broader generalization, as its circle of facts becomes enlarged. But the same is true of philosophy; only its progress is more regular, being from within outward, and not the result of accretion. Thus Anaxagoras united the tendencies of the previous philosophies into his system; Plato again summed up those of the philosophers that had gone before him; and Hegel adopts all with more minuteness as moments into his own system. That absolute identity which formed the basis of the utterance of

Thales, and which was more clearly stated by the Eleatics, forms also the basis of the latest system. Principles which seem most opposed to one another, such as the absolute identity of Spinoza, and the absolute diversity of Leibnitz, both find themselves adopted into a higher generalization, where their hostility is lost. Thus the same questions continually reappear, as Mr. Lewes has stated; but it is as the cotyledons of the seeds of a plant reappear in the young leaves, the structure of the leaves in the flower, the divisions of the flower in the fruit. Thus the line of progress is not a circle, but a spiral.

For this progress the negative element is necessary. Thought is infinite; but particular systems are finite. As the body must die, that the spirit may attain to its highest development, so systems must perish, that the thought may pass on to higher spheres. And as the Church has taught that these bodies shall not be left for ever, but shall be raised, and glorified, and enter with the spirit into its purer state of being; so is it with these systems which have been cast aside, — the absolute thought still bears them with it, freed from their grossness and finiteness, as it presses onward in its free development. There must therefore be the element of negation, which shall do for them what death does for the body. Such are the periods of scepticism, through one of which we seem to be even now passing. Even in Germany, which has so long been the philosophic centre of Christendom, the national thought seems turned in a different direction. We have seen one of the most profound of the followers of Hegel, one of the four who formed the first class which listened to him at Jena, lecturing to a still smaller class at Berlin; and have then seen the throngs of students, which the largest lecture-room could scarcely contain, listening eagerly to the revelations of modern chemistry. If this were the first period of scepticism which the world had beheld, there might indeed be doubt whether this apparent death were not an eternal sleep.

But at present philosophy could be served in no better manner than by this enlargement of the sphere of science. Notwithstanding all that science has done, it is still a crude

mass of facts, — crude, when compared with that perfect generalization which is demanded for the purposes of philosophy. Thus must the alternations of the past be repeated in the future. But when science shall have perfectly subdued the world, then shall philosophy finally awake, and absorb its results into itself. No longer coldly reasoning, it shall be fired with Christian love; and science, philosophy, and religion shall become blended, as body, soul, and spirit, into one. Thus are scepticism as to the higher results of thought, and faith in them, fellow-workers for the perfecting of the race. These remarks may suffice with reference to Mr. Lewes's general position in regard to philosophy.

We think that it is in regard to the later German philosophies that a book like the one which we are at present considering will be most consulted. Owing to the peculiar stand-point which these occupy, it has been found difficult for the English and American reader to enter profoundly into their spirit. This difficulty increases that to which we have already referred, as inherent in all histories of philosophy. But the systems of which we speak are precisely those in regard to which Mr. Lewes's book is least worthy of confidence. The relation between the pure reason and the practical reason of Kant he has failed to bring out in its true light. He makes the practical reason depend upon the pure reason. This appears to us to be inverting the relation in which Kant left the two divisions of his subject. He showed the powerlessness of the pure reason to attain to certainty, in regard to the great questions of the Divine existence, and those which, like it, belong to the higher department of speculation. All the higher interests of the soul he would thus seem to have left undetermined. Here the practical reason comes to our aid. We have the moral law implanted in our being. We feel that, so far as our lives conform to this, they reach their true end; so far as they depart from this, they become failures and wrecks. But reverence for the moral law, and the consciousness of its importance in the attainment of the true results of living, are not sufficient to insure obedience to it. We need some other help. Without this aid we feel our souls drifting away on the tides of worldliness and

sensuality. We must have the belief in a divine lawgiver, and in the immortality of the soul; otherwise we cannot maintain our allegiance. Thus do the inmost depths of our being demand a God, as he who is drifting and struggling and drowning amid the waves cries for a deliverer. We feel that there must be a God, or that which is highest and holiest in us will perish. Speculative philosophy, if it does not affirm this, for the same reason cannot deny it. We cannot say that there is a God, but we can say that "there must be one"; and "a *must be* is stronger than an *is*."

It is in regard to Hegel, however, that the peculiarities to which we have before alluded are most distinctly marked. Mr. Lewes does not profess to understand his philosophy; that is, he continually speaks of it as if it were nonsense, which implies, of course, that it has *no sense* to him. It is easy to take the terms of any science, or detached portions of any scientific discussion, and make them appear ridiculous, or at least nonsensical, to one who has not the first principles of the science. What would be thought by such a one if he should hear, for instance, the account given in works on mathematics of the asymptote; namely, that it is a line which is continually approaching another line, which it yet could never meet, though it were prolonged to infinity? If he should open a work upon the calculus, how much would he find that would seem to him absurd! Such, for instance, would be the continual resolution of terms into infinity, which infinity he finds represented by a particular sign. Nay, even the simplest treatises on algebra would set his common sense at defiance. He would find, for instance, that two *minus* quantities multiplied together make a *plus* quantity; that is, multiply together two quantities each less than nothing and the result will be something. He would think that he had discovered the rule by which the shopkeeper made his fortune, who told his customer "that he sold so cheap that he lost on every article." "Then how do you support yourself?" was the natural question; which called forth the naïve answer, "O, by selling so much as we do!" Nay, his faith would stumble at the very starting-point. He would read $a = \lambda$, and out would come his compasses, to show that there

was considerable difference between them. Now the incredulity and common-sense objections of the person whom we have supposed opening the mathematical book for the first time, are not one whit more absurd than the criticisms and half-compassionate contempt with which Mr. Lewes treats the logic of Hegel. Of this feeling such expressions as the following may be taken as examples: —

"Such pretensions would be laughable, were they not so painful to contemplate. . . . . Of the three forms of Idealism, this surely is the most preposterous; and that any sane man — not to speak of a man so eminent as Hegel — should for an instant believe in the correctness of the logic which 'brought him to this pass,' that he should not at once reject the premises from which such conclusions followed, — must ever remain a wonder to all sober thinkers, — must ever remain a striking illustration of the unbounded confidence in bad logic which distinguishes metaphysicians; —

'Gens ratione ferox, et mentem pasta chimæris,' —

truly a race mad with logic, and feeding the mind with chimeras. . . . . This, it must be owned, looks like the insanity of Logic."

One would certainly think, that, before making such assertions as these, in regard to the writings of a man whose works impress one "with a sense of his wonderful power," he would have given a careful study to the system, and have arrived as near as possible at its meaning.

The very fact that Mr. Lewes professes to see nothing but nonsense in the works of Hegel, is, as has been said, a confession that he has not reached the sense of them. It would be very easy to show, by reference to particular passages, how far he has failed to attain to their true sense. It would be easy to show, in the same manner, how he contradicts himself in his assertions in regard to the system of which they treat. He calls one of them, for instance, in one breath, "frivolous Logic," consisting of "verbal quibbles." In the next, he says that it "is a work requiring prodigious effort of thought to understand"; and that, "if the student yields assent to the premises, he is sure to be dragged irresistibly to the conclusions." But, instead of pursuing this style of criticism further, we will quote a paragraph from Mr. Lewes's History, and will next show the basis upon which it is founded; and

the reader may thus judge of the spirit with which he approaches this part of his work. The proposition to which reference is made in the first line is what Mr. Lewes translates, "Being and Non-Being are the same"; but which we, considering the unphilosophical nature of our language, will translate, "Absolute and abstract being is nothing."

"Hegel admits the proposition to be somewhat paradoxical," he writes, "and is fully aware of its openness to ridicule; but he is not a man to be scared by a paradox, to be shaken by a sarcasm. He is aware that stupid common sense will ask, 'Whether it is the same if my house, my property, the air I breathe, this town, sun, the law, mind, or God, exist or not.' Certainly, a very pertinent question: how does he answer it? 'In such examples,' he says, 'particular ends — utility, for instance — are understood, and then it is asked, if it is indifferent to me whether these useful things exist or not? But, in truth, Philosophy is precisely the doctrine which is to free man from innumerable finite aims and ends, and to make him so indifferent to them, that it is really all the same whether such things exist or not.' Here we trace the Alexandrian influence; except that Plotinus would never have had the audacity to say that Philosophy was to make us indifferent whether God existed or not; and it must have been a slip of the pen which made Hegel include God in the examples; a slip of the pen, or else the 'rigor of his pitiless logic,' of which his disciples talk. 'Pitiless' indeed! — more intrepid absurdity it would be difficult to find. Remark, also, the evasive nature of his reply. Common sense suggests to him a plain, direct question, not without interest. This question, plain as it is, goes to the bottom of his system. He evades it by answering, that Philosophy has nothing to do with the interests of men. Very true; his system *has* nothing to do with them. But the question put was not, 'Has Philosophy to concern itself with the interests of mankind?' The question put was, 'If, as you say, Being and Non-Being are the same, is it the same thing to have a house and not to have it?' Hegel might have given a better answer, even upon his own principles." — pp. 728, 729.

The reader will be somewhat surprised to find how entirely misrepresented are the words of Hegel upon which this charge of stupid absurdity is made. Hegel does not say that in these examples particular ends, &c. are understood. He says simply, "in *some* of them," thus excluding the rest. His

expression is, *In solchen Beispieler werden zum Theil*, etc.* A few lines below, he introduces the serious and general reply to the objection, which Mr. Lewes demands, by the particles *aber überhaupt*, "but to speak generally." We will not accuse Mr. Lewes of intentionally misrepresenting the words of the author whom he is considering; we will not charge him with that ignorance of the German language, by which he failed to understand the meaning of the phrases which we have quoted. All that we say is, that he must have glanced hastily at the first part of the paragraph, and have left the last part of it unread. This is the care which he bestows upon the explanation of what he calls "the first proposition in Logic." We think the reader will not be in doubt whether the philosopher or the critic, making himself merry over his own blunders, best deserves the title of "frivolous."

Besides general misapprehensions, there is one other intimation that Mr. Lewes has never carefully read the work which he is holding up to contempt. In a note (p. 723) he says: "This play upon words is assisted by the German *aufheben*, which means 'to suppress,' as well as 'to preserve.' See *Ott, Hegel et la Philos. Allemande*." Had Mr. Lewes read Hegel's own exposition of his doctrines, he would have found this double meaning of the word brought forward and insisted upon, as an example of the tendency of the German language to look upon all things from the stand-point of the reason; and he would thus have needed no reference to outside authority. It cannot certainly be required, that, in preparing a work like the History of Philosophy, a writer should necessarily consult the original writings of all the authors referred to. He may often use the labors of others, so far as they have made the works of any one writer a particular study, and seem to have arrived at his true meaning. He may sometimes take their results as perhaps more to be relied upon than any at which he would be likely to arrive by independent research. Thus Schlegel can hardly be supposed to have read all the plays to which he refers in

* Vid. Hegel's Enc., Erster Theil, *Die Logik*, (Berlin, 1840,) p. 172.

his work upon Dramatic Literature. Thus the naturalist is forced to rely in part upon the observations of others. Without such permission as this, no general survey of any department of thought could be possible; and certainly none of all departments. In regard to the early Grecian philosophy, there is no other method of reaching the facts. But when a man undertakes to ridicule a work, and to affirm that it is simply nonsense, we have a right to demand that he have some first-hand acquaintance with it; or else that he state distinctly that he has no such acquaintance. Mr. Lewes intimates in his Preface precisely the opposite of this, namely, that his views are drawn from the original works of which he speaks.

In what has been said we do not wish to be understood as affirming that Mr. Lewes's work is entirely unworthy of confidence or respect. In questions relating merely to English metaphysics, he shows considerable subtilty as a reasoner; he has collected much that is interesting in regard to the Greek philosophers; his biographies in general are well written, and the value of the work is increased by a copious index. It has been our purpose simply to show that, in regard to the later German systems of philosophy, and all questions growing out of these, he cannot be regarded as of authority.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — Channing, *sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Avec une Preface de* M. Charles de Rémusat. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1857. 8vo. pp. 424.

An unusual attention to American literature and American authors has been given of late in the reviews and journals of France. Almost every issue of the *Révue des Deux Mondes* contains some criticism or notice of what is done on this side of the water in historical, romantic, or poetical composition. Ampère's luxurious volumes of travel have acquainted the Parisian aristocracy with the best side of American life and manners, while the sharp analysis of such writers as Isambert,

Rémusat, and Montégut has done more ample justice to recent American works than any examination in their own tongue. The best reviews of Prescott, Longfellow, and Mrs. Stowe have been written by members of the French Institute.

This new French biography of Channing is another sign of the time. It is said, indeed, to be the work of an English lady resident in Paris, and may not, therefore, be a perfectly accurate indication of French sentiment. But it is written for the countrymen of Fénelon, and its tone is that of an original French work, and not of a translation. The writer seems to know that her exotic is congenial to the soil, and will instantly take root and bear blossom and fruit. She writes in the confidence that the story of an apostle of freedom, of popular rights, of spiritual religion, will find sympathy among the nation which has liberated its slaves, abolished its feudalism, divided among its people its farms and its lands, schemed and struggled to realize a nobler theory of government, and, while holding the Catholic doctrines of the ancient Church, has resisted for centuries the Ultramontane encroachments. We have no doubt that the reception and the success of this work will answer to the expectation of the writer. The essays of Laboulaye and Rémusat, published at intervals within a few years, have already prepared the French public for a more extended life of Channing. The fault that we have to find with M. Rémusat's Preface in the volume before us is that it is much too short. We had expected from him a searching analysis of the character of Channing as a thinker and as a reformer, and this he has failed to give us.

The biography borrows its facts from Rev. William H. Channing's Life of his uncle, omitting those portions which are local and sectarian, and specifying only such details as are necessary to complete the portrait of the man. It is not extravagant in panegyric, nor is it a special plea for a Christian heretic. It is candid, moderate, and, so far as controverted points are discussed, impartial. The style is clear and vigorous, though not as piquant and exquisite as the style of the great French writers, and the errors are fewer than might be expected. There is some misspelling of names, as in the cases of *Havward* and *Narrangaset*, and it is rather hyperbolical to call the islands of the last-mentioned bay *innumerable*. The Philadelphia library is set at a low figure, fifteen thousand volumes. In the account of the inception of the Antislavery movement, and Channing's connection with it, there are some inaccuracies. More than a third of the volume is filled by extracts from the correspondence of Channing and from his published works; which, it must be confessed, lose something of their eloquence in the process of translation.

2. — *Souvenirs d'un Voyageur. Nouvelles, par* EDOUARD LABOULAYE. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 16mo. pp. 229.

IN this pleasant volume M. Laboulaye has brought together several ingeniously constructed tales, illustrating the manners of Italy and Germany. He is a graceful and skilful writer, and has the art of attaching a charm to very common and slight incidents. A member of the Institute ought of course to exhibit his classical knowledge, and we learn from numerous quotations that this story-teller, who repeats fairy legends, is also a scholar and a critic. The touching history of the "Jasmin de Figline" is varied by a nice bit of philological discussion about "Titius" and "Ramnes," and the personages in "Don Juan" are made to suggest lines from the *Ars Poetica* of Horace. Sly jokes are not wanting. The story of "Jodocus" gives us the picture of an English scholar, and the confusion of manners, tongues, and nations at Leghorn is summed up in a single proverb, that "if a Pagan had lost his religion, he could find it again in that city." The Italian canon is admirably drawn, shrewd, simple-minded, fond of a good argument and a good dinner, kind-hearted, and lazy.

The volume contains five stories, all of them entertaining.

---

3. — *Les Anglais chez Eux.* Par FRANCIS WEY. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1856. 16mo. pp. 319.

M. FRANCIS WEY belongs to the class of sharp satirists and sparkling feuilletonists, — to that "Young France," of which M. Edmond About is the foremost type. His book upon "The English at Home" has just that free-and-easy style of description, and that trenchant wit, which make a book popular in the French capital; and we are not surprised that the sale of the first edition has warranted this new, revised, enlarged, and cheapened issue. The tone of M. Wey's strictures is not malignant. He acknowledges the grandeur, the power, the massive solidity of English prosperity and of English civilization. He makes allowance for the necessary barbarism of a people separated from the polite world, and living in the fogs of that dull island. He is considerate, and often hints objections and faults which he does not fully set forth. But there are hard hits enough to keep the reader in perpetual good humor. The comparisons are original and very comical. Nelson's statue, at Charing Cross, horned, capped, and garnished with

a lightning-rod, is said, "on a side view," to resemble "a statue of the Devil." An old French officer, we are told, seeing the hideous statue of Wellington at Hyde Park corner, exclaimed, remembering Waterloo, "We are avenged at last." In the cupola of St. Paul's, one of the staircases seemed to M. Wey to have, like Jacob's ladder, "faith" for its support; he could see no other foundation. He quotes a remark of the grand nephew of the illustrious Pitt, "that the use of religion is to prevent socialistic ideas, and to help men in keeping their property"; and adds, "The English are a very religious people." The creed of the land, he says, is inscribed on the frieze of the Bank of England, — "Lord, direct our operations! Fortune for me, honor to God!" He characterizes Westminster Abbey, where men who had no bread to eat have now stones of monumental marble, as "a Jehosaphat valley of intellect and greatness." The English, we learn, justly name Torrigiano (who broke with a fisticuff Michel Angelo's nose) a rival of the great sculptor. That claim would be appreciated *in the country of boxers*. The reason why Englishmen do not like to speak French is, not that they do not know the language, but that they are afraid of being laughed at for their false pronunciation. The hooped petticoats he declares to be an English invention, and likens them to bells everlastingly swinging.

Some of M. Wey's statements are to be taken with large abatement; as, for instance, when he says, that on every afternoon, from four to six, forty thousand family carriages are circulating in the streets and parks of the West End; that the English never make calls or ride out on Sunday; that the noble art of sparring is losing ground; and that such characters as M. Lionel Banks, the "Protestant theologian," are to be found at Oxford. His observations upon English manners are often as shrewd as those of Mr. Emerson; and though the work of the American writer is far superior in philosophical insight and literary finish, its judgments substantially agree with those of M. Wey. It is a satisfaction to poor Yankees, who have been called so often to smart under the chastisement of English travellers, the Halls, Trollopes, Hamiltons, *et id omne genus*, to find that the same measure is meted to the nation which has ridiculed them, that the habits, the speech, the dress, all the vulnerable points in the life of self-sufficient England, are seized and treated by her ancient rival with a caustic severity which her own writers cannot reach. The wit of Paris supersedes the vengeance of mortified America.

4. — SOYER'S *Culinary Campaign. Being Historical Reminiscences of the Late War. With the Plain Art of Cookery for Military and Civil Institutions, the Army, Navy, Public, &c., &c.* By ALEXIS SOYER. London: G. Routledge. 1857. 16mo. pp. 606.

M. SOYER'S account of the Crimean campaign is more original, and far more entertaining, than most of the narratives of that sanguinary passage of recent history. It gives us a detail of what all other writers have strangely neglected. The *kitchens* of barrack, camp, frigate, and hospital are opened to our inspection, and we are allowed to see the process by which armies may be economically fed, and the wants of the palate and the stomach be gratified with poor opportunity and poorer material. M. Soyer magnifies his office. He has no misgiving that cookery is not the most sublime and important of professions. He has immense faith in himself and his noble art. He writes of the campaign as Lamartine writes of the last French Revolution, making himself the central figure, and grouping around himself the other heroes; — Miss Nightingale first, of whom he was the attendant, friend, and invaluable auxiliary, — then the various generals, Raglan, Simpson, Codrington, Barnard, Omer Pacha, Pelissier, — and then the statesmen, doctors, purveyors, and the like. His interviews with all distinguished men and women, titled and untitled, are related most minutely, with an exactness which more than rivals Boswell. Yet this dignified society does not shame his gastronomic enthusiasm. All this array of nobility and aristocracy is brought to assent to the eminence and honor the scientific skill of the greatest living master of the culinary art. The Duchess of Sutherland opens her drawing-rooms to the inventor of sauces as widely as they were opened to the writer of the most famous of romances, and the generals of the allied armies postpone their business and suit their convenience to hear the suggestions of this great dietetic dictator.

This very inordinate vanity, this exaggeration of the value of his services and the importance of his reforms, this singular simplicity of egotism, makes the Crimean cook-book vastly amusing. There is a sameness in its complacent gossip, indeed, but sapidity enough in the vivacious good-humor to offset the wearing effect of so much talk about soups and stews, coffee-pots and camp-stoves, sliced onions and salt beef. The anecdotes are flat, and the attempts at wit are appalling; yet, somehow or other, we get from the volume a better picture of the gay and convivial life of the camp, than we find even in the brilliant sketches of Russell. The elaborate narrative of M. Soyer's prelimi-

naries for his voyage, his swift journey through France, his inspection of the kitchen in the Bonaparte mansion at Ajaccio, his hot extemporized lunch at the Parthenon, his culinary observations at Stamboul and Scutari, his description of the sights and deeds which, in the discharge of his duty, he was called to encounter at Balaclava and Sevastopol, are all consistent with the prime philanthropic purpose of the book.

Kindly M. Soyer announces the secret of his power in the extraordinary list of receipts for hospital, army, and poor-house cookery, and, above all, for London suppers. Those who have patience to read them will doubtless find them valuable.

---

5. — *La Vie élégante à Paris.* Par Le Baron de Mortemart Boisse, Comte de Marle, Chambellan du Grand Duc de Toscane. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 388.

The high official stations of the author of this volume doubtless give him the right to speak as dictator of the etiquette of the fashionable world. He believes in forms and ceremonies, in bows, gloves, dress, and dances, with most religious devotion, and is confident that his plethoric treatise meets a most profound and radical want. There are many good things in it, certainly, — some most excellent hints, worthy of Rochefoucauld or Chesterfield. But most of the book is very light and trifling gossip, an agglomeration of poor anecdotes, poorer puns, vapid erudition on topics of ceremony, and inane rules of behavior. The prime theory of this Count de Marle is, that politeness is the great end of life, to play the courtier the highest duty of man, and to understand the laws of Parisian elegance the sum of all wisdom. How hypocrisy may be veiled, decorated, and gilded, the arbiter of aristocratic custom seeks to show.

The more trivial the rule, the more M. Mortemart Boisse loves to descant upon it. He insists that in a covered carriage with a lady a man ought never to wear his hat; that *gloves* have high antiquity, being mentioned as early as Homer's Odyssey and the Book of Ruth; that a man ought never to speak to a sovereign without taking off his gloves, or without using the third instead of the second person in calling that sovereign's name; that a polite man always arrives at a dinner-party *ten minutes after* the designated hour; that an impostor can be known by his style of eating olives (if he eats them with a fork, he is evidently vulgar and unfit for good society); that, in making calls, children and lapdogs ought never to be in the company; that one must never go into ecstasies in the evening over the beauty of any woman, since the next morning's daylight may give her a very differ-

ent face. These are specimens of the sagacity of this teacher of good manners.

His work has a systematic plan. It is divided into three parts, with an introduction on "The World in General," in which all the varieties of world are catalogued, the business world, the sporting world, the dancing, fencing, chess-playing, dinner-eating worlds, the world of ladies who have nothing to do, — a score or more of varieties. The first part of the treatise discusses *personal elegance*, in six chapters, — politeness, toilette and costume, gloves, forms of address and expression, the elegant man, and the elegant house. The second part, in twelve chapters, lays down rules for etiquette, for introductions, for meals, for a lost dinner, for gaming, private readings, *conversaziones*, great parties, small parties, tea-parties, private theatricals, and New Year's Day. There are some capital anecdotes in this summary, particularly the account of the stratagem of Kepler to get admission to the Society of Silent Brethren. The story of Dr. Johnson and the dinner at Litchfield loses all its pathos in the connection which here it has found. The third part of the treatise, on elegance in public, discusses *religion*, what good breeding requires in regard to religious forms, — walks and rides in and about Paris, — the theatres, — the chase, — and, finally, the turf. These last topics are rather out of the Court Chamberlain's sphere, rather too English to suit his taste.

---

6. — *Maurice de Treuil.* Par Amédée Achard. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 358.

M. Achard writes in the average style of the English novelists. His manner is quite different from the extravagance of Dumas, the satire of About, and the philosophic passion of George Sand. He tells a story in the most natural way, making the intrinsic interest of his details supply the want of brilliant turns in the composition. His imagination and his diction are alike pure, and he neither says nor suggests anything to call a blush to the cheek of the most modest reader. "Maurice de Treuil" is one of those French novels which it is possible to translate into English without outraging decency, and without losing the piquancy and grace of the original expression.

The story is of Parisian life in its present phasis, and the plot is very simple. The hero, Maurice, is a young artist, whose genius, at the commencement of the story, has already won for him fame and promises to bring him fortune. He is beloved by a young and beautiful orphan girl, poor as himself, who gains her subsistence by giving

lessons on the piano. In return he half loves her. But the intervention of one of his mercantile patrons, a proud, vulgar, brutal *roué*, who seeks to discharge a grudge against a former rival, by baffling a scheme of marriage which that rival is meditating, makes Maurice the husband of Sophie Sorbier, the only child of a wealthy banker and speculator, whose main object in life is to accumulate money and marry his daughter to a rich man. His wife varies this desire by a longing for aristocratic distinction, by an exceeding love of titles, by a show of splendor, and a determination to outshine a rival whose victory has heretofore been her despair. She is as mean and worldly as her husband, though in a different way. The artist friend of Maurice, Philippe Duverney, dissuades him earnestly from alliance with such a household, predicts that he will "marry the whole family," will be the victim of all kinds of domestic tyranny and uncongenial society, will lose all his zeal for his art, and ultimately all his ability, and insure by his folly a life of wretchedness. But the Fates bring about the match. The predictions of the artist friend turn out to be correct. Everything goes wrong with the man of genius, who has been willing to degrade his divine gift to an alliance with luxury, and vanity, and the dissipation of polite life. All the love of his beautiful young bride, whose virtues are negative and whose soul is enslaved to the will of an imperious mother, all his own high resolutions, all his shifts and expedients, cannot release him from his wretched bondage. The men and women with whom he is compelled to associate, bores, gossips, coquettes, and hypocrites, the style of conversation, the petty annoyances of every day, and the constant interference with all his own wishes, make the poor artist at last desperate, and he seeks a home with the friend who has taken up the treasure which he left and lost, a home in every respect the opposite of his own. All efforts to call him back are fruitless, and he dies of rapid consumption.

The drawing of character in this story is so strong and clear, and the vividness of the scenes so intense, that we could almost believe it to be an actual biography.

---

7. — *Souvenirs d'un Musicien.* Par ADOLPHE ADAM, Membre de l'Institut. *Précédés de Notes Biographiques, écrites par lui-même.* Paris: Michel Levy. 1857. 16mo. pp. 322.

ADOLPHE ADAM is the Lope de Vega of modern music, — the rapid, versatile, inexhaustible composer of second-rate and ephemeral works. Scarcely an opera of that almost endless succession which for

thirty years came from his ready fancy has ever been performed out of Paris; scarcely an air which bears his name is ever heard in an English or an American concert-room. He will be remembered as the writer of stock music for the "Opera Comique," the associate of Scribe, the favorite pupil of Boïeldieu, and the author of fine projects, which misfortune, want of means, and perhaps want of force, prevented him from carrying out. His death leaves a void in the musical world of Paris, but not a very disastrous void.

Adam inherited an illustrious musical name; and if he had confined himself to that work of improving and developing the resources of the piano-forte and organ, in which his father was a pioneer, he might have won a fame like that of Thalberg and Liszt. His mastery of the organ was admirable, and when it was known that he was to perform at St. Eustache or the Madeleine, the crowd of worshippers was largely increased. He wrote two masses, one of which is worth, for harmony and grace, a score of his ballet operas. His best-known composition, brought out in 1836, at a time when his popularity was at its height, is the Postilion of Longuineau. He wrote on every kind of theme, and turned into comedy some very tragic scenes. His first impulse, on reading a poem, was to transform it into a lyric drama.

The musical sketches which he wrote from time to time are collected by his widow, in the hope of repairing the loss of fortune which was the severest trial of his life. To die poor is the fate of most composers. As a writer, M. Adam is conscientious and dignified, but not very interesting. He does not know how to tell a story, and his biographical notices of Boïeldieu, Herold, and Dalayrac are severely simple. The most readable piece in the volume of his remains is his autobiography, which wins regard by its touching and manly tale of disappointment and disaster, borne so bravely, its proofs of extraordinary industry, and its accounting for that personal attachment which made the unfortunate composer the favorite of so many circles. The closing paragraphs are pathetic.

"I have paid my debts, but my brother has just died, leaving to me his embarrassed affairs, after having squandered all of my mother's estate that could have any value. I have therefore no hope of finding even a competence, much less, fortune. I shall lay something by for my wife and daughter, but it will be very little.

"I have unluckily no passion. I love neither the country, nor gaming, nor any kind of distraction. Musical labor is my only passion and my only delight. The day when the public shall reject my works, mortification will kill me.

"I envy Auber his love for horses, Clapisson his mania for collecting instruments. These are occupations which years do not carry off from you.

It is the fever of work and of composition which prolongs my youth and keeps me up.

"I thank God, in whom I firmly believe, for the favors, perhaps unmerited, which he has bestowed upon me; since, in spite of my ill-luck in business matters, he has left me ideas enough to write a few more works, which I shall try to make as respectable as I can."

---

8. — *Histoire de la Chute du Roi Louis Philippe, de la République de* 1848, *et du Rétablissement de l'Empire* (1847 – 1855). Par M. A. Granier de Cassagnac, Député au Corps Legislatif, Membre du Conseil Général du Gers. Paris. 1857. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1012.

M. Granier de Cassagnac appears as the apologist of monarchy and of arbitrary power, the defender of tradition against innovation, and the sworn foe of democracy, socialism, and all kinds of republics. He loves a strong government. He has no patience with any abstractions. He has no faith in the integrity of politicians, and no consideration for the rights of the masses. That dynasty, in his view, is the best for France which maintains order, suppresses demagogues, promotes brisk traffic, and rules with an iron hand. His religion is a worship of force and daring, and the first Napoleon is the God of his idolatry. He has transferred to the nephew something of the devotion which he feels for the uncle, and the present tyrant of France appears in these volumes as the most high-minded, tender-hearted, wise, and paternal of sovereigns, ruling by the right of merit not less than of strength. The crimes of the usurper become virtues in the eyes of his eulogist. That violation of solemn oaths, which has made the name of Louis Napoleon a by-word for perfidy, is defended here on the ground of state necessity. The will of "France" compelled it, and the reluctant President accomplished his *coup d'état*, not in his own interest, but most unwillingly, for the good of his dearly beloved people.

M. Granier de Cassagnac is a more vigorous thinker, an abler writer, and a more respectable man, than the vain and diffuse M. Capefigue, who has anticipated him in pleading the cause of defunct and existing monarchies; but his arguments are as sophistical and his adulation as servile as those of that advocate of Bourbon tyranny. He explains with tolerable fairness the causes which overturned the July monarchy; not regretting, however, the representatives of that defective *régime*, who had always upon them the original sin of an irregular origin. He contends that the Republic was a cheat and a surprise, — was never wanted and never accepted by the French people. His esti-

mate of the leaders in the affair of 1848 is not flattering, though he has good words for Cavaignac and pity for poor Lamartine. The weakness of the "Provisional Government" belonged, as he describes it, equally to the want of principle in the men and the want of truth in their system. He passes very lightly over their good acts, and exposes triumphantly their numerous blunders. Their mistakes are the foil and contrast to the providential successes of the great man who rose by their divisions and follies. There is a good deal of artistic skill in M. Granier's story of the President's warfare with the Assembly, and his personal vanity, which is not often obtruded, appears occasionally in the citation of his own articles from the "Pouvoir," as evidence of his influence in helping on the inevitable Empire. It will be hard if so timely a service shall not win a substantial reward from the lucky adventurer, who finds himself in this history to be all a monarch and half a saint.

---

9. — *The Convert, or Leaves from my Experience.* By O. A. Brownson. New York: Edward Dunigan and Brother. 1857. 12mo. pp. 462.

In this volume Mr. Brownson professes to give an accurate account of the progress and development of his spiritual life. The story, told in a simple and unadorned, though nervous and powerful style, is very interesting. It is a story of repeated changes, of successive religious experiments, yet of a steady logical process, ending in that repose of faith which seems to be the joy of all who, after many struggles, find refuge at last in the Romish Church. The tone is apologetic, but not of that apology which asks excuse for any errors or short-comings. It is frank, manly, and confident, — a statement of reasons rather than a deprecation of blame.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Brownson's speculations in metaphysics, theology, or politics, no one can deny that as a writer he is entitled to very high praise. To conduct, almost single-handed, for nearly twenty years, a quarterly journal which has dealt so ably with such various and abstruse topics, is in itself a remarkable achievement. The volumes of his Review, alone, bear emphatic testimony to his literary industry. No quarterly journal, moreover, has been more carefully edited. There are no marks of looseness, or haste, or superficial criticism, and there is almost entire freedom from the common tricks of rhetoric. Mr. Brownson strives only to present his idea as clearly as possible, to press his argument with all proper earnestness; and never

seeks applause for the manner which is not due to the matter. Unfortunately, he does not here succeed; and many who have no sympathy with his opinions delight in his masculine and racy diction, and admire the structure of his ingenious reasoning, even while they reject both its premises and its conclusions.

Besides the story of his own life, this volume gives numerous incidental sketches of the most distinguished religious and philosophical thinkers under whose influence the author has come. Cousin, Le Roux, St. Simon, Elhanan Winchester, Hosea Ballou, Robert Owen, Fanny Wright, Theodore Parker, Dr. Channing, all come in for a share of Mr. Brownson's honest strictures.

In the concluding chapter of the volume, Mr. Brownson ventures to point out some faults in the method and habits of his brethren in the Church which he defends so warmly. He finds, however, much more to praise than to censure. The most sensitive critic will hardly take umbrage at such mild and loving reproof. The Church of Rome has made within this generation many valuable converts; but none more valuable can be named, whether from the ranks of rationalism, or the halls of Oxford, than the author of this autobiography. It will be well if his co-religionists give ear to his counsel.

---

10. — *The Works of Horace, with English Notes.* By the Rev. A. J. Macleane, M. A., Head-Master of King Edward's School, Bath. Revised and Edited by Reginald H. Chase, A. M. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1856. pp. 588.

We do no more than justice to this admirable edition of Horace, when we say that it is not only the best available edition for general use in our colleges and schools, but the best beyond comparison. It is a republication of Macleane's smaller edition of Horace, which was intended especially for use in schools, with the addition of other matter taken from Macleane's larger edition. The additions consist chiefly of the arguments to the Odes and Epodes, which are especially important to the young student in enabling him to keep the connection of thought, which he is so apt to lose by dwelling for a long time upon a single clause or word. Indeed, we regret that the limits of the work did not admit of the introduction of the arguments to the Satires and Epistles, where they would be especially useful, and that not to the tyro alone. Macleane's commentary is admirable, consisting of short notes upon every phrase needing explanation, and not of a few long dis-

sertations upon the more difficult passages. His aim has been to give the student a clear and full idea of the meaning of every passage, and, above all, to enable him to catch the spirit of the poet, rather than to lead him into the region of abstract philology. Literal translations are generally avoided in the notes, except where they are the best or the only commentary possible; explanation of difficult constructions, information upon the various allusions to history, mythology, and antiquities, and a constant reference to parallel passages, are justly preferred.

We have spoken freely of the undoubted merits of the work before us. We crave the same freedom in mentioning a few points in which we venture to dissent from Mr. Macleane's judgment. We first notice a remarkable theory in regard to the numeral *mille*, which appears in the notes upon several passages where that word occurs, and which seems to us to overlook the distinction between the substantive and the adjective *mille*. In the note on Sat. II. 3. 197, we find the following: "'*Mille* in the singular is commonly an adjective; in the plural, perhaps always a substantive.' An exception to the latter part of this rule occurs above (Sat. I. 6. 111)." Perhaps the fault in the rule here quoted is, that it is awkwardly expressed, and does not mean what it seems to imply. It would be more strictly correct to say: "The form *mille*, when singular, is always a substantive, when plural always an adjective; the plural form *milia* is always a substantive." As to the supposed exception to the latter part of the rule, it could be found only by translating *milibus aliis*, in Sat. I. 6. 111, "a thousand others," thus making this expression identical in meaning with *mille aliis*. But what can be clearer than that *milibus* here, as always, is a substantive, and that *aliis* is the adjective? The expression thus means simply *thousands of others*, and forms no exception whatever to the rule. Nor can we agree with Mr. Macleane in his interpretation of Sat. II. 3. 61, where Horace alludes to the drunken actor Fufius, who would not have awoke,

"Catienis mille ducentis,
Mater, te appello! clamantibus."

We are glad to have an exegetical ground against admitting the fearful extent of intoxication assumed by Mr. Macleane, when he says: "If two hundred thousand Catienuses had screamed in his ear, he would not have heard them." We allude to these passages, as the interpretation of them seems to rest upon some theory about the use of *mille* which we wish had been explained at greater length by Mr. Macleane.

In regard to the much disputed verse (Sat. I. 6. 75),

"Ibant octonis referentes Idibus æra,"

we think that Mr. Macleane has hardly selected the best interpretation from the many that presented themselves. His idea that *octonis* is an epithet of *Idibus*, because "the Ides were eight days (inclusive) after the Nones," suggests at once the difficulty that the Nones were so called because they were *nine* days (*inclusive*) before the Ides. (Varr. de Ling. Lat., p. 84, Müll.) It seems to us that the most natural interpretation of this passage is that suggested by K. F. Hermann in the Marburg Index Scholarum for 1838 (quoted in an Excursus on the passage in Orelli's Horace), which is based upon a passage in Martial (Epigr. X. 62), from which we learn that the summer vacation of Roman schools continued until the Ides of October, and probably began before the first of July. This would leave only *eight Ides in each year* when the schools would be in session, and the sense of the passage must be, that the boys carried the teacher's pay on the Ides of every month while they attended school. The word *octonis* will thus be used in its proper sense, which it can have by no other explanation. If the objection be made, that at Rome the teachers were paid yearly, and not monthly, we should reply, that this is the very point of the poet's expression. He is illustrating the difference between the old-fashioned country school at Venusia and his more fashionable seminary in the city, and introduces this as a point of contrast; meaning that the great country boys, who carried their own satchels, carried also the pay for the poor schoolmaster once a month, instead of paying him at the end of the year.

We notice a single inaccuracy on a point of Roman topography, which we venture to correct. We find the following in the note on "ventum erat ad Vestæ" (Sat. I. 9. 35): "They had now had an hour's walk, and, having passed through the Forum, were approaching the Tiber, not far from which, and to the west of Mons Palatinus, stood the temple of Vesta, with the Atrium Numæ and Lucus Vestæ attached." We can only account for this remark on the ground that Mr. Macleane adopts the old view as to the position of the Forum, that it extended from north to south, or that he supposes the temple of Vesta to be the beautiful little round temple still standing on the bank of the Tiber, commonly called the temple of Vesta by guides and in guide-books. The position of the Forum, however, has now been established beyond a doubt by excavations, and the old view, although adopted even by Niebuhr, has lost its last vestige of support; nor is there any authority whatever for the name popularly given to the round temple referred to; and even if it was a temple of Vesta, it most certainly is not the famous Vestal sanctuary to which Horace refers. The latter stood at the eastern extremity of the Forum, directly opposite the still existing

temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Its position can be seen by comparing the verses of Ovid quoted by Mr. Macleane to illustrate another passage,

> "Hic locus exiguus, qui sustinet atria Vestæ,
> Tunc erat intonsi regia magna Numæ,"

with a passage from Servius (in Verg. Æn. VIII. 363): "quis enim ignorat, regiam, ubi Numa habitaverit, in radicibus Palatii finibusque Romani fori esse?" The *Sacra Via*, upon which Horace was walking, led from the *Carinæ* (on the slope of the Esquiline) through the valley of the Coliseum over the Velia into the Forum, passing through which it ascended the Capitoline Hill, to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

We make these criticisms, not in order to qualify our praise of this work, but rather to show how few imperfections we have been able to find in it. To write a good commentary upon Horace, is no easy task, and we are confident that no one has ever succeeded better than Mr. Macleane. We must always bear it in mind that we are speaking of an edition intended for young students, and not of critical and learned editions like those of Orelli and Kirchner. We are unable to speak as particularly as we could wish of the improvements made by the American editor, Mr. Chase, as he has modestly refused to claim credit for them, and has not signified in any manner what is his own. His name, however, is a sufficient pledge that the duties of an editor have been ably and faithfully performed, and that the value of the work has been increased by the labors which he has bestowed upon it.

---

11. — *The Testimony of the Rocks; or Geology in its Bearings on the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By HUGH MILLER. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. pp. 502.

THIS last work of Hugh Miller's is, as its title declares, an attempt to reconcile the revelations of science with the Scriptural cosmogony. An argument upon this topic coming from a man at once so devout and so scientific, demands respectful attention from the public, and even if it fail to convince the holders of opposite theories, it does not shrink, through weakness, from any conflict with its adversaries. As a contribution to science, and as a clear and calm statement of fixed facts, verified by personal observation, it is, like all of Mr. Miller's works, of great value and attractiveness. The tragic interest which attaches to it as the latest utterance of a mind which has added so much to the scientific and literary wealth of the last few years, deepens more and more as the reader turns over its pages, so redolent of the unflagging

enthusiasm of laborious research. We learn that the last proofs were sent to the publishers only the day before the author's death, and after the perusal of the volume we find little difficulty in believing that it was indeed overmuch brain-work that produced the despairing agony which led to self-destruction. We even fancy we can detect occasional evidences of the too strong tension of the intellect, the too prolonged strain upon the mental powers. Yet in none of his works does the peculiar charm of his genius manifest itself more forcibly ; in none has he more successfully united keen scientific analysis, and the lucid arrangement of data which satisfy the demands of the student, with the graces of style which delight the general reader, to whom, of course, much of his technical phraseology must be unintelligible. Probably no other scientific writer numbers one half so many unscientific readers as Mr. Miller. His manner is marked by *naïveté*, without offensive egotism, except where his enthusiasm rises without effort into higher eloquence. Several chapters of "The Testimony of the Rocks" possess an epic grandeur of movement wonderfully accordant with their theme, and unfold their thought with a majestic steadiness of purpose admirably befitting the stately march of the creative æons they portray. And by way of contrast with this, we have chapters of scientific detail, in which the structure of a tiny leaf or of some palæozoic shell is dwelt upon with loving tenderness, and painted for us with the most delicate faithfulness. Mr. Miller possessed to a degree perhaps never surpassed that rare power of vision which can adapt itself equally well to the vast and the minute, the distant and the immediate, — can see at the same moment the creation of a world and the unfolding of the flower-bud.

---

12. — *Quits: a Novel.* By the Baroness Tautphœus, Author of "The Initials." In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1857. pp. 612.

The "golden opinions" won for its author by the charming story of "The Initials," secured for any subsequent work from her pen a ready welcome. The quaint title of her recent publication awakens curiosity, and prepares the reader to expect something piquant and entertaining, — an expectation by no means disappointed in the volumes before us. The key to this title is found in the peculiar antagonisms of the hero and heroine, veiling, as they do, strong mutual attractions, and allowing an interchange of hostilities which it requires some skill to manage so

delicately as to prevent the infliction of any wound, which the assailant would be powerless to heal. This catastrophe is avoided by not permitting the parties to meet until the story is well developed, and by the ample amends which that meeting is made to bring about. The hero is invisible for a long while, though his influence is powerful over the other characters, and the preparations for his reception are on so grand a scale, and the rumors which precede his appearance are so numerous, that we are on tiptoe to make his acquaintance. All the men who precede him in the story are, so to speak, merely the soups and appetizing sauces which prepare us for the grand *pièce de résistance*, the Honorable Charles Thorpe himself. It is well that it proves a thorough English joint when it does appear; for it is subjected to tolerably sharp cutting by some of the guests. The heroine, whose first years are spent in wandering from country to country, and whose keen intellect develops rapidly under this nomadic treatment, is suddenly transferred to a life of utter seclusion and study, to attain thereby a rare degree of womanly dignity, and to emerge at last thoroughly prepared for the important part she has to play in life as owner of an immense fortune with its attendant responsibilities.

In addition to the decided interest of the plot, and spreading a charm over the whole work, are the many fine descriptions of scenery, which open up new and fresh regions to those who are weary of the much-trodden ground of fashionable tourists in and out of novels. These descriptions are so vivid, that the reader longs to spend a summer among the Bavarian Alps, and so skilfully are the changes of scene interwoven with the movements of the *dramatis personæ*, that we should feel quite as sure of meeting with Rosel and Long Seppel at the mill, and Madame Cramer at the shop, as of finding the crags and precipices of the Alps themselves. The author knows well the ground she treads upon, both literally and figuratively, and while her descriptions of nature glow with an enthusiastic love for the country she describes, her management of the conventional portion of the tale reveals familiarity with English social machinery, with the aggressive spirit of its *parvenus*, and the touch-me-not dignity of its aristocratic ranks. The removal of the social battle-ground to the free and unconventional Bavarian hills, makes the victory of true nobility over that of mere position less shocking to aristocratic prejudice, at the same time that it supplies the picturesque element in greater abundance. A genial and hearty tone pervades the volumes, and renders the *dénouement* altogether satisfactory.

13. — 1. *Sermons of the* Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, *of London.* Second Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 441.
2. *Sermons of the* Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, *of London.* Third Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 448.
3. *Fast-Day Service, held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Wednesday, October 7th,* 1857. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857.
4. *The Saint and his Saviour, or the Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus.* By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

In our number for October, 1856, we inserted a brief notice of this "modern Whitefield," whose first volume of sermons had just been republished in this country. Since then, in the short space of little more than a year, we have had a "second series" and a "third series" of sermons, a volume of religious essays, and a pamphlet containing a full report of the entire Fast-Day Service, held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, including the sermon, the prayers, hymn, selections of Scripture, expositions, and the concluding doxology. Besides these rapid issues from the press, he has been kept prominently before us in the frequent notices of him transferred from the English journals, and in the letters of correspondents in England to our own journals. And we ask our friend who has happened to visit London, "Did you see the Queen?" and next, "Did you hear Spurgeon?" There is scarcely any name more familiar than his throughout our land. His publishers here are reaping a golden harvest from his works, for which the demand, stimulated by the reports of his immense popularity as a preacher, has been very great. The sale has been increased, too, by the profuse commendation which has been bestowed upon his works. These volumes go forth sanctioned by the fullest and most unqualified praise of some whose names stand high in theology and in literature.

Spurgeon belongs, in theology, to the school of Calvin, — denominationally to the Baptists. His Calvinism is of a sterner kind than is found in our New England pulpits of the present day; and his sermons contain severe censures upon all departures from this severe standard. For a while occupying the pulpit in which Dr. Gill once stood, he proclaims, as nearly as any living preacher, perhaps, the doctrines which are taught in the writings of that celebrated man. It is, however, not our province to discuss his theology, which we leave to the able reviews devoted to that branch of study.

It must be admitted that Mr. Spurgeon is a young man possessing very remarkable ability of a certain kind. It is folly to deny it. Without the power of elocution that Whitefield possessed in his voice of surpassing melody and compass, and without the grace of action that ever accompanied its fine modulations, and charmed the eye at the same time that the ear was delighted, Spurgeon has, through the Sundays of successive years, drawn together audiences too large for the largest audience-rooms in London, embracing persons of all ranks, of every degree of culture, and of all varieties of sentiment, and has never failed to rivet their attention. To do this is evidence of rare gifts. And when it is remembered that he has hardly yet reached the age when ministers usually begin their work, that he has never had the advantages of a regular training, and, yet more, that he is constantly preaching, not on the Sabbaths alone, but on several evenings of each week, we cannot fail to see, in his published sermons, evidence of great mental activity. His acquaintance with the Bible is surprising; and we have often, when reading his works, said, "Whence hath this man this knowledge?"

In looking for the secret of his remarkable popularity, we see much that might well be imitated by the preacher who would wish in many respects to differ widely from him. The plans of his discourses are often exceedingly ingenious, and such as to fix the attention throughout. From the words, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place," we have a picture drawn of all that is pleasant in home, one's own habitation, its freedom, its safety, its affectionateness, and all this is very happily applied to God as the glorious habitation of a believing soul. From this sermon a single passage may be taken as an illustration of the best features of his style.

"God is the believer's habitation. Sometimes, you know, people get turned out of their houses. It is never so with ours: God is our dwelling-place throughout all generations. Let us look back in times past, and we shall find that God has been our habitation. O the old house at home! who does not love it, — the place of our childhood, the old roof-tree, the old cottage? There is no village in the world half so good as that particular village where we were born! True, the gates and stiles and posts have been altered; but still there is an attachment to those old houses, the old tree in the park, and the old ivy-mantled tower. It is not very picturesque, perhaps, but we love to go to see it. We like to see the haunts of our boyhood. There is something pleasant in those old stairs where the clock used to stand; and in the room where grandmother was wont to bend her knee, and where we had family prayer. There is no place like that house after all! Well, beloved, God has been the habitation of the Christian in years that are gone by. Christian, your house is indeed a venerable house, and you have long dwelt there!"

Sermons abounding in such pictures as this, though the painting is not the most finished, will catch and hold the attention. It was the more delicate drawing of such life-scenes which gave one of its chief charms to the preaching of Chalmers, and which holds us fascinated over the pages of the living Hamilton.

But we hasten to what is our main purpose in this notice. It is to hold up one characteristic of Spurgeon's preaching which we think ought to be regretted, and deserves to be censured by men of every creed; especially so, as it is fostering a spirit of the times which all good men must unite in deploring. Ours is an irreverent age. The due reverence for advanced years, for rank, for official station, for parental authority, for the sanctuary, for the most sacred truths and services of religion, and for God himself, is sadly wanting. We see the evidences of this everywhere, — in the family, in the church, and in the literature of the day. It is an age of bold, and in many respects reckless, thinking and speaking. Now whatever in the pulpit tends to diminish the little reverence that still lingers among us is to be deprecated. But in reading Spurgeon's sermons one is frequently shocked by the manner in which God and the most awful truths of revelation are spoken of. In the "second series" is a sermon on the "Resurrection of the Dead," portions of which are marked by a rashness of assertion, and a flippancy of expression, better suited to an article in a political newspaper, than to a grave and solemn discourse for the pulpit. We are at a loss to account for it that the selection of a theme so fearful, so sublime, so glorious, should not chasten and subdue the spirit of any speaker into harmony with itself, so that there should be something like the deep tones of an organ sounding through all his periods. How could a man take this theme, meditate upon it in private till he has framed a discourse of an hour's length, and then deliver himself in the style of some portions of this sermon? We had marked some passages for extracts; but we will, instead, refer any one who is curious to see an illustration of our meaning to the sermon itself, especially the passage on the 275th page. We read the passage, receiving repeated shocks to our sensibilities, and coming to its close with the conviction that this page is enough to condemn the whole volume.

Another passage of similar character, which we have no disposition to quote, may be found on the last page of a sermon on Election, in the same volume.

In perusing these passages, we have had before us three classes of readers. We have reflected upon the influence which they would have on the young, and have asked ourselves for what consideration we would have our own child's impressions of God and truth shaped by

such preaching. We have asked how sceptical minds would probably be affected by such teaching, whether heard from the pulpit or read from the printed page. And, again, we have inquired what influence this style of preaching would have on candidates for the sacred office, looking as they naturally are for models, when they see the popularity which this has won to itself, and the commendation it has received from some of the highest sources. And we have been constrained to conclude, that on all these classes the feature of the sermons referred to, their irreverence, must be in the highest degree injurious.

More than once, while reading these discourses, we have been curious to know, without ever expecting to have that curiosity gratified, how their author would pray. The pamphlet containing the services at the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of the recent Fast, reports to us not only the sermon, but the prayers, — placing one entire service before us. It was a great occasion. Few men have ever seen its equal. An appended note gives us the following facts: —

"There were upwards of 24,000 persons present at this service; and the amount collected towards the Indian Relief Fund amounted to nearly $2,500, of which $100 was given by Miss Nightingale. The Crystal Palace Company contributed $1,000 in addition, making a total of nearly $3,500."

It was in the presence of this vast assembly, on this occasion of awful solemnity, when a nation was bowing itself in "humiliation and prayer before Almighty God" under the mighty chastening of his hand, and when the very atmosphere of the land must have seemed to be pervaded by the felt presence of Jehovah, that Mr. Spurgeon stood up, spread forth his hands, and uttered a prayer, of which the following is the introductory paragraph: —

"'Our Father which art in heaven,' we will be brief, but we will be earnest, if Thou wilt help us. We have a case to spread before Thee this day. We will tell out our story, and we will pray that Thou wouldst forgive the weakness of the words in which it shall be delivered, and hear us for Jesus' sake. O Father, Thou hast smitten this our land, not in itself, but in one of its dependencies. Thou hast allowed a mutinous spirit to break out in our armies, and Thou hast suffered men who know not Thee, who fear neither God nor man, to do deeds for which earth may well blush, and for which we, as men, desire to cover our faces before Thee. O Lord God, Thou couldst not bear the sin of Sodom; we are sure Thou canst not endure the sin which has been committed in India. Thou didst rain hell out of heaven on the cities of the plain. The cities of Inde are not less vile than they, for they have committed lust and cruelty, and have much sinned against the Lord. Remember this, O God of Heaven."

It is something more than taste or propriety that is outraged by such an utterance as this. All our holiest sensibilities are sinned

against, and our reverence for God is outraged. Having read this prayer, we turned to a volume which lay on the table before us, and opened to an account, written many centuries ago, of a more august occasion than that in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and as we read the prayer which a young man then offered, as "he stood before the Lord, and spread forth his hands toward heaven in the presence of all the congregation of Israel," we felt the force of the contrast.

One who could thus address Jehovah might be expected to have little respect for human dignity or rank. The sermon which followed the prayer is in this respect what might be anticipated. A single extract will exhibit its spirit: —

"But, my friends, I am inclined to think that our *class sins* are the most grievous. Behold this day the sins of the rich. How are the poor oppressed! How are the needy down-trodden! In this age there is many a great man who looks upon his fellows as only stepping stones to wealth. He builds a factory as he would make a caldron. He is about to make a brew for his own wealth. 'Pitch him in! He is only a poor clerk, he can live on a hundred a year. *Put him in!* There is a poor time-keeper; he has a large family; it does not matter; a man can be had for less: *in with him!* Here are the tens, the hundreds, and the thousands, that must do the work. *Put them in;* heap the fire; boil the caldron; stir them up; never mind their cries. The hire of the laborers kept back may go up to heaven; it does not matter, the millions of gold are safe. The law of demand and supply is with us, — who is he that would interfere? Who shall dare to prevent the grinding of the faces of the poor? Cotton-lords and great masters ought to have power to do what they like with the people; ought they not?'"

There are other things beside rhetoric sinned against in this passage.

We have thus aimed to record our honest opinion, without prejudice, concerning this young man, who is attracting to himself, both in England and in our own country, so much attention. We have felt called upon to do this the more, from the indiscriminateness of the praise which has been bestowed upon his works. They have their excellences. The directness, simplicity, and fervor of the style, the richness and variety of the illustrations, the unfaltering vivacity, the frequent and often striking Scriptural quotations, — these are qualities which are worthy of being imitated, and which we should rejoice to see more prominent in the American pulpit. But, unfortunately, the defects to which we have referred are more easily imitated, and are therefore more likely to be reproduced among us. It would require neither great talents nor much study to copy the intensity of language, the fearfulness of denunciation, and the freedom with the name of God which is used in these sermons. It is in these regards, therefore, that we have felt called to record our opinion.

It ought, perhaps, to be said, that the judgment which we have expressed has been based chiefly upon a perusal of the first and second "series" of sermons. From a glance at the later volumes, we should think them somewhat less open to the criticism which we have made.

---

14. — *The History and Life of the Reverend Doctor* JOHN TAULER, *of Strasbourg; with Twenty-Five of his Sermons.* (Temp. 1340.) Translated from the German, with additional Notices of Tauler's Life and Times, by SUSANNA WINKWORTH, Translator of "Theologia Germanica"; and a Preface by the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley and Canon of Middleham. With an Introduction by REV. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D. D., Washburn Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 1858. 8vo. pp. xxxix, 481.

A MAN five centuries old returning into the circle of Christian literature afresh is an attractive novelty. Good men of centuries past, restored to us by beautiful reprints and friendly passports from our choicest scholars, are a rich addition to the spiritual wealth of the times. A strong life, an historic career, in any one age, augments the life-force of some later age very beneficially, if so be a fit time and mode are chosen to secure the public attention. These conditions seem to us to be happily met in the case of Tauler. A Dominican monk, — an erudite, finely-moulded man, — uniting in a masterly manner philosophic acumen with common and popular modes of thought, and attaining to high fame in his own day, — such was this ancient mystic. He had yet higher claims; for, as a master in his order, he plainly pushed the circumferences of religious truth and liberty of conscience to fuller width and more distinct position. He was a sort of Protestant chrysalis, splitting the stiff cerements of both monk and mystic. The germs of the great revival were in him, as fire in the bones. The men of faith who heard from his lips those sermons, heard a strong voice crying in the wilderness about an approaching kingdom of light and release from the leaden midnight of Popery.

This book might be compared to a beautiful antique chateau, with many and almost cumbrous porches and anterooms to be passed through before reaching the throne-room where sits the author. First, Professor Hitchcock, the American editor, with characteristic pertinence receives the reader, and with a radiant, almost magnetic lamp, illuminates the historic era in part forming, and in part formed by, this "certain learned master in the city of Strasbourg." The living man

is before us. "Up and down the Rhine he itinerated from Strasbourg to Cologne, from Cologne to Strasbourg, in monasteries and churches, in market-places and in the fields, holding forth the Word of Life in the face of a hollow liturgic formalism." A few such vivid pages reconcile us to the claim of one whose long absence from popular acquaintance seems to forfeit his right to a hearing among men. A Preface by the Translator, Susanna Winkworth, is a well-drawn schedule of the toil and care spent on her part of the work. Rev. Charles Kingsley builds the next *atrium*, in a very fervent and careful, loving and laboring Preface. Then comes the "History and Life of the Reverend Doctor John Tauler," a most curious relic of mediæval biography. It is drawn through fourteen stately chapters, with antique side-notes, which, like the dormer windows of the old Strasbourg houses, let in rays of light very dimly and fantastically. A learned and long account of "Tauler's Life and Times," by the Translator, completes the series of ante-passages, all of which occupy nearly two hundred and thirty-four of the five hundred and nineteen pages of the book. The Sermons, twenty-seven in number, find their guiding themes in the ecclesiastical calendar, in feasts, fasts, and saints' days. They have the intensely introspective character found in so many of the sermons of that age, but are much more vital in doctrine and practical in their instruction than was then common.

The book is a fine copy of the antique in shape, type, ornaments, and all external features, and will more rapidly and exactly acquaint a reader with the thought, feeling, and faith of the century it comes from, than any recent record we have seen. We pronounce it a genuine gem among the restored treasures of its period.

---

15. — *Three Eras of New England, and other Addresses, with Papers Critical and Biographical.* By GEORGE LUNT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857.

MR. LUNT is a writer and speaker of high ability and accomplishments. Trained from youth in the study of the best literature, and in the practice of the sturdy discipline of the law, his mind, originally vigorous as well as poetical, is peculiarly fitted to excel in the graver walks of authorship. He has been known for many years as a leading contributor to American periodical literature; he has written an excellent novel, in which the peculiar characteristics of New England society are ably delineated; and he has published several volumes of poems, which have given him a permanent literary reputation. It is

understood that he is now connected with one of the principal daily newspapers in Boston, and the strength and elegance of numerous leading articles attributed to his pen bear witness to the ability with which he continues daily to wield that most effective of instruments, the gray goose-quill.

In the present elegantly printed volume, we have a selection of papers and addresses written by Mr. Lunt during the last few years. The first is an admirable discourse on the Puritan character, under the title of "The Three Eras of New England." It shows a profound and careful study of the motives and policy of our ancestors, and an appreciation of their just claims to our affectionate reverence, never more timely than at the present moment, when we have drifted so far and so disastrously away from the steadfast principles of those great men. Nor is it undiscriminating. In his careful study of the days of our Pilgrim ancestors, Mr. Lunt has not failed to detect their personal faults, as well as the faults of their age. But he says with truth and beauty, "Reversing emphatically the sad doctrine of the sentiment uttered over the dead body of Cæsar, — the good they did lives after them, while the evil, if evil there were, ended with their lives, and is charitably interred with their bones." The style of this address is weighty, polished, and marked by a grave eloquence, excellently suited to the subject.

The next paper is a sensible, high-toned, and philosophical essay on the Daily Press. The duties of this great organ of public opinion and instrument for good or for evil, the abuses to which it has been and is made subservient, and its value as a record of the fleeting moments, are clearly and forcibly set forth.

One of the best articles in the volume is that in which the writer subjects Mr. Macaulay's brilliant, but very sophistical, paper on Warren Hastings to a careful review and analysis. Warren Hastings, beyond all doubt, was one of the world's greatest criminals. The noble and virtuous eloquence of Burke has placed his character, and his atrocious career, in their true light, with scarcely any exaggeration under the excitement of contemporary passions. Time has abated the force of public sentiment, no doubt; and the recent deplorable events in India may induce some to think less of the atrocities committed in a former age, under a different state of things. But historical judgment should rest on principles as unchangeable as truth. The English rule in India, on the whole, has been productive of incalculable benefit to the people of India. The conduct of the Sepoys in the late mutiny has been that of demons, not of men; and the civilized world will rejoice at their downfall. But our sense of right would be more thoroughly

satisfied, could we look back upon a great act of national justice inflicted upon the Verres of the last century, who commanded the perpetration of such intolerable wrongs. Mr. Macaulay's splendid article is a wonderful literary performance; but, in smoothing over the enormities of Hastings's career as Governor-General of India, he employs his vast powers in a manner which inevitably corrupts the truth of history. Mr. Lunt has brought his argument to the standard of a sound morality, and has exposed the fallacies of the brilliant Englishman with courtesy, but with uncompromising allegiance to historical and moral truth. We commend this paper to the especial consideration of readers at the present moment.

The next article is a beautiful address delivered several years ago before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. This is followed by a judicious and appreciative sketch of the Works and Character of Fisher Ames; and the next paper is a feeling and excellent notice of the late Hon. Charles Jackson. The volume closes with two brief but very pleasant papers, one upon Mr. Choate's well-remembered lecture on Rogers and his Times, and the last a "Shakespearian Research," being an ingenious criticism on a passage in Romeo and Juliet.

We have had great pleasure in reading this little volume. It is crowded with wise and weighty philosophy and thoughtful beauty. It is not likely to be hurried into immediate popularity among the lovers of impassioned reading; but it will gradually win its way to the minds and hearts of the reflective portion of the community, and will be cherished as embodying the well-considered opinions of one whose experience of life and literature and whose ripened culture give him a right to be heard.

---

16. — *Mental Philosophy: including the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will.* By Joseph Haven, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Amherst College. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 590.

We would gladly devote a competent space to the analysis and criticism of this admirable text-book, and we may in a subsequent number recur to it in the endeavor to do it justice. It is distinguished by a complete and exhausting division, lucid arrangement, and a style at once concise and clear, simple and elegant. It makes no pretence to originality of speculation; but it shows that every topic discussed has passed through the crucible of the author's own mind, and where we could not anticipate novelty, we find freshness of statement and illus-

tration. The portion of the work which interests us the most is that on the Will. Here Professor Haven combats one by one the Protean forms in which the atalism of the ancients comes up under successive philosophical and religious disguises. In treating of the Divine influence, he was compelled to cross the confines of theology, and has ably vindicated the freedom of the human will as guaranteed against intrusion even on the part of its Author, who yet, in his own reserved modes of access to the consciousness, may "present such motives as shall seem to the mind weighty and sufficient," and may thus lead to a right choice in the same way (though with a surer aim) in which men by the presentation of motives affect one another's free volitions.

We ought not to omit saying, that each leading division of this treatise is closed by an historical sketch of the progress of thought and the range of speculation on that one portion of intellectual science.

17.— *Cosmogony, or the Mysteries of Creation: being an Analysis of the natural Facts stated in the Hebraic Account of the Creation, supported by the Development of existing Acts of God toward Matter.* By THOMAS A. DAVIES. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1857. 8vo. pp. 415.

MR. DAVIES is manifestly a man of extensive erudition, and a vigorous and independent thinker, but not a clear writer. His book is a fresh, and in many respects an original, discussion of the Mosaic Cosmogony, as affecting and affected by the facts and deductions of modern science. He maintains on philological and defends on scientific grounds the literal construction, by which the six days of creation are made days of twenty-four hours each. He meets the geological difficulties in the way of this interpretation, by supposing that the pre-Adamic fossil plants and animals never existed in any other than their present state. "The mineral fossil is the simple mineral aggregation of crystals, and presents no more proof of the animal's having lived on the earth, than the first tree did, when it came from the hand of God, of its previous existence." This theory was indeed suggested by Chateaubriand in his "Génie du Christianisme," and it was not unworthy of the conceited Frenchman, who loved to promulgate the vagaries of an errant fancy as the last dicta of philosophy; but we did not expect to see it revived or copied at this late day. "All things," it is said, "are possible with God"; yet with reverence we would maintain that it is not possible, because not consistent with his veracity, for him to create appearances which, by the legitimate con-

clusions of analogy and sound reason, mean and indicate the opposite of the truth. As well might we maintain the delusiveness of all astronomical reasoning, and deny the earth's rotation and the sun's superior magnitude, because the ancient system of the universe is recognized by Moses.

On one topic Mr. Davies opens a new route for Biblical inquiry. He denies *on Scriptural grounds* the descent of the human race from a single pair. He supposes that God created on the sixth day types and progenitors of the various races of men, of which it fell within the historian's purpose to follow up the record only of the parent stock to which the Hebrews traced their descent. All Biblical scholars very well know that the same Hebrew word, through the first five chapters of Genesis, is translated sometimes "Adam," sometimes "man," sometimes "the man," and this without reference to the presence or absence of the article in the text. Mr. Davies, by sometimes using the generic term where our translators employ the individual designation, and *vice versa*, furnishes a rendering which serves his purpose, in which we can detect no error, and which certainly deserves the attention of Hebrew critics. Such an exposition relieves the sacred record from asserting or sanctioning the relations — too abhorrent from the dictates alike of natural fitness and revealed religion to be specified — which on the commonly received hypothesis must have existed among Adam's children.

---

18. — *Climatology of the United States, and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent, embracing a full Comparison of these with the Climatology of the Temperate Latitudes of Europe and Asia. And especially in regard to Agriculture, Sanitary Investigations, and Engineering. With Isothermal and Rain Charts for each Season, the Extreme Months, and the Year. Including a Summary of the Statistics of Meteorological Observations in the United States, condensed from Recent Scientific and Official Publications.* By Lorin Blodgett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 536. Charts and Plates XIII.

We can convey in a brief notice no adequate idea of the magnitude and interest of this work, of the variety of sources that have been laid under contribution to its contents, and of the toil and skill requisite to adapt them for use, and to deduce the general facts, principles, and laws which they suggest or verify. Mr. Blodgett has collated all the observations bearing upon climate made at the United States military posts since

1819, and at the New York Academies since 1824, the collections furnished from various quarters to aid Mr. Espy in his researches, and the statistics that have been accumulating under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. These are the basis, not of inferences, but of authentic generalizations. The author, instead of suggesting theories to which facts must be bent, or else thrown aside, has no theories which are not contained in continuous sequences of facts. His plan necessarily led to comparative views of the statistics of our own country with those of other portions of the globe, and thus to the determination of those features of physical geography which have a discernible influence on climate, such as the configuration of continents, the proportion of land and water, the altitude and direction of mountain chains, and the general or average elevation of the surface. The prevalent winds of the United States are also compared with those of Europe, with the view of ascertaining their conditions and laws. Another important range of observation includes the direction, velocity, antecedents, and limits of our winter storms, of which statistics from hour to hour and at numerous points, covering a space of from ten to fifteen years, have furnished certainly an ample basis for general conclusions. Isothermal Charts, designating the mean distribution of heat in the United States, for the months, for the seasons, and for the year, and Hyetal Charts, giving the mean fall of rain for the seasons and for the year, are constructed with the most elaborate care, and accompanied with such explanations as are needed to facilitate their use. We have also, in three successive chapters, an accurate determination of the climatological range of native forests and vegetation; of maize, sugar-cane, cotton, and the grape; and of the cereal grains and the grasses. These are followed by a chapter on the "General Sanitary Relations of the United States Climate," with such tabular views as have been furnished by our very imperfect sanitary statistics. As to the permanence of climate Mr. Blodgett gives satisfactory reasons for departing from the popular belief of its secular variations, statistics where obtainable indicating no essential change, while the general impression to the contrary may be accounted for by the transmitted traditions of exceptional years. Under this head, he classes many of the supposed modifying causes, as effects, of climate. "If the most extreme desert surface of the earth were brought under the conditions prevailing in the British Islands, for instance, those conditions would clothe it with vegetation and cultivable soil."

We have but indicated a small portion of the contents of this massive, closely printed, and fact-full volume. It has received the unqualified approval of Baron Humboldt, and cannot but attract through the

scientific world the most emphatic verdict of commendation. It is second to no production of the day in the marks of patient industry, careful elaboration, lucid method, and philosophic reasoning. As an American work, it does honor to the nation; as a contribution to science, its importance cannot be overrated.

19.—1. *Mabel Vaughan.* By the Author of "The Lamplighter." Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 508.

2. *Here and Hereafter; or, The Two Altars.* By ANNA ATHERN, Author of "Step by Step; or, Delia Arlington." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 376.

MABEL VAUGHAN has disappointed our expectations in a way in which we are glad to be disappointed. To our mind it very far outdistances its predecessor in merit. In "The Lamplighter," we admired the personage that gives name to the book, and could not but sympathize with the fortunes of the heroine; yet the story did not seem to us skilfully constructed, and many of the incidents were beyond the range of even a novelist's probability. In this new tale, Mabel, the central figure, yields in interest to no character of recent fiction; the plot is strongly conceived, and developed naturally and happily; and the sketches of rural, city, and Western life are wonderfully fresh, vivid, and authentic. At the same time, the story, in its main series of events, in its by-plots, in its mere details, is fraught with the highest truths of morality and religion; and these are not obtruded upon the reader, but so incorporated with the whole texture of the tale, that he must either take them in, or leave the book unread. We note also a marked improvement in style, and cannot but predict for the accomplished author a high and enduring place among our American novelists.

We can see no reason to slacken or essentially vary our eulogy, in passing to "Here and Hereafter." It is a continuation of "Delia Arlington," the story of the two marriages which did *not* take place in that pioneer volume. Here the distinctively religious purpose is more prominent than in "Mabel Vaughan"; but, as there, the lessons of faith and piety are embodied in the life-experiences of the characters, not set forth in formal dialogues or in the author's running commentary. Indeed, were we to specify one among the many features of high artistic excellence in "Here and Hereafter," it would be the simplicity, naturalness, lifelikeness, of the conversations.

20. — *Waverley Novels.* Household Edition. *The Bride of Lammermoor.* In 2 vols. — *Ivanhoe.* In 2 vols. — *The Monastery.* In 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857.

We are glad to find that, in the stagnation of the book-trade in common with other branches of business, it has not been found expedient to slacken the progress of this series through the press. Those who read the Waverley Novels as they first appeared, or in the earlier editions, can hardly know how much light is thrown upon them, and how much added interest is given to them as a whole, and to salient points in each story, by the author's Introductions and Notes. The publishers of the Household Edition have spared neither skill nor cost, and have displayed their well-known delicacy of taste, in all the accessories which depend on them. The lovers of Scott could ask no more fitting garb for his creations. Such books constrain a reperusal; and we believe that no man has really read these novels who has read them but once, so utterly impossible is it, when we are urged on by the unflagging interest of the tale, to take in those charms of diction, those coincidences with history, those inimitable shadings of character, those felicitous touches of humor or of pathos, which make every page a study.

---

21. — 1. *A Practical Guide to English Pronunciation. For the Use of Schools.* By Edward J. Stearns, A. M. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. lxxx, 55.

2. *Alphabetical Recitation List; to accompany the Pronouncing Guide.* By Edward J. Stearns, A. M. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. pp. 55.

We are acquainted with no other manual that holds the place assumed by Mr. Stearns's "Guide," nor can we see how the work could have been accomplished more thoroughly and happily than it has been wrought by him. His Introduction embodies the principles on which he has determined pronunciation in questionable cases, with an enumeration of the prevalent errors to be avoided. This is followed by lists of words, arranged respectively under the rules that should govern them, and, where necessary, with the false pronunciations to be shunned in parallel columns. The volume closes with an alphabetical catalogue of the words embraced in the body of the work, with a numerical reference to the rule under which each is to be found. The Recitation List is an alphabetical list of words, without marks or references of any

kind, which the pupil is to have before him, and from which he is to read the words as he has learned to pronounce them in the "Guide." When we consider the amount of wrong, vulgar, unanalogical, absolutely offensive pronunciation that is current, and that not only among the uncultured, but among the refined and well-educated, at the bar and in the pulpit, and when we remember, each for himself, the difficulty experienced in correcting mispronunciations that have become habitual, we cannot but attach a very high value to an educational manual in this department. Mr. Stearns's book ought to be adopted at once into every grammar school, high school, and academy in the land.

---

22. — *City Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 138.

WE were not among the admirers of Alexander Smith's first poems; and in these, while we find less to reprehend and more to praise, we occasionally detect a sensuousness which is not to our taste, and it seems to us that they are characterized rather by flashes of poetic fire, and felicitous *morceaux* of description and sentiment, than by sustained merit, either of thought, diction, or rhythm. But there is undeniable wealth of fancy in the brain that could give birth to such passages as these: —

"The stream of my existence boils and leaps
Through broken rainbows 'mong the purple fells,
And breaks its heart 'mid rocks, close-jammed, confined,
And plunges in a chasm black and blind,
To rage in hollow gulfs and iron hells,
And thence escaping, tamed and broken, creeps
Away in a wild sweat of beads and bells." — p. 65.

"A sudden veil
Of rain dimmed all; and when the shade drew off,
Before us, out toward the mighty sun,
The firth was throbbing with glad flakes of light.
The mountains from their solitary pines
Ran down in bleating pastures to the sea." — p. 100.

"Thou, Love, who wrapt
Thyself in flesh, and sat awhile disguised
At the rude feast of our Humanity,
And tasted every sweet and bitter there,
Then rose and unsuspected went away;
Who loved the humble ones at Bethany;

Who wept o'er Lazarus, and with thy tears
Comforted all the family of grief
In every time, in every far-off land ; —
Thou, infinite Tenderness, wilt pardon me
If my heart murmured when my lips were still.
Our life is noble, Thou hast breathed its air ;
Death sweet, for Thou hast died. On Thy way home
One night thou slept'st within the dreadful grave,
And took away its fear. O, smile on me !
The world and I have done ; with humble heart
I sit down at thy glorious gates and wait
Till death shall lead me in." — p. 131.

---

23. — *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century.* Selected and edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bearwood. With English and American Additions, arranged by Evert A. Duyckinck, Editor of the Cyclopædia of American Literature. Illustrated with one hundred and thirty-two Engravings, drawn by eminent Artists. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 616.

This volume consists chiefly of well-known poems, in part by the confessedly classical authors from Beattie downward, and in part by those who are worthily favorites with their own generation, yet have a less certain hold upon posterity. Mr. Willmott's collection was made solely from British poets. Mr. Duyckinck has added a few English poems, with numerous selections from American authors. Both editors have performed their task with faultless taste and discriminating judgment. The illustrations are, many of them, of exquisite design, and are all appropriate and well executed. About one fourth of them are by American artists. The designs of the Brothers Dalziel among the English, and those of Darley among the American illustrations, are amply worthy of the names they bear. The mechanical execution of the work — paper, type, binding — is adapted to make it a favorite among the gift-books of the season and of successive seasons; and it is very seldom that so much choice literature in a form so beautiful and attractive can be placed on a drawing-room table.

---

24. — *Letters from the Slave States.* By James Stirling. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857. 16mo. pp. 374.

Mr. Stirling is an intelligent and highly educated Scotchman,

candid, earnest, discriminating, and humane. He spent about six months of the years 1856 and 1857 in travelling in the Slave States, and the book before us consists of the letters written during that period. He expresses admiration for the general working of our republican institutions, a high appreciation of what our nation has achieved, hope for its future, and a strong desire for the most amicable relations of government with government, people with people, between the mother country and our own. The following paragraph is but a fair specimen of the pervading tone of the book as regards international feeling and action.

"England, too, must see to it, that she treat American progress in a right spirit. If we are to look on America as a rival power, which can only expand at our expense, we shall never get rid of old, mean jealousies, and our policy will be to hem her in with hostile settlements, seizing on every marshy river-mouth and rocky islet as a vantage-ground from which to battle with her onward progress. If, on the contrary, we view American civilization in a more generous and cosmopolitan sense, as a part of that great work of human ennoblement in which all cultivated nations are fellow-laborers, we shall be careful not to cross her path, and will seek rather, as far as duty and honor permit, to withdraw from all vague possessions and dim 'protectorates,' which bring us into collision with her expanding power. In so doing, we shall also best study our real interests. The most generous policy is also the wisest."—pp. 367, 368.

The subject of slavery of course occupies a large place in Mr. Stirling's book, and is discussed by him more soberly and wisely than we had expected ever to see it treated by a foreign hand. He admits the difficulties with which this institution is encompassed, — the obstacles to its removal, no less than the hardships connected with its continuance. He repels also from the South the charge of systematic or habitual cruelty toward the subject race. But, by a series of comparative views between the Free and the Slave States, he attempts to prove — *proves* we should say, had not figures of late been made to lie so often — that the conditions of labor in the latter are injurious both economically and socially, affecting essentially the price and productiveness of land, the quality of industry, the elasticity of enterprise, and the energy of progress. The work is written throughout with so much caution in statement and kindness in spirit, that we could heartily desire its circulation in the States of which it treats. It would not be popular at the North; for it entirely lacks that delightful element of recrimination and abuse, without which a work on slavery would fall dead in our market. But we believe that it would be received by large numbers of our Southern fellow-citizens with a candor answering to its own.

25. — *The Greyson Letters: Selections from the Correspondence of* R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by Henry Rogers. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 518.

We have two opinions about the Greyson Letters. If they had been portions of an actual correspondence, we should have deemed their author among the most agreeable epistolary writers of modern times. But if Mr. Rogers had any high philosophic aim in the construction of these imaginary letters, he has not made it manifest. Some portions of the book are simply amusing; others treat seriously the gravest problems in morals, sociology, and religion. The writer's humor, though it often compels to laughter, has really nothing mirthful about it, but is his mode of expressing disparagement, contempt, scorn, and indignation. His best *bon-mots* remind us of the grim wit which flowed from John Foster's pen when he was really angry. Mr. Rogers is a keen logician, rather than an able reasoner. His logomachy is irresistible; with many of his conclusions we coincide; but we can hardly conceive of his ability to alter our convictions on any point. His reverence for revelation and its highest truths is profound; but it seems to us the reverence of a Jew rather than of a Christian, the putting off of the shoes rather than the opening of the heart, keeping ward in the outer court rather than entering behind the rent veil. There is thus, on all these themes, a lack of tenderness, fervor, pathos, — in fine, of the kind of eloquence which helps the reason through the affections; and his whole manner seems to us to be characterized by those contradictions in terms, — earnestness unfeigned, but heartless, and zeal intense, but cold.

---

26. — *The Hand-Book of Household Science. A Popular Account of Heat, Light, Air, Aliment, and Cleansing, in their Scientific Principles and Domestic Applications. With numerous Illustrative Diagrams.* By Edward L. Youmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 447.

We are amazed at the amount of scientific matter condensed and simplified in this volume. It serves a double purpose, in expounding the phenomena of every day's experience, and, wherever there is a choice of methods, in suggesting the best modes of doing things. Thus, on that theme of universal interest in our climate, the heating of houses, and on that still more vital, though shamefully neglected concern, their

ventilation, it seems to us that no builder or householder need look beyond this book for a full conception of the ends to be sought, and of the relative adequacy of the different mechanical contrivances for effecting them. So, too, as regards food, not only is the digestive process thoroughly analyzed, and the elementary constitution and chemical action of the various kinds of aliment described; but there are also culinary hints of wonderful number and variety, with lucid explanations of usually observed and familiar, but seldom understood, processes and results in that department of household industry. In fine, this is one of those manuals for current reference, which, when we have once begun to use them, we are ever after reluctant to have beyond our easy reach.

---

27. — *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL. D., D. C. L. With Portrait; Maps by Arrowsmith; and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 732.

THIS volume has reached us too late for us to say anything of it, except that it fully justifies the encomiums of the English press that have preceded its republication. We have been waiting only for its appearance, and for the completion of Barth's "North and Central Africa," to claim from a valued contributor a promised article, comprising a *résumé* of recent researches on the African continent.

---

28. — 1. *Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society.* Vol. III. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. cxxxviii, 378.

2. *Ancient Pemaquid: an Historical Review.* Prepared at the Request of the Maine Historical Society for its Collections, by J. WINGATE THORNTON. Portland: Brown Thurston. 1857. 8vo. pp. 178.

THE new volume issued by the Antiquarian Society has for its first document a monograph, by its accomplished librarian, Mr. S. F. Haven, on the origin of the Massachusetts Bay Company, with biographical notices of its founders. This, published in pamphlet several years

ago, was reviewed in this journal when it first appeared. It is, in the volume before us, made the Preface to a printed copy of the Records of the Company from its origin to the date of its last meeting in England on board of the Arbella. These records form indeed a part of the first volume of the Records recently published by the State of Massachusetts; but we are assured on high authority, that the text now furnished, on account of its various readings and the minute care bestowed upon it, fully justifies what else might seem a waste of space and material. The Records close with a letter of instructions to Governor Endecott, which enjoins probably the earliest action taken in America on that still vexed and perplexing subject of legislation, the use of strong drinks. Are we in this matter wiser than our fathers? Nay, does not the *naïveté* which recognizes their love of an indulgence with which they dare not trust the Indians reveal the radical defect which on moral subjects must always inhere in legislation not preceded and enforced by example?

"Wee pray you endeavour, though there bee much strong waters sent for Sale, yett soe to Order it as that the Saluages may not for o^r^ lucre sake bee induced to the excessive vse or rather abuse of it; and at any hand take care o^r^ people give noe ill example; and if any shall exceede in that inordinate kinde of drinking as to become drunck, wee hope you will take care his punishm^t^ bee made exemplary for all others." — p. 107.

This volume next contains the Diaries of John Hull, Mint-Master and Treasurer of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, preceded by a Memoir of Hull by Samuel Jennison, Esq., and followed by an elaborate genealogical and historical Appendix, for which we are indebted to Rev. Edward E. Hale, to whom we also owe the discovery of the key to the unique system of stenography in which these manuscripts seemed locked up for oblivion. Except to an antiquarian eye, these diaries are curious rather than precious; they show the author to have been a man of more conceit than intelligence or talent; but it is an incalculable service to have deciphered them, and thus to have put at rest the highly raised expectations of all interested in the study of our early history.

The residue of the volume consists of Memoirs of Hon. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, LL. D., and of Hon. John Davis, LL. D., second and fourth Presidents of the Society. The former of these is by Hon. George Folsom of New York; the latter, by Hon. Thomas Kinnicutt of Worcester, — names that are in themselves a guaranty for the taste and skill displayed in these offices of pious reverence for the departed.

Pemaquid, on the site now occupied by Bristol, on the sea-coast, about midway between the mouths of the Penobscot and the Kennebec, was visited by English voyagers as early as 1607, and was for

many years the principal post held by Protestant Europeans to the north and east of the Piscataqua. Mr. Thornton, in his new book, has brought together such documents, historical notices, and traditions as throw light on the rise, vicissitudes, and decline of this settlement. We have no space to follow him; nor is it possible to make an abstract of what is itself but a series of fragmentary details. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Thornton has shown all his wonted acuteness and industry in this work, and that it contains materials that must but for him have soon been irrecoverably lost, which will be of indispensable value and utility to any future historian of Maine.

---

29. — *The Life and Times of Aaron Burr, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army of the Revolution, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States, etc.* By J. PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 696.

WE have received this book too late to read it; yet we have turned over its pages sufficiently to ascertain that it ought to be read by every American who would know the history of his own country. "The other side of the story" has prevailed in the case of the Gracchi, and has been told even in behalf of Clodius and Catiline; and now, for the first time, appears a biographer who is bold enough to perform the same office for Aaron Burr. His memory should certainly have the benefit of this ingenious, ably argued, and manifestly sincere counter-plea. Mr. Parton has studied his subject in the literature of the period of Burr's active life, in the newspapers of his times, and in the reminiscences of those who knew him. He has weighed the evidence, and found it deficient, for some of the gravest charges which have thus far passed unquestioned. He has brought to light unexpected tokens and instances of honorable sentiment, kindness, and generosity. He has not indeed attempted to prove that Burr was a conscientious or a good man; but he has, we think, disproved the theory which would make him the negation of every virtue, and a very fiend incarnate, and, if he cannot win for him our respect, he certainly has elicited for him our sympathy. His readers will be slow to believe with Mr. Parton that Burr was "a better man than Hamilton"; but they may see cause to admit that, had one less the idol of a powerful and late dominant party been the victim in that most memorable of American duels, the circumstances of the transaction might have been unchanged without consigning the survivor's name to so intense a shadow of obloquy and infamy. There can be no doubt that Burr very early rid himself of all

religious faith and moral principle. On the other hand, there is equally little doubt that in the trusts which he actually sustained he acquitted himself with assiduity and faithfulness. His infidelity and immorality had only too many parallels among his contemporaries both in military and in political life; for the worst leaven of French Jacobinism had infused itself to a most alarming extent into American republicanism. Others, no better than he, were more fortunate, and their errors sleep with them, or, if not wholly lost from sight, are carefully extenuated by partial biographers. The failure of his Southwestern expedition put the black seal upon his history, and whatever good there was in him seemed destined to eternal oblivion. It was hardly possible that myths should not have clustered about the heroic age of our independence and our early career as a nation. Mr. Parton contends that Burr's character had become to a certain extent mythical, and he has sought to rend away the veil that had been suffered to conceal some of its features from sight. We are not prepared, certainly not till we have read the work, to acquiesce in its conclusions; but we do say that it deserves candid and impartial perusal.

NOTE TO ARTICLE VII.

SINCE this article was printed, we have received the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he gives as the aggregate indebtedness of the railroad companies in the United States $ 417,243,664, and as their aggregate capital, $ 491,435,661, thus making what is at this moment chargeable to their "construction account" $ 908,679,325. These figures present a stronger case than the approximate estimates we gave.

ERRATA.

Page 182, line 22, *for* circulation, *read* capital.
" 186, " 13, " 1793, *read* 1797.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Inauguration of Washington University at St. Louis, Missouri, April 23, 1857. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 104.

Address delivered before the New York State Agricultural Society, by Edward Everett, at Buffalo, October 9, 1857. Albany. 1857.

Funeral Eulogy at the Obsequies of Dr. E. K. Kane, delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. By Charles W. Shields, Pastor of the Church. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1857.

A Sermon preached in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, Sunday Afternoon, September 21, 1857, on occasion of the Death of the Rev. John Ludlow, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church in the United States. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Albany. 1857.

Fulness of Years. A Sermon preached at the Funeral of Rev. Peter Sanborn, of Reading, Mass., (aged Ninety-one Years,) August 12, 1857, by Lyman Whiting, Pastor of the North Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Portsmouth. 1857.

Inspiration: a Discourse, by Edwin M. Wheelock, at Dover, New Hampshire. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

Man and his Modern Inventions: a Discourse for the Day. Preached in the Division St. Chapel, Sabbath Evening, October 11th, 1857. By Rev. A. D. Mayo. Albany. 1857.

A Sermon, delivered in the Unitarian Church, Stockton Street, in Behalf of the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, Sunday Evening, April 5th, 1857, by Rev. R. P. Cutler. San Francisco. 1857.

The Great Promise. A Sermon preached at Providence, R. I., September 8th, 1857, before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at their Forty-eighth Annual Meeting. By M. L. P. Thompson, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, New York. Boston. 1857.

Report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, presented at the Forty-eighth Annual Meeting, held in Providence, Rhode Island, September 8th – 11th, 1857. Boston. 1857. 12mo. pp. 228.

Notes, Critical and Practical, on the Book of Numbers: designed as a General Help to Biblical Reading and Instruction. By George Bush, late Prof. of Heb. and Orient. Lit. in N. Y. City University. [Specimen Sheet.] To be published in May, 1858. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

Address delivered before the Chester County Agricultural Society, at their Annual Exhibition held at West Chester, September 26, 1857, by Sidney George Fisher, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia. 1857.

White Lies. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Parts III. and IV. pp. 233 – 586. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

Propria quæ Maribus, and The Box Tunnel, by Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 108.

Remarks on Professor Felton's Abnormal Address to the Pupils of the Normal School. Boston. 1857.

A Review of the Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott Case. By a Kentucky Lawyer. Louisville. 1857.

Kansas State Rights. An Appeal to the Democracy of the South, by a Southern State-Rights Democrat. Washington. 1857.

An Enquiry into the Principles of Representation: a Reprint of several Letters and Leading Articles from the Argus Newspaper. With an Introduction by Edward Wilson. Melbourne. 1857.

Riego, or The Spanish Martyr. A Tragedy: in Five Acts. Altered and abridged with a View to Presentation on the Stage. Richmond: A. Morris. 1857.

Banking Laws of Massachusetts. Being a Compilation of all the General Statutes of the Commonwealth, now in Force, relating to Banks, Banking and Savings Institutions, with Notes, References to Alterations in the Statutes, Abstracts of Decisions of the Supreme Judicial Court, and Quotations from Reports of the Bank Commissioners. By William A. Richardson, Counsellor at Law. Lowell: Merrill and Metcalf. 1855.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, at the Annual Meeting, held in Worcester, October 21, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Calendar of Trinity College, Hartford, 1857–8. Hartford. 1857.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Amherst College, for the Academical Year 1857–8. Amherst. 1857.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Maine, 1857. Boston. 1857.

A Catalogue of the Trustees, Instructors, and Students of Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass., October, 1857. Northampton. 1857.

Forty-sixth Annual Report of the Directors of the New Hampshire Bible Society, presented at the Annual Meeting of the Society, held at Keene, August 26, 1857. Manchester. 1857.

The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac, for the Year 1858, containing Practical Suggestions for the Farmer and Horticulturist, embellished with One Hundred and Thirty Engravings, including Houses, Farm Buildings, Implements, Domestic Animals, Fruits, Flowers, &c. By J. J. Thomas. Albany: Luther Tucker & Son. 1858. 12mo. pp. 129.

Proceedings of the Eighteenth Convention of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, assembled in Reading, Pa. From the 14th to the 20th of May, 1857. Gettysburg. 1857.

The Polylingual Journal: a Magazine in Five Languages, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English. August, 1857. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: Hiram C. Sparks. Published Quarterly.

The Atlantic Monthly, devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics. Vol. I. Nos. 1 and 2. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 128 each number.

Harper's Story-Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 35. Viola. — No. 36. Little Paul. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Agrippa; or, The Evangelists. Historical Point of View. By Leavitt Hunt. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1857. 8vo. pp. 133.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. By Henry Barth, Ph. D., D. C. L. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 709.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of "Thirty Years' View." Vol. IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 761.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1856. Agriculture. 8vo. pp. 536. Plates 50. — Arts and Manufactures. In 3 vols. pp. 640, 518, 593. Plates 554. Washington. 1857.

The Life of Handel. By Victor Schoelcher. New York: Mason & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 492.

Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life. By C. F. Hudson. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 472.

Memorial of the Inauguration of the Statue of Franklin. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. 412.

The Progress of Slavery in the United States. By George M. Weston. Washington. 1857. 12mo. pp. 301.

Life-Studies; or, How to Live. Illustrated in the Biographies of Bunyan, Tersteegen, Montgomery, Perthes, and Mrs. Winslow. By the Rev. John Baillie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 365.

The Radical Deficiency of the Existing Circulating Medium, and the Advantages of a Mutual Currency. By William B. Greene. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1857. 12mo. pp. 239.

Footsteps on the Seas: a Poem. By A. D. T. W. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 50.

Guy Livingstone, or "Thorough." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 329.

Remarkable Incidents in the Life of Rev. J. H. Fairchild, Pastor of Payson Church, South Boston. Compiled, published, and sold by Himself. With a Portrait. Fifth Thousand. Boston. 1857. 12mo. pp. 464.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 532.

The Hasheesh Eater: being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 371.

Pronouncing Reading-Book of the French Language, particularly calculated to render the Speaking of French easy to the American Student, and grounded on a new System of Comparative French and English Pronunciation, with Synoptical Tables, illustrating the whole Kingdom of French Sounds, compared with English Sounds, including Consonants; in which Vowels and Diphthongs are divided into Natural Families, each under its respective Standard, or Father Sound, generally an English and French Element. By E. Arnoult,

Graduate of the Université de Paris, and Instructor in the French Language in Harvard University, Cambridge. Part First. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1857. 8vo. pp. 377.

Letters Æsthetic, Social, and Moral, written from Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. By Thomas C. Upham, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. [Published from the Private Edition of 1855.] Philadelphia: Henry Longstreth. 1857. 12mo. pp. 597.

A Mental Arithmetic, upon the Inductive Plan; being an advanced Intellectual Course, designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A.M. Improved Edition. Boston: Robert S. Davis & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 154.

Béranger: Two Hundred of his Lyrical Poems, done into English Verse. By William Young. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 400.

The Science of Social Opulence. By William Lucas Sargant, late of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 509.

Economy of the Laboring Classes. By William Lucas Sargant. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 491.

The Golden Age of American Oratory. By Edward G. Parker. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 1857. 12mo. pp. 425.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXIX.

APRIL, 1858.

ART. I. — *The History of Normandy and of England.* By SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K. H., the Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records. London: John W. Parker. 1851, 1857. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 756, 916.

IN the strangely compounded mixture which we so complacently call the Anglo-Saxon race, the Norman element has exerted an influence strikingly disproportionate to its relative amount. A few thousand Danskermen settled in the Danelagh, and a similar contingent in the motley crowd of adventurers who embarked at St. Valery with William the Manzer, or who subsequently flocked to the court of the victorious princes of the house of Rollo, have sufficed to infuse into the strong but sluggish original stock that active, adventurous energy which is rendering it the dominant race of the world. To the stubborn tenacity of the bulldog was then added the spring of the tiger, and it is the union of these two characteristics which has planted the flag of St. George from the Falkland Isles to Hudson's Bay, and from Demerara to Shanghai. Learned ethnologists may measure countless crania, and decide upon the unity or diversity of races by comparing facial angles and occipital or parietal bones; the half-crazed Knox may declare that the Danish and Saxon elements have coexisted without commingling for a thousand years, and that the one is still a master, the other a serf; — in

the excess of their anatomical knowledge they have forgotten that man has a moral as well as an animal existence, and have lost sight of the immense influence for good or evil which the virtues or vices of a strong dominant class will exercise upon the character of the inferior mass, unless that is reduced to the condition of utter Helotism. Clive at Plassey and the Rajah Brooke at Sarawak are the modern repetitions of William the Bastard at Hastings, though not a drop of the Northern pirate's blood may course through their veins; while the steadfast courage of which Napoleon complained that it never knew when it was beaten, is the contribution of the original stock, which has added stability and usefulness to the more brilliant qualities of the victors, and at length has enabled the subject race to master its masters.

In a literature rich and copious beyond that of any other nation, we should naturally expect to find detailed and glowing narratives, learned dissertations, and ample collections of original documents relative to the early annals of Normandy, in themselves so picturesque and so intimately related to the history of the parent country. Such expectations, however just, would be doomed to disappointment. England may almost be said to have no historical literature; or, at all events, what little she has looks beyond her own borders for the exercise of its powers. Perhaps it may be owing to the excessive importance attached to classical studies in the curriculum of an English education, that her only two popular historians whose works can rank with those of the French school — Gibbon and Grote — have sought the sources of their inspiration in antiquity; but be this as it may, we are yet in want of a History of England. Such a work, founded on original authorities, free from partisan or sectarian bias, broad in its views, minute in its details, and tracing the history of the people conjointly with that of the court, would fill a gap which has thus far remained open, and would drive into oblivion those one-sided and untrustworthy compilations which, under the names of Hume and Lingard, are a standing disgrace to the English name. No nation in Europe has a more stirring or a more creditable history, and none has so utterly neglected it. While the learned energy of France

and Germany for the last two hundred years, assisted where necessary by the judicious liberality of governments, has published vast libraries of historical collections, illuminating every accessible spot not only in their own annals, but also in those of all nations with which they have had relations, what has England done? The Englishman's love of land and reverence for its owners have led him to cultivate with energy and success the single department of topographical archæology, the scandals of the pimps and parasites who composed the Georgian courts have been industriously raked together in all their foulness, and the important political and ecclesiastical questions connected with the Reformation in England, the Great Rebellion, and the Revolution of 1688, have caused these periods to be tolerably well worked over; but beyond these, and with the exception of Rymer's Fœdera, the comparison is humiliating, and the Englishman who seeks to understand the early history of his country is forced for the most part to have recourse to the documents and chronicles issued and edited on the Continent. In the work which we now propose to consider, there is scarcely a reference to a book published within the four seas.

We have hopes, however, that this stagnation is at last disappearing. The private enterprise of a bookseller has recently placed within the reach of students a series of translations of the early muniments of English history; an occasional isolated publication, more curious generally than useful, betokens an awakening interest; the Camden Society did some little service; and a Calendar of State Papers (in procuring the publication of which we believe our author, Sir Francis Palgrave, bore a prominent part) will throw much light on the transactions of the last three centuries. Other movements of like character are perceptible, and perhaps hereafter England may be able to point to a succession of illustrious names to rival those of Duchesne, Ducange, D'Achèry, Baluze, Bouquet, Mabillon, Lelong, and a score of others in France; of Freher, Struve, Pertz, and others in Germany; Muratori in Italy; Langebec and Suhm in Denmark; and the long line of laborious scholars whose well-directed energies have smoothed the path and earned the gratitude of succeeding students.

When that time shall come, the name of Palgrave will not be forgotten. A life spent among the archives of his country, and in collecting whatever of collateral information could elucidate those archives, has given him a familiarity with the *origines* of European history such as no English writer has yet surpassed. His "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth" we have not seen, but we learn on good authority that no work in the language is so necessary to the student who would obtain a clear insight into British laws and history; while four folio volumes of "Parliamentary Writs," two octavos of Records of the King's Court during the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, three octavos of Calendars of the Exchequer, and numerous minor publications, all illustrated by the profound and curious learning of the editor, bear ample witness to his industry, and pronounce him a worthy disciple of the great Continental scholars.

The "History of Normandy and of England" was originally intended as a continuation of the author's "History of the Anglo-Saxons"; but, seduced by the richness and freshness of his material, Sir Francis has been tempted to extend his plan so as to embrace the annals of the Norman duchy prior to the Conquest, and the seduction, once yielded to, has led him back to Charlemagne. The first volume may thus be considered as purely introductory, as it brings the history down only to the memorable treaty of St. Clair sur Epte, by virtue of which Rollo and his pirates were established in Neustria. The second volume reaches only to the end of the tenth century, breaking off with the accession of the Capets and the death of Richard sans Peur, leaving seventy stirring years still to be narrated before reaching the point at which the author first intended to commence. However much we may regret the curtailment which may thus be caused in the subsequent extent of the work, we cannot but feel grateful for the picture presented of the Carlovingian era. Unrestricted by the narrow limits of his title, Sir Francis has surveyed the whole groundwork of European history, and from Calabria to Friesland, from the Ebro to the Vistula, the entire continent passes in review, England being the portion of which we see and hear least. The epoch is one of the most important in

human annals; for then were laid the foundations of modern civilization, and scarcely an event of that period but has had its influence, direct or indirect, upon our own. To the English student, a guide through the labyrinthine details of the ninth and tenth centuries was wanting, and he cannot expect a better one than is here afforded. The period under consideration presents three great groups of events;—the rise of the House of Capet upon the downfall of that of Charles Martel; the founding of the Germanic Empire, as distinguished from that of Charlemagne; and the incursions and final settlement of the Northmen. Each of these great series of events is treated in detail, with its causes and its consequences, and the mutual reaction which they so prominently exercised. Profoundly versed in the details of his subject, our author never wearies us with unnecessary minutiæ. The story develops itself in a series of vivid pictures, in which we seem to see the actors of a thousand years ago. That he has thought deeply as well as studied, the highly suggestive reflections which accompany the narrative abundantly prove; while every page shows evidences of an immense range of knowledge in illustrations derived from the most widely varied sources. We cannot but regret, however, that the thorough acquaintance, incidentally displayed everywhere, with the customs, the jurisprudence, and the civil and social state of the people, should not have developed itself more fully and regularly into a few chapters specially devoted to the numerous *quæstiones vexatæ* which no one is more capable of solving.

Charlemagne weeping at the sight of the piratical vessels whose black sails enabled them to bid defiance to his unconquered and unconquerable military power, is an image familiar to all readers, and one whose poetical justice renders fastidious too close an examination into its reality. We know that he keenly felt the insult when Godfrey, king of Jutland, in 810, ravaged the coasts of Friesland, and that he was preparing a terrible vengeance when the knife of the assassin released him from an enemy as dangerous as Witikind the Saxon had proved. The lesson was not lost, however, and the Emperor, recognizing the weak points in the organization of his frontier, proceeded to create a naval force

that should thenceforward protect the estuaries and coasts. His precautions, or the dread of his power, answered the purpose, and for some years we hear but little of the Danish barks. But with Charlemagne passed away the prestige, and the defences soon followed. Under Louis le Débonnaire a few sporadic forays were easily turned back, until the miserable dissensions between that monarch and his rebellious sons offered too tempting an opportunity for the keen-eyed Danskermen to decline. Year by year their visits became more frequent, their numbers larger, and their courage fiercer, while the fatal legacy of discord, handed down from father to son in the Carlovingian family with all the regularity of heirship, rendered the empire less and less able to offer effectual resistance. While the sons of Louis le Débonnaire were marching to the fatal field of Fontenay, where, according to tradition, a hundred thousand of the bravest soldiers of Europe fell in ignoble mutual strife, Osker and his fellow-pirates were urging their daring barks up the Seine, and took possession of Rouen. No resistance was offered; the city's defenders were busy in cutting one another's throats in far-off Burgundy; and the rich and smiling town was given up to the Northman's indiscriminate rage for blood and plunder. Rouen thus burned and ravaged can scarcely be said to have again passed out of the Dane's possession, while the surrounding province became thenceforth a centre of operations, to which the roving sea-kings resorted without fear of attack. Four years afterwards, in 845, the redoubtable Regner Lodbrok pushed his incursions farther, and boldly advanced to Paris. Resistance there was none, and the city, not as yet the capital of a kingdom, was occupied and pillaged. The unhappy Charles le Chauve, rendered powerless by his rebellious nobles, was reduced to purchasing the departure of the pirates, and seven thousand pounds of silver, the first Danegeld, was the price of their retreat and the incentive to a renewal of the havoc.

"Regner returned joyfully to Denmark; he repaired to Eric the Red, boasting of his exploits and their profit, — how he and his Danes had rendered the Rœmerige tributary, the money he had received, the booty he had carried away. His bravery of speech affronted the

Over-king, who openly told the grim Sea-rover he did not believe him. Regner came again before his scoffing sovereign, followed by gangs of his crew, some carrying the big crowbar of the Paris gate, the others laden with a carved larchen beam, plucked from the roof of St. Germain-des-près. These trophies, laid before King Eric's throne, were the silent but irrecusable testimonies of Regner's victory." — Vol. I. pp. 439, 440.

With such guerdons held out, what wonder that the fierce Northmen swarmed around the coasts, passed up the rivers, stormed cities, and devastated the country more furiously than ever? The Elbe, the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Somme, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone, in turn or simultaneously saw the torch and the sword of the Dane ply their dreadful trade. By sea and land their boldness grew, and while their frail barks carried them to the coasts of Italy, their increasing numbers enabled them to leave their vessels and traverse the country to its interior, as their oft-repeated attacks gradually left nothing to be gleaned in the neighborhood of the water. Scarce a district of France, even the most remote, escaped; the whole valley of the Rhine, to the Swiss mountains, and a large portion of Spain, shared the same fate, and the despairing inhabitants, finding no refuge upon earth, turned to their last resource and poured forth the almost hopeless supplication, *A furore Normannorum libera nos.* Few and simple as are the words, they are terrible in their signification, chanted as they were in the daily litany of a whole nation.

They were indeed no despicable enemies, those bold Vikings: audacious in their military plans, skilful in their execution, dauntless in battle, terrible in pursuit, dangerous in retreat, they combined all the qualities requisite to constitute a conquering race. Where the sword failed, they knew as well as Lysander how to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's tail, and the astuteness, often degenerating into cunning, which they everywhere exhibited, rendered them on every point an overmatch for the unhappy Franks, and enhanced the panic fear with which their advent was regarded. This characteristic they communicated to the population among which they settled, and to our own day the proverbial "*rusé Normand*," "*à Normand, Normand et demi*," bear testimony to the craft of the wild freebooters.

Omitting more than half a century of unceasing devastation, which almost resolved society into its original elements, we content ourselves with a brief reference to many incidents, interesting episodes to the main history. Passing over the battle of Brise-Sarthe, where the first of the Capets, Robert le Fort, met his untimely end; the four years' siege of Paris, where his gallant son Eudes may be said to have won the crown which he knew so well how to defend; the battles of Montfaucon and of Montpensier, where Eudes turned the tide which met so few interruptions; Godfrey the Dane's acquisition of Friesland, his marriage with the royal Gisella, and his treacherous murder; — we come to the founding of the Norman duchy. For nearly thirty years Rou or Rollo had been foremost among the daring pirates in the Gauls; he was growing old and tired of his restless life; the Frankish nobles, with Robert, Duke of France, grandfather of Hugh Capet, at their head, were equally weary of the ceaseless war which brought little profit and less honor; Northern France, or Neustria, was well-nigh in the undisputed possession of the Pagan Danes; for seventy years no mass had been sung in the cathedral of Coutances; little would be lost by giving it nominally as well as really up to them; and if by the cession Rollo and his marauders could be converted from active enemies into allies and subjects, it would be almost a clear gain. So reasoned Robert and the nobles, and Charles the Simple, who then filled the throne of Clovis, though worthy of a better reputation than has been generally accorded to him, was little more than a puppet in their hands, and was forced to yield his assent. The boundaries of Normandy were not sufficient for Rollo's cupidity; Flanders was offered and rejected, then Brittany was proposed and accepted, — a good riddance, for when not occupied by the Danes, Brittany was rather a hostile neighbor than an integral province of the realm. The territorial question being settled, Rollo condescended to accept the hand of tender Gisella, king Charles's young daughter, and was baptized into the Christian faith, with Duke Robert for his sponsor.

This transaction was vastly more important in its results than appeared at the moment. A similar policy had fre-

quently been followed before, without leading to any permanent occupation. Three quarters of a century earlier, Louis le Débonnaire had set the example by cessions made in the Rhine country to Harold, king of Jutland, on the baptism of the latter. The Emperor Lothair had relieved himself of difficulties in a similar manner in 850, by bestowing part of Friesland on Roric, Harold's nephew; and his Danish godson Godfrey, son of Harold, had in 853 received a grant of territory on the Seine from Charles le Chauve.* In 882 another Godfrey was bought off by Charles le Gros by the cession of the territory from the Weser to the Meuse, and the hand of another Gisella, King Lothair's daughter. His murder in 855 by Counts Everard and Henry we have already alluded to,—a state necessity not thought worthy of much penance, as Willibert, Archbishop of Cologne, took a leading part in the transaction, but for which Count Henry paid the penalty, being killed within the year at the siege of Paris. The redoubtable Hastings had also received the important inland county of Chartres from Charles le Chauve, and his successor Gerlo, the founder of the proud races of Blois and Chartres, is likewise considered by some authorities to have been a Dane.†

These precedents, however, were not followed by the vigorous Rollo. His talents as an administrator proved not less eminent than his military qualities, and while gratifying his wild followers with an occasional foray and a sporadic en-

* Our author places this event in 850, during an expedition of Godfrey into the Seine, apparently following the chronicle of Hermannus Contractus, a writer of the eleventh century. Prudentius, Bishop of Troyes, who died in 861, is the best authority we have for this period, and he relates the event in 853, when Charles and Lothair united to attack Godfrey, then ravaging the valley of the Scheldt. The attempt was unsuccessful, and Charles bought the uncertain allegiance of Godfrey. The result was apparently unsatisfactory to the Dane, for in 855 we find him returning to Jutland with his cousin Roric, in hopes of obtaining the throne, failing in which he retraced his steps and conquered Friesland. Godfrey's name occurs frequently in the stormy annals of Charles le Chauve, sometimes as acting with him, and sometimes in rebellion.

† This is the generally received opinion, and Palgrave has followed it. Richerius, however, an author of the next century, whose assertion for this period must be allowed to have some weight, gives an entirely different account of the founding of the family of Chartres.

largement of his boundaries, he set himself vigorously to work in improving the territory which now belonged to him. In this he was completely successful. Such of the inhabitants as had withstood the tempest of Danish desolation were allowed to remain, and gradually the two races coalesced. The laws of the country seem to have been adopted by the conquerors, and were sternly and impartially enforced. The "hue (*haw*) and cry" is said to be derived from "Ha Rou!" —the interpellation to that ducal judge which never was in vain; and the security of property is shown by the tradition of the law which forbade the husbandman to remove his implements from the field. The Dane seems to have taken little part in the general politics of France, but he remained true to the oath of allegiance which he had sworn at St. Clair sur Epte; when the nobles, with Robert at their head, renounced King Charles and elected Robert in his place, Rollo was one of the few who remained steadfast; and in 923 a Norman contingent did ample duty at King Charles's side in the battle of Soissons, where the newly crowned usurper lost his throne and life. When, shortly afterwards, Charles was foully betrayed and cast into prison, where he languished for six years till released by death, Rollo recommenced the attack; Regnald, another Viking who was laying waste the Loire country, advanced to his assistance; and a desperate war ensued for several years, objectless, and without result except as regarded plunder. Peace was finally obtained with Rollo by a heavy Danegeld and another cession of territory; while Regnald pursued his devastating career through Burgundy, sweeping back to the Loire. Not long afterward he made a descent upon England, which from that time claimed the greater share of Danish attention; and we hear little more of fresh invasions of France, except when the naturalized Normans, hard-pressed, called for aid from the parent country, —a demand which was never refused.

Meanwhile, Rollo the pirate was growing old. His royal bride Gisella had borne him no successor, but his ducal throne was not for that reason likely to want an heir. More than twenty years before his marriage, in 890, at the capture of Bayeux, his share of the plunder had included a blooming

damsel, Popa, daughter of Count Berenger, and sister of the stout Bernard, Count of Senlis. Captivated with her beauty, he was united to her, *more Danico*, and the result of the union was a daughter Gerloc and a son William, known in history by the surname of Longsword. No priest had blessed the bridal bed, but he would have been a daring man who had stood up in the ducal *placitum* and objected to William's heirship on the ground of illegitimacy. To him did Rollo confide the cares of government about the year 926, and, seeking retirement, died peacefully some years later.

William Longsword is one of the conventional heroes of Norman history. Tall, handsome, brave, affable, victorious both in bower and in field, skilled in military affairs, and versed in the learning of the schools, he was truly an accomplished knight. The grim old Berserker, his father, knew the value of education, having enjoyed none, and careful training became a tradition in the family. But William's good qualities were mostly on the outside, — the varnish whose brilliant gloss attracts the multitude. Bold in front of the enemy, he lacked the steadfastness that could look evil fortune in the face. He was good-humored, but selfish; punctilious, but faithless; courteous, but sensual; — a very whited sepulchre, fair-seeming, but false. His reign was inaugurated by a desperate and dangerous revolt of the Britons, whom he completely subdued. This was speedily followed by a more dangerous insurrection. William's education had rendered him a Frenchman, and his policy was to Romanize his subjects. The influence of Gallic civilization was rapidly pervading the *terra Normannorum;* but many of the intruding race resisted its blandishments, and looked with ill-concealed hostility at the progress which it was making under the fostering care of the new ruler. The state was divided into two parties; discontent rapidly ripened into rebellion, and the old Danish party suddenly rose in arms under the banner of Count Riulph. William was seized with panic terror. Secure within the walls of Rouen, he awaited the approach of the insurgent army, eagerly offering terms which only extreme fear could have dictated, but which were haughtily rejected by the rebels, whose demands increased as they approached the capital, and

whom, when fairly encamped before the walls, the immediate abdication of the obnoxious chief alone could satisfy. Driven to despair, William sallied forth, but his heart failed him, and he proclaimed his intention of taking refuge in France. The stinging reproaches of his adherents at last aroused his courage, and, leading his men to the attack, he utterly routed the insurgents. Riulph was captured, and with the cruelty of cowardice was put to a shameful death, leaving to his heirs a dark legacy of vengeance, which was carefully nursed and bitterly exacted. This contest decided the social condition of the province; the retrograde party was for a time destroyed, and William's Romanizing tendencies had full sway.

Not until the Capets were firmly established on the throne was Normandy regarded as an integral portion of the Gallic confederation, or were the Normans recognized as compatriots. At this period, loathed, dreaded, and despised, the remembrance of their origin and their devastations were too recent, and the Franks still consoled themselves by affixing to them the stigma of pirates. And yet the influence of the new race was daily extending, and year by year their duke took a more prominent part in the concerns of the commonwealth. In 934 young William Tête d'Étoupe, the puissant Duke of Aquitaine, an independent sovereign in all but name, solicited the hand of the fair Gerloc, Longsword's sister, which, after some hesitation, was graciously accorded.

Two years later another occasion presented itself of manifesting the importance of the Norman duke among the Frankish nobles. When in 923 the unhappy Charles the Simple was treacherously seized by Herbert of Vermandois, his faithful consort Ogiva managed to escape to the court of her brother Athelstan, king of England, taking with her, concealed in a truss of hay, her son Louis, barely three years old, known afterwards in history by the name of D'Outremer. Hugh the Great, Duke of France, son of the usurper Robert, held the kingdom in his hands, and, with a moderation which has baffled inquiry, bestowed the crown upon his brother-in-law Rodolph, Duke of Burgundy. A stormy reign had Rodolph, between Danskermen, Huns, and unquiet nobles; but

he too at length was gathered to his fathers, and in 936 the barons were again convened to fill the throne which they had deprived of all support. Again Duke Hugh had his grasp upon the crown, and again he selected another brow to wear it. Two thirds of the kingdom urged his acceptance of the regal dignity; but, preferring to reign in the name of another, he caused the stripling Louis to be brought from beyond the sea, and the nobles took the oath of fidelity which they never meant to keep. In these transactions William Longsword bore the part to which his station entitled him, and his influence was openly thrown into the scale of the descendant of Charlemagne. Ere the second year closed, however, we find him joining a powerful league against the vigorous young monarch; then again deserting his allies. The very wantonness of faithlessness seemed to possess him, and without appreciable cause we see his name figuring first on one side and then on the other, amid the confused and endless quarrels of that dismal time. All parties had become thoroughly disgusted with him, and dark hints were given from one chieftain to another that the pirate's son was in the way and must be removed. He himself grew tired of his aimless and friendless life, and a wild longing for conventual repose seized the boisterous gallant and warrior; but the sagacity of Abbot Martin of Jumièges refused the dangerous neophyte, and he returned to his weary task. Suddenly he resolved to govern through the Danish party. Harold Blaatand, Over-king of Denmark, driven from his throne by rebellion, was permitted to settle in the Côtentin, and William planned an education for his young son Richard, that should render him a thorough Danskerman. But the doomsman was awaiting his victim. A burst of outrageous insolence at an interview between Otho the Great and Louis sealed his fate, and nothing was left but to plan the treachery by which he should be safely removed. Two congenial spirits, Arnoul the Trickster, Count of Flanders, and Thibaut the Trickster, Count of Chartres, his deadly enemies, speedily wove the web of treason. A meeting on the islet of Picquigny, a pretended reconciliation, an affectionate leave-taking, a hurried calling back for a forgotten word, — a sword flashes from beneath a cloak, and

before the eyes of his followers beyond the water, William Longsword lies a dishonored corse in the trampled mud. Balzo, nephew of the murdered Riulph, claims the well-earned revenge; but others give the honor of the deed to the Trickster of Chartres, who, spurring from the fatal spot ere the blood upon his sword is fairly dry, wins the hand of his victim's widow, proud Liutgarda, daughter of Herbert of Vermandois.

Soon after his accession, William had united himself by a Danish marriage to the fair and gentle Espriota. Himself a Christian, he had resolutely persisted in employing the Pagan rites at his bridal, urging that aught else would cast a slur upon his own mother and his own birth;—

> "Icele ama moult e tint chere;
> Mais à la Danesche manere
> La voult aveir, non autrement
> Ce dist l'estorie, qui ne ment."

In 933, at the hour of his sorest need, in Count Riulph's rebellion, she bore him a noble boy, known afterwards as Richard the Fearless. Seduced by the intense desire which then possessed him of winning a social equality with the Frankish nobles, ere the boy was well in his second year, the faithless father and husband had married Liutgarda of Vermandois. No divorce was thought necessary to vacate the place for the new bride, while William's sin was probably darkened by the continuance of his relations with the still beloved Espriota.

Not six months before his death, as though presaging the end, William had caused the young Richard, not yet ten years old, to be accepted as his successor, and had appointed as regents and guardians Botho, Oslac, and wise Bernard the Dane, one of the last relics of Rollo's men. No thought of insubordination seems to have followed the catastrophe, and Richard's splendid inauguration followed close upon his father's obsequies. Still there were two mutually exasperated parties within the duchy, and, without, the Franks were eager to seize the opportunity and drive the detested Danes to their native wilds. What mattered oaths and treaties? What faith was to be kept with the faithless pirates? Duke Hugh and King Louis forgot their perennial bickerings, and for

once were united. The Pagan party, under Thormod and King Sithric, obtained possession of young Richard, and procured his apostasy from the Christian religion; but Hugh invaded the Evreçin, and Louis, advancing with a handful of troops, boldly attacked the Pagan forces. Thormod killed, and Sithric forced to flee, the conqueror entered Rouen. He obtained possession of the young Duke's person, but, the populace rising in insurrection, Louis in a panic granted the investiture of the Regnum Northmannicum to the boy, and received him to homage. Then, making with the child a progress through the duchy, he persuaded the regents to allow him to carry their young Duke to his court at Laôn, where alone he could receive the breeding befitting his station.

"Mais une chose vous requier,
Que Richart m'en laisseiz mener
Por estre od mei tant et ester,
Qu'il ait coneu et apris
Ce qu'est honeur al siecle et pris.
. . . . .
Aura engin et connoissance
Mil tanz en mes palaiz en France,
Qu'il n'en aureit en Normandie."

Singular as it may seem, the request was granted, the boy carried to Laôn; and Louis, feeling that Normandy was within his grasp, began to treat it as part of his own dominions, — a part much larger and more powerful than all the other territories which remained under the immediate sovereignty of the heir of Charlemagne. Meanwhile, the residence of Richard at Laôn rapidly degenerated into captivity; wardens were placed over him to answer for his presence with their heads; and prayers for his deliverance rose in all the churches of the Norman's land. A scheme was laid for his escape, and the noble boy, with resolution beyond his years, deprived himself of food and sleep, until his hollow cheeks and failing limbs became convincing proofs that in a few days the line of Rollo would be extinct. Rapidly he declined, and when seemingly at his last gasp, a splendid feast drew off the attention of the court and of the prisoner's guardians. His affectionate tutor, Osmond de Cent-Villes, seized the opportunity,

and the same expedient which twenty-one years before had saved the infant Louis now defeated his plans. In a truss of forage the young Duke was carried to the stables, and, ere dawn, was safe in the tower of Couci, under the protection of his great-uncle, stout Bernard de Senlis. Swiftly rode Bernard from Senlis to Paris, and warily broke the tidings to Duke Hugh, who graciously promised his protection, and denounced the remorseless ambition of the treacherous king. Richard was accordingly openly carried to Senlis, amid ostentatious preparations of defence. Meanwhile, at Laôn all was confusion and blank dismay when the yet warm nest was found from which the bird had flown. Short time was given to unavailing regrets, however, and Louis hastened to open negotiations with the wily Duke of France. A demand for the surrender of Richard was met with contemptuous defiance, and then the king proceeded to buy the guardian whom he could not frighten. He bid high, — all Normandy beyond the Seine, the larger and richer share, should be his if he would join in despoiling the helpless boy, — and the protector's indignation at the perfidy was easily forgotten. Both marshalled their forces; Hugh laid siege to Bayeux and forced a capitulation, while Louis, with Arnoul of Flanders, laid waste the country, and, after defeating the Normans at Arques, entered Rouen as a conqueror. Cunning old Bernard the Dane, revolving dark plots to meet treachery with treachery, resolutely enforced submission to the usurper, and the malecontents gave way on every side. Louis, flushed with triumph, and deeming himself on the point of accomplishing his dream of the restoration of his ancestral power, was easily persuaded by his perfidious Norman counsellors that he had committed a fatal error in admitting the overgrown power of Hugh to a partnership in the spoils, and he haughtily bade him withdraw. Growling curses at the cunning of the Dane and the short-sighted policy of Louis, Hugh abandoned his hard-won city of Bayeux, and with folded arms awaited the result. Bernard's point was gained, the unholy alliance was dissolved, and the tortuous plot began to unwind itself. Suddenly on the western marches appeared the commencement of revolt. Stout Harold Blaatand re-

quited the hospitality of William Longsword by rising in arms, and round his standard flocked the Danes *pur-sang*, eager to throw off the yoke of the detested Frank. Louis assembled his troops, and marched to nip the rebellion in the bud. What followed is diversely related by different authorities. Our author gives us a spirited battle-piece, in the marshes of Corbon, with Louis flying wildly, twice captured, then lying *perdu*, but finally incarcerated in a Rouen dungeon. The French chroniclers represent an interview, like the fatal one of Picquigny, distrust on one side, but overmastering treachery on the other. The result is the same, — Louis, like his father, Charles the Simple, a prisoner in the hands of his deadliest enemies. And now Duke Hugh, seeing his time, came forward as the protector of young Richard. Never should Louis be released until he had renounced all claim upon Normandy, and given his two sons as hostages for their father's faith. Much negotiation ensued, the end of which was that the royal infant Carloman was given up, with several influential nobles, and Louis, fancying himself once more a freeman, found that he had only changed jailers for the worse, Duke Hugh handing him over to the jealous care of Thibaut, the Trickster of Chartres. A year he lay in that stern captivity, and at length, yielding to the demands of his nominal subject, he purchased freedom by his only place of refuge, the tower of Laôn, long the object of Hugh's cupidity. At the same time Normandy was declared independent of the Frankish monarchy, save a nominal homage, and Richard returned in triumph to Rouen, a king in all but name.

Louis's fortunes now seemed desperate. A baffled truce-breaker, stripped of his only strong-hold, with the ill-odor of unsuccessful villany hanging round him, his energy and activity were still unabated. He speedily formed an alliance with his brother-in-law, Otho the Great, while Arnoul of Flanders, dreading revenge for the murder of William Longsword, eagerly mustered his troops to aid the projected enterprise. Otho's assistance was purchased by the surrender of the undefined Carlovingian claims upon Lorraine, and in the summer of 946, at the head of an immense army, appeared

three kings, Otho of Germany, Conrad of Burgundy and Arles, and Louis, nominal monarch of the Franks, with Arnoul leading a powerful contingent, — the whole arrayed, as the chroniclers inform us, in straw hats. Meanwhile, the threatening preparations had drawn closer the alliance between France and Normandy. Hugh had betrothed his young daughter Emma to Richard, and, expatiating on the isolation of the latter, at a time when the rising spirit of feudalism ranged every potentate in his appropriate place in the social hierarchy, had persuaded him to perform "commendation" to the duchy of France, thus giving rise to the suzerainty exercised over Normandy by the Capetian monarchs.

The tide of war rolled on. An unsuccessful demonstration on rocky Laôn was compensated by the capture of Rheims, and, spreading over Hugh's dominions, Louis had the satisfaction of giving his enemy's domains to rapine and plunder. Hugh prudently ensconced himself in Orleans. After a fruitless attack on Paris, the active dread of Arnoul persuaded Otho to resume the main object of the expedition, the destruction of the intruding Northmen, and the army turned north towards Rouen. Ravaging the undefended open country, they reached the Danish city, anticipating no resistance. Glorious in the Norman annals is the siege of Rouen, — the successful sorties, the baffled attacks, the quarrels in the besieger's camp, the doubts of Arnoul's sincerity, his sudden retreat before Otho's rising wrath, and the panic flight of the boastful Germans, tracked, hunted, and massacred through the Forest of Lions by the avenging Danes. Through all these scenes of battle, the foremost figure is ever the young Duke Richard, whose deeds of knightly prowess, duly extolled by courtly chroniclers, are fully set forth by our author, seemingly unmindful that by the calendar the young hero could have scarcely more than entered upon his teens.

Odisse quem læseris, — the hatred of the wrong-doer is lasting, especially when stimulated by a wholesome fear of retribution. The actors in the wars of Richard's accession pass away one by one; but the antipathy of races remains, and private hatreds are transmitted as a legacy from father to son. Fourteen years of comparative peace ensue for Normandy,

during which Richard's power is consolidated, his administrative talents developed, and his duchy rapidly and quietly increases in influence. Meanwhile Louis d'Outremer is the first to disappear, in 954, worn out at the early age of thirty-one. Then dies Hugh the Great, broken down by ill-success and disease at the siege of Poitiers. The new generation occupy the same positions, and prolong the inherited quarrels. King Lothair, on his accession, could extort no homage from Richard, who, however, paid it to Hugh Capet, heir of the duchy of France and of his father's plans for subverting the Carlovingian dynasty; and not long afterwards, yielding to repeated solicitations, the Norman carries out the long-existing marriage-promise with the blooming Emma, sister of the Capet.

Of the old confederates who had sworn the Norman's ruin there yet remained Thibaut of Chartres. With the bloody shore of Picquigny fresh in his memory, he perhaps needed no stimulus to renew the conflict; but if he had, his wife would have supplied it. Proud Liutgarda, William Longsword's widow, could hardly have regarded Richard the Fearless without more than the stepmother's proverbial hate. Childless herself by her first husband, she saw his throne filled by one whom the Franks openly stigmatized as his bastard; nor, if her own marriage was valid, was the stigma misapplied. The embers of discord were smouldering everywhere, and the Chartres couple readily fanned them into a blaze. That Richard must be made away with speedily, became an axiom of state policy, and Bruno, Archbishop of Cologne, Duke of Lorraine, and Otho the Great's favorite brother, undertook to lead the wild beast into the snare. A friendly conference at Amiens, to reconcile the king and the duke, was proposed. Heedlessly Richard accepted the invitation, and gayly journeyed towards his doom. Suddenly his progress was arrested in the forests of the Beauvoisin.

"It was the sudden apparition of two Knights starting through the thicket, hot and fagged and dusty, so muffled in their mantles that their faces could not be discerned. . . . . Noble Duke, said they, what choose ye to be your lot? Ruler among your own people, or a banished man? Shepherd, swineherd, or worse?

"Richard was astounded. Richard-sans-Peur felt fear now; and when, in after times, the Knights told their own story, they related how Richard's color rose, not from anger, but from real and actual alarm and confusion. Silent awhile, he broke that silence: — Whose Lieges were they? What matters it, replied they, if faithful to thee? No more questions did Richard ask. His guerdons bespoke his gratitude for the warning, and also his comprehension of the snare. Richard's own golden-hilted sword did the one Knight receive. Four pounds in weight did that hilt weigh. The companion was honored with Richard's golden bracelet, — the ensign of his ducal dignity, equi-ponderous with the splendid sword-hilt, and also fashioned of the purest gold. The Monitors vanished, Richard rejoined his Nobles and Cortege, — Gautier-le-Veneur no doubt amongst them, — and related the strange encounter which had befallen him. Some slight debate seems to have ensued; but they were ultimately unanimous in accepting the counsel conveyed by the enigma. Forward would be folly; and forthwith must Richard return to Rouen." — Vol. II. pp. 725 – 727.

Again was the lure displayed to entice the wary falcon. Richard owed homage to Lothair; the debt had not yet been paid, and now the neglect must be repaired. Richard demurred; the transactions of 945 had released him, and his oaths were due only to the Duke of France. A conference was suggested; hopes of an entire pacification were thrown out, and towards the banks of the Eaulne hastened Richard, with a picked troop of Norman and Briton chivalry, while from the east swept Lothair, accompanied by Baldwin of Flanders, Thibaut of Chartres, Geoffrey Grisgonnelle of Anjou, and a force computed by the Norman chroniclers to amount to ten thousand fighting men. Their hope was to surprise Richard the Fearless, and in this they had nearly succeeded; but scouts had been thrown out, and when the shock came, the Norman knights were ready. Desperately the Franks endeavored to force the passage of the stream, and desperately were they resisted, Richard summoning to his assistance the warlike peasantry of the country, whom he had armed in expectation of treachery. As usual, there are two accounts of the skirmish; — one, that Richard, finding his enemies too powerful, withdrew in safety; the other, that the Franks, overcome by Norman valor, fled in wild disorder and with heavy loss. The result is the same, — baffled treachery and increasing hate.

There was no need of further concealment, and early in the following year (962) Lothair held a *placitum*, or national diet, at the royal city of Laôn, where he formally impeached Richard as a felon, and asked the aid of his lieges to reduce the traitor to submission. It was readily granted, and Lothair and Thibaut entered Normandy, and speedily captured Evreux. The gathering forces of Richard compelled their retreat, and the Normans burst in fury over Thibaut's county of Chartres, burning, ravaging, and destroying. Thibaut repaid the insult, and by a skilful and rapid movement reached Rouen, pitching his camp over against the city. Small repose had the beleaguering troops; in the dead of night the Normans crossed the Seine, torch and dagger did their work, and ere dawn the shattered remains of the Chartrain forces were flying wildly southwards. So far, Richard had manfully held his own; but an harassing, desultory war succeeded, in which King Lothair, with Thibaut and Geoffrey of Anjou, kept his borders in continual alarm. Richard felt himself alone. His immediate suzerain, Hugh Capet, remained aloof, and made no attempt to exert his nominal authority over his vassals of Anjou and Chartres. In this isolation, the Norman's thoughts turned to the fatherland, and he appealed for help to brave Harold Blaatand, who seventeen years before, after reinstating him on the throne, had returned to Denmark, and reconquered his ancestral crown. The request was readily granted, and soon a fleet manned by hardy Danskermen ploughed the waters of the Seine, when Richard, warmly greeting the welcome allies, stationed them at Jeu-fosse, a commanding situation, whence their ancestors a hundred years before had repeatedly harried the surrounding country. This new and powerful element soon made itself felt in the war, and the rapidly spreading desolation caused by the fierce Pagans soon brought the Franks as humble suppliants, praying Richard to stay the pestilence thus let loose upon them. The Count of Chartres, pocketing his pride, stole silently to Rouen and begged for peace, abandoning hard-won Evreux, and Richard magnanimously forgave his manifold wrongs. King Lothair and the other nobles had meanwhile opened negotiations through good Bishop Wolfadus,

and, as Richard was found willing to treat, an embassy was sent to Rouen and magnificently received. Richard was embarrassed. His new allies had served his turn, but how was he to rid himself of their dangerous friendship? They spurned all thoughts of abandoning the pillage of the fat cornfields and rich vineyards of France. "Go with us, and we will win all France for ourselves and for thee. Keep aloof, and we shall win all France for ourselves, but not for thee. Choose!" Richard had a delicate task before him, requiring all his astuteness; and well he acquitted himself of it. For sixteen days the camp at Jeu-fosse was a scene of wild confusion, Richard prudently keeping himself out of the way, and treating with the most influential chiefs, into whose pouches Frankish money was lavishly poured. The clamor finally subsided, and the camp divided itself into two sections. The one received baptism and settled as colonists in Normandy; the other, furnished with vessels, tried its adventurous fortunes in Spain, where, after overrunning Galicia, it was eventually exterminated by Gonzalo Sanchez. Shortly afterwards Lothair and Richard held a solemn interview, at which oaths of friendship were exchanged and the *terra Normannorum* assured to the progeny of Rollo for ever. Thus ended the last of the Danish incursions, which for a century and a half had wasted the energies of France, and threatened to destroy the lingering remains of Roman civilization.

We see little more of Richard. For thirty-three years longer he governed his subjects temperately and wisely, and to him may be attributed the peculiar forms of Norman cultivation, and the powerful influence exercised by Normandy upon the conterminous states. In the revolution which placed the Capets on the Carlovingian throne he appears to have taken a leading part, but more by his personal weight and authority in the secret intrigues of the time, than by open acts which appear on the pages of the annalist. As the family historian proudly asserts,

"Par le conseil del gran Barnage
Et par la force de Richart,
Par son conseil et son art

Fu Hugon Chapes recéu,
Et en France pour Rei tenu.
Par Richart e par sa valor;
Ki eu avait sa seror,
Par son conseil et par s'amur,
Fu de France, Huon Seignur."

Following the traditions of the family, he had proved false to his marriage vow. Gentle Emma, the Capet's sister, his wife in little more than name, had died childless a few years after her bridal, and Richard easily consoled himself with the smiles of Guenora, his favorite, whom he subsequently married. By her and by others he left a numerous progeny, the founders of many of the noblest houses of Normandy; and his great-grandson, the victor of Hastings, whose cognomen of the Manzer, or Bastard, was as truly bestowed as his more glorious after-title of the Conqueror, was not on that account less the legitimate heir to the throne than two thirds of his ducal ancestors. In 996 Richard died, full of years and of honors, stigmatized to the last, however, by the Frankish historian, as "Piratarum Dux."

Here our author concludes his second volume. We trust shortly to meet him in the promised continuation, which is to carry the history down to the reign of Edward the Third. The period indicated is one of the highest moment, presenting, besides the most stirring historical incidents, large questions of polity, the solution of which has exercised a powerful influence on the existing condition of the civilized world. During the convulsive throes of the tenth century, society was born again, and the first faint struggles of the nascent modern civilization present a study of the deepest interest. The dawn of the new literature, the first appearance of the Tiers État as a political force, the gigantic advance in the power of Rome over the rights of both the civil magistracy and the religious hierarchy, the consolidation of feudalism into a complete and overmastering system, the rise of the institutions of chivalry, the gradual evolution of the various constitutions of the European governments, so similar in their sources, so different in their issues, the formation of trading communities or guilds, the development of the arts as typi-

fied in the wonders of Christian architecture, — all these, and many other points of scarcely less importance, we look to see elucidated with the profound research and trained judgment of which Sir Francis has already given us such convincing proofs.

According to popular belief, the main object of a review is to show that the critic is a much cleverer man than his author. In pursuance of the duty which we thus owe to our brethren of the craft, we therefore proceed to notice a few trifling errors which have attracted our attention in the perusal of these volumes.

Pepin the Second, king of Aquitaine, is spoken of (Vol. I. p. 358) as "king, pretender, monk, and pirate, married (as is supposed) to the sister of Robert-le-Fort." Such a marriage is too improbable to have deserved any sanction from the historian. The father of Pepin the Second, Pepin the First, in 822, by command of Louis le Débonnaire, married Ingeltruda, daughter of Theodebert, "Comes Matricencis" (see Eginhard, Annal., an. 822). Now, in the Carlovingian theory of Capetian genealogy, this Theodebert was the father of Robert le Fort, and thus the wild supposition alluded to has been suggested by some strenuous believer in the unity of the second and third dynasties.

In discussing the various theories of the origin of the Capets, we find it stated (Vol. I. p. 407) with regard to Witikind, the supposed father of Robert le Fort, that "Conradus Urspergensis, Abbot of Lichtenau, proves that Witikind was no other than the great and heroic chieftain of the Saxon race." Now Conrad was a compiler of chronicles in the first half of the thirteenth century, and the opinion thus attributed to him is full three centuries younger. Conrad, copying Richerius, a writer of the tenth century, merely speaks of Robert's father as "Vuitikinum, ex Germania profugum" (anno 886). His allusion is purely incidental, and he makes no attempt to identify the German fugitive with the Saxon hero, the discovery of the relationship being reserved for the over-learned of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That Conrad was innocent of any such folly is sufficiently shown by his account of the hero Witikind's posterity, in his chapter

"De Origine Saxonum," where no mention is made of any such illustrious offshoot. The interminable controversies which have arisen upon these points have invested them with an adventitious importance not a little ludicrous.

In speaking of the death of the usurper Robert, at the battle of Soissons, in 923, it is stated (Vol. II. pp. 40, 41): "The assailants thronged round the dying King; seven spears transfixed him; one, whose trenchant iron clove through tongue, palate, and brain, was claimed by the Carlovingians as the weapon of King Charles. The legitimate monarch enjoyed the renown of giving the traitor the finishing blow." Had Charles the Simple put forth any such claim, it would have been recorded by the contemporary chroniclers. The authority for the assertion is Ekkehardus of Urangen, a German compiler of the twelfth century. Richerius, a much nearer authority, whose account of the battle Sir Francis has followed in most of the details, says positively (Lib. I. Cap. 45) that Charles, at the earnest request of the chiefs and bishops, took no part in the battle, but watched its progress from a neighboring eminence, — "montem loco oppositum conscendit . . . . . eventum belli inde expecturus." Our author, however, copies both Richerius and Ekkehardus in his statement of the number slain in the battle, each side losing more than half of those engaged. As the battle was a drawn one, no pursuit taking place, this immense slaughter is evidently fabulous. Richerius states that he gives the figures on the authority of Frodoardus, thus stamping his own assertion as an error, since Frodoardus says nothing of the kind.

The proceedings in 947 and 948, by which Louis d'Outremer invoked the assistance of the Pope and of the German princes in his conflict with Hugh, are highly curious, and especially interesting as one of the earliest instances of Papal interference in distant political quarrels. Vol. II. p. 593, our author speaks of the Synod of Verdun as assembling January 13, 948. Now the Synod of Verdun was held November 17, 947, and that of Mouzon, January 13, 948. (Frodoardus, ann. 947, 948; and Richerius, Lib. II. Cap. 65, 66.) In his account of the Council of Engelheim, which soon followed, Sir Francis appears to confound the proceedings against Duke

Hugh with those against Hugh "Parvulus," competitor for the archbishopric of Rheims. "Archbishop Artaldus then recited, with much detail, the acts of violence committed by Duke Hugh, and the vexation and persecution he had suffered from that arch-tyrant," &c. (pp. 599 – 601.) The speech of Artaldus was directed entirely against the other Hugh, — "Hugonem sibi subrogatum episcopum," — and the quotations from the holy Fathers, Sixtus, Alexander, Innocent, Zosimus, &c., were launched at the Parvulus and not at the Duke.

The transactions by which Hugh Capet mounted the throne on the death of Louis the Fifth possess the highest interest, elucidated as they are by the recently discovered Chronicle of Richerius. When the informal assembly of nobles at Compiegne separated to meet again for the purpose of electing a king, Archbishop Adalbero proposed that they should bind themselves by oath to Hugh not to electioneer in the interval, — "vos nihil quæsituros, nihil molituros." Sir Francis phrases it, that they should "abstain from any proceedings in the nature of an election" (Vol. II. p. 870), which conveys an entirely different idea; and immediately afterwards he says: "Nor . . . . . could it be considered as very unfair that the oath of obedience should be given to Adalbero and to Hugh Capet." Hugh alone was the recipient of the oath. Adalbero's proposition was, "Placeat vos *mecum* magno duci sacramento obligari," and the chronicler proceeds: "Sacramento itaque *duci* alligantur." (Richerius, Lib. IV. Cap. 8.) The point is interesting, as showing the unquestioned pre-eminence of Hugh, his civil predominance being such as not to require the conjunction of the primate's ecclesiastical authority in becoming the depositary of the dormant regal power.

Vast is the influence of that indefinite entity which, for want of a better name, we call *style*. In Paris those *abstracteurs de quintessence*, the *hommes de style*, are a power in the state, to be bribed or bullied, cajoled or threatened, according to the strength or weakness of the powers that be. The charming trifles of Addison, embalmed, like flies in amber, in the graceful ease of his transparent sentences, bid fair to live as long as the language. The compilations of Hume and Robertson, prejudiced, destitute of research, and utterly value-

less as histories, preserve their place as English classics because they are easy to read and levy no tax upon the comprehension of the reader. The want of these characteristics condemns many a valuable book to obscurity; and though such will not be the fate of the volumes under consideration, still they will have a circulation very far beneath their merits, and their influence will be exerted upon the popular mind chiefly by fashioning the thoughts of those who do the thinking for others. It is not that Sir Francis is dull, or heavy, or unintelligible; it is that he is fond of the bizarre and unexpected, and is perpetually startling the reader with abrupt contrasts of light and shade. It is hard for him to settle down into the sober jog-trot of continuous narrative, and he is constantly relieving the monotony by caracoling in a style as original as it is unlooked for. These eccentricities of manner are unfortunate, as with the common run of mankind they are apt to be taken for charlatanry, and to be considered rather as shams to disguise poverty, than as marking the exuberant wealth of a powerful and richly stored intellect. There is nothing dull about Sir Francis, and as soon as one has become used to his caprices of manner, his picturesque and effective details, his dramatic touches, and even his colloquial and undignified forms of speech prevent the reader's interest from flagging. The attention thus kept alive is constantly rewarded by piercing views, which illuminate old questions and present them in new and suggestive forms; by novel and accurate estimates of the actors and actions discussed; by scenes painted with a spirit and vigor which present them distinctly before the eye; by touches of healthy human sentiment which bring down the personages of the story from their high historic pedestal, and place them before us as living, breathing, rejoicing, and suffering men and women; and by glimpses into the internal life and polity of those distant ages, deeper and truer than any writer in the language has yet afforded. As an example of Sir Francis in his quaint moods, we quote the following effective and eccentric picture of the irruption of barbarians which shattered the Carlovingian Empire. His third chapter opens thus: —

"Internal enemies and external enemies, enemies known, enemies unknown, enemies provoked, enemies unprovoked, enemies from the East, enemies from the West, enemies from the South, enemies from the North, from the seas, the rivers, and the hills. — Our sailors box the compass, improving Charlemagne's lessons. Charlemagne began to give the compound names by which the rhombs of the mariner's card are known; and from every circling point of the horizon the wind wafted an enemy. Christians and half-Christians, Mahometans and idolaters, diverse races, and diverse tongues, — worshippers of Thor and Odin, Promo, Chrodo, Jutebog, Zernebog, Belbog, Zutebor, and lion-visaged Radegast, Swantowit with four heads, triple-headed Triglaw, and genial Siewa, the many-breasted teeming Siewa with the bunch of grapes in her hand, — Gascon, Vascon or Escalduanac, Celt or Breyzad, Jute, Norsk and Dansker; Ishmaelite, Moor, Saracen; Sorb, Wend and Obotrite; Lech, Zech and Magyar, — all conjoined with the infatuated Carlovingian Princes and their more infatuated subjects in effecting the Empire's destruction.

"Alas! for Charlemagne's victories, Charlemagne's conquests, Charlemagne's wisdom, cultivation and knowledge — all come to naught, turned to confusion. Aquitania, a festering ulcer, rebellious, and tempting the offspring of the throne to disobedience and rebellion, Armorica, no longer merely an insurgent province, but a kingdom striving for independence and liberty, the Sclavonians breaking up the borders of the Empire. Worse than all, the extinction of natural affection, truth, faith, honesty and loyalty; the hand of each brother, not figuratively but literally lifted against each other, every father distrustful, every son disobedient. Certain obscure ejaculatory English-Saxon verses are extant, describing a country in utter misery, which, partially divested of their archaic orthography, run as follows: — '*Land-king wilful, dooms-man nimmand, rich-man niggard, poor-man proud, gaveloc broken, child unbuxom, churl unthewed, fool reckless, old-man loveless, woman shameless, land lawless, better be lifeless.*' — These rapid lines, of which there are many more, sounding as having been transmitted from remote antiquity, truly characterize the wretchedness of the Empire — the whole one vast Luegen-feld, flooded by falsehood, without comfort, without rest."

We cannot repress a remonstrance at the language in which it sometimes pleases Sir Francis to disguise his thoughts. If he had been "at a feast of tongues and had brought away the scraps," he could hardly set before us a more complete *olla podrida*. Archaisms and neologisms, clas-

sicisms and vulgarisms, Gallicisms, Germanicisms, and Italicisms, bristle through his pages as the whim of the moment directs. We might pardon "ebenbürtigkeit," though the English paraphrase would be preferable; but "pentimento," "conventional gergo," "Luegen-felders," "Luegen-feldland," "prevented" used in place of "anticipated," and "reticences" as a plural, are inadmissible. Such Johnsonisms as "consiliency," "dispathies," "protoplast," "brumal," and "ambages," present a striking contrast to "lick-spittle," "clemmed," "hoiking," and "fletchers"; while "dependable," "pilgrimized," and "bucketted," display a greater power in inventing new combinations, than command over such as already existed.

But these are spots on the sun, and we fear that we have hardly done justice to the very favorable opinion which we have formed of these volumes. Only those who have struggled wearily through the jejune and scanty chronicles of the ninth and tenth centuries, so deficient in all that we particularly want to know, can estimate the powers requisite to weave their confused and reluctant facts into a flowing and continuous narrative, and to clothe their skeleton characters in the flesh and blood of living men. This task no man in England could have accomplished as Sir Francis Palgrave has done it; for he is not only an archæologist of singular and accurate profundity, but he also possesses that breadth and strength of thought which looks on archæological research as a means, not as an end, and the laborious acquisitions which others fondly consider as a result, he regards as merely the material for combination and generalization. We trust that his example may not be lost, and that erelong England may be able to boast of more like him, worthy compeers of that illustrious band who, from Daniel to Henri Martin, have made French historical literature the first in the civilized world.

ART. II. — *Life of George Washington.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. Vols. I. to IV. New York: George P. Putnam & Co. 1855 – 1857. 8vo.*

WE have been told that, when Mr. Irving was a child five or six years old, he was walking one day, with a favorite Scotch servant-woman, in Broadway; not the Broadway of our times, in which Presidents and Generals are lost in the crowd, but that quiet little thoroughfare, which, starting from the Battery as its court-end, ran on, through rows of modest dwelling-houses and still more modest shops, to the fields and gardens around the Park. In one of these shops there was a little more stir than usual, with a little bustle, too, of curiosity about the door, which attracted the good woman's attention; and on looking in for the cause, she saw that General Washington was there. Seizing her young companion by the hand, she drew him forward, and led him right up to the General, exclaiming, "Look here, sir, here is a bairn that is named for ye." Washington laid his hand upon the child's head, and from that day to this, the blessing of the "Father of his Country" has rested upon it.

It is impossible to recall this little incident without reflecting, "How mysteriously is the web of life woven! To Washington it was a trifle, dwelt upon, perhaps, with pleasure, for a moment, told, it may be, to his wife on his return home, and then forgotten amid the thousand anxieties of his position. He had just entered upon his duties as President under the new Constitution. Grave cares, intricate questions of state, were weighing upon him, and what time had he to bestow anything more than a smile and a caress on this child of a stranger, even though bearing his own name? What would have been his sensations could he have foreseen the future career of that child! How would his cares have

* We welcomed this work, on the appearance of the first volume, in an article, which, as a critical examination of it in so unfinished a state would have been premature and necessarily incomplete, was chiefly devoted to an analysis of Washington's character. Our readers would hardly have excused us if we had failed to embrace the earliest opportunity of returning to it.

been lightened, what a thrill would have shot to his heart, what a fervor would have glowed in his benediction, could some friendly voice have whispered in his ear, 'This boy will one day bear his part in the great work of raising his country to the first place among the nations; he will compel her reluctant kindred beyond the sea to recognize her genius, as you have compelled them to recognize her power; he will fill public stations with dignity, and adorn private life with all the gentler virtues; and when, at last, after many wanderings and many labors, he shall come and make his home upon the banks of that stream which was the scene of some of your greatest trials and noblest achievements, he will devote the mature wisdom and temperate eloquence of a green old age to the story of your life, and indissolubly unite his name with yours in a work which shall be the guide and the delight of the remotest posterity!'"

Many concurring causes seem to have pointed out Mr. Irving as the historian of Washington. He had been the first to tell the story of Columbus fully, and to paint the struggles of that sublime genius in colors which, like those of the frescos on the ruins of old Roman palaces, will preserve their freshness unchanged, in spite of time and decay. He was known to have a rare talent for the study of character, seizing readily upon all those delicate shades and nice distinctions which, though essential to the truth of a portrait, and often the only clew to apparent contradictions, escape the common eye. He was acknowledged to be one of the best of narrators, full of life and movement, carrying you from scene to scene with an interest that never flags, possessing all the warmth of a poet, and yet free from that melodramatic exaggeration which is the worst falsifier of history. He was the master of a pure English style, with its graphic epithets and rich cadences, which, while it addresses itself to the understanding and the heart, fills the ear with a delicious melody that thrills you like music. And with all this he had lived in the world, and that in an age full of great events; had mingled freely in the society of different nations; had met face to face the great men of his time; had seen kings upon their thrones, savage chiefs in their native wilds, gen-

erals fresh from the battle-field, statesmen surrounded with the pageantry of office, or mourning in involuntary retirement the loss of a power that had become essential to their happiness. He had lived, too, in delightful intercourse with the monarchs of the mind, the great poets who, from the seclusion of their closets, sent forth words that were repeated with rapture in courts and cottages, on the ocean and by the watch-fire; and he had seen them pass away one by one, repeating the lesson of ages, that he who would live in the hearts of men must live for mankind.

Therefore, when it was known that the first volume was in the hands of the printer, there was a general expression of satisfaction among the friends of American literature. They felt that this wondrous story would be told aright; that Washington would be drawn in all the majesty of his greatness; that the charms of exquisite composition, gracing the record of virtue, would form a work which fathers would transmit to their children as a precious legacy. This expectation has been abundantly fulfilled. Each new volume has been received with a welcome that must have carried a cheering glow to the author's heart. You will meet them in steamboats, you will meet them in the cars; they have taken their place at the side of the classics in the library, and lie, in rich bindings, among the ornaments of the centre-table. We have seen them call a brighter flush to the cheek of youth, and heard their harmonious periods flowing with impressive solemnity from the lips of age. Seldom has literature witnessed a more perfect triumph; never, one on which the recorder of her checkered annals can dwell with so serene and unsullied joy.

The life of Washington had already been written by eminent men, and rightly filled an important place in American literature. The first of his biographers who had access to his papers was Chief Justice Marshall,— a man of rare intellectual vigor, large experience, untiring industry, a statesman, a diplomatist, a jurist, and a soldier. He had served through the war with credit; had, on two important occasions, been invited by Washington to connect himself with his administration; had lived with him on terms of confidential inter-

course; and after his death had been intrusted with his papers, as they had been arranged under his own direction and left by him in the archives of Mount Vernon. From these authentic sources, illustrated by personal recollections, and by a careful comparison with printed works and official documents, Judge Marshall drew the materials for his life of Washington; a work which, whether we consider the dignity of the subject or the character and position of the author, must always hold a conspicuous place in our historical literature. The first edition, in five octavo volumes, began to appear within little over three years after Washington's death, and while most of the principal actors in the events which it records were still living; — a circumstance which may be considered as having exercised both a favorable and an unfavorable influence upon it.

All the principal events of Washington's life were still fresh in many memories. The old men had witnessed them; men of middle age, and some who were still young, had been actors in them; and children had grown up in the midst of those fireside recollections which make the first generation after a great event feel as if they had been its contemporaries. This familiarity with the details of his subject, both in himself and in his immediate readers, rendered it difficult for Marshall to enter into the feelings of those of a later generation. Everything was so clear to his own mind, that he never paused to ask how it would strike others. The names of men and places, of encampments and battle-fields, awakened such vivid recollections, came before him with such a variety of characteristic circumstances, that he never thought of painting them. It was difficult for him to conceive, in his intimate familiarity with them, what kind of questions one less familiar would ask. Why should he tell how Washington looked in his tent, or sat his horse, when thousands of his readers knew it as well as he?

But with all this he would be true to the spirit of the times. He would speak of things as they appeared to the actors themselves. He could not falsify the general character of an age which was still living to tell him if his portrait were unfaithful. He would retain enough of his early feelings

to reproduce his original impressions; while many interesting circumstances would derive their authenticity from his testimony. If Marshall had been a poet, what a picture he might have drawn! How naturally the hero would have blended with the man! How like actual things all the great points of Washington's character, and all the important periods of his career, with their variety of incident and position, would have come before us, warming our hearts and kindling our imaginations as with a real presence! It would have been like a triumphal procession in an old bas-relief, in which, while the long ranks of victors and captives pass before you with their arms and trophies, and in all the magnificence of ancient warfare, your eye still follows the general in his car of triumph, as the moving and master spirit of all.

But Marshall was pre-eminently a man of pure intellect, expounding with lucid order the conclusions of an exact logic and profound analysis, but unskilled in the language of the imagination and the art of awakening vivid conceptions. His work is a clear exposition of causes, an accurate narrative of events, a faithful record of actions, a just appreciation of motives and characters, but formal, cold, and inelegant; commanding our confidence by its candor and our respect by its good sense, but failing to reanimate the past, and to bring us into the presence of its hero as a living being.

Ramsay attempted less than Marshall. He had already written the History of South Carolina and the History of the Revolution, and the Life of Washington seemed the natural complement of his labors. Like Marshall, he had been an actor in the scenes which he undertook to describe, had lived familiarly with the eminent men of the day, had had free access to official documents, and had studied Washington in his own letters. He had, moreover, a more cultivated historical sense than Marshall, and used language more effectively. He possessed in an eminent degree the power of compression. "His book is complete," we once heard good old General Lafayette say of his History of the Revolution; "he has put everything into it: he abbreviates like Florus." But his narrative, though clear, wants color: it has movement without vivacity; distinctness without graphic power. He tells the

story, but fails to paint the scenes or the men. And thus, with a kind of knowledge which none but a contemporary can possess, with ample materials to draw from, and abundant means of verifying every statement by direct conference with actors still in the full possession of their faculties, he has left us a meagre volume, which must always be consulted, though it will seldom be read.

An interval of thirty years, which added but little to our knowledge of Washington's history, brings us to Mr. Sparks. And now, for the first time, we find ourselves in presence of a man placed at sufficient distance from the scene to view it in all its complex relations, and eminently qualified by the bent of his genius, by habits of patient research, and by that sober earnestness which never relaxes its exertions, to do full justice to the subject. The careful study which he had already made of the foreign relations of the most important part of this period, while editing the "Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution," had prepared him for entering with a more perfect intelligence upon the examination of Washington's own papers. For ten years those precious documents, the originals themselves, which Washington, with a full consciousness of their historical value,* had carefully arranged and preserved during his lifetime, and bequeathed at his death to his favorite nephew, as a special testimonial of his confidence, were intrusted to him, to select and annotate for the press, his daily companions, the absorbing object of his study and meditation. He read them all, more than two hundred folio volumes, carefully and critically, with pen in hand; and when he had gone through them once, and marked those which seemed best adapted to the plan of his publication, to guard himself, as far as conscientious industry could do it, against the danger of mistake, he began his task anew, and went over them all again. Nor did he close his labors here, or confine his researches to Washington's own correspondence. He travelled extensively, both at home and abroad; examined numerous public and private collections; conversed

* See Washington to the President of Congress, from New Windsor, April 4, 1781. Sparks's Washington, Vol. VII. p. 467.

with the surviving friends and companions of his hero; visited every battle-field and every encampment; traced out the lines of march of the contending armies; and more than once had the good fortune to find some old soldier near the spot, to guide him in his observations. And that none of those influences which bring happy thoughts, and attune the faculties to harmonious action, might be wanting, he went, when these preliminary studies were completed, and took up his abode, with all the precious fruits of his labors around him, in the house in which Washington had passed the first trying and eventful months of the war. There, in the same room in which the "Father of his Country," as yet but imperfectly known to himself and to the world, had met in council the early companions of his cares, some of whom were to stand by him to the last, and some to fall from him in the proving hour, with the very paper before him on which that hand, which never traced a selfish nor an ignoble thought, had recorded the wants and wishes of those gloomy days, he took up his pen to tell the wonderful story. How often must he have started at the opening door, the door through which Washington had passed! What solemn thoughts must have come over him as he raised his eyes to the window and looked forth, under the shadowing elms and across the green meadows where the Charles still winds its pleasant path to the bay! "Those elms," he may have said, "were saplings when Washington was here, bending to every blast, casting no grateful shadows upon the greensward, drawing no music from the passing wind. Did Washington, as his thoughtful eye rested upon them and his spirit held anxious communion with the future, ever liken them to the tree that he was planting? Did he ever say to them, 'You will go on to the fulness of your growth, drawing strength from sunshine and shower, putting forth your leaves and casting them again, with each return of the seasons, till your tops reach high into the heavens, and your broad branches spread out with a grateful shade; but who can foretell the fate of that delicate and fragile tree which I am planting in darkness and gloom? Who can say what manner of men they will be who will one day come and seat themselves at your feet, — the hardy sons of

freemen, or the abject offspring of slaves, — reviling me as a rebel, or blessing my memory as the deliverer of my country?'" How often must these and kindred thoughts have crowded upon the historian's mind and checked his pen! What more could he have asked to aid him in combining the results of his long and laborious researches into a glowing and lifelike picture of Washington?

But, unfortunately, the history of Washington's life was less Mr. Sparks's object than editing and illustrating his writings. Modestly overestimating Judge Marshall's work,* he contracted the plan of his own. With materials for five volumes, he has confined himself to one. With unrivalled stores of illustration, he has given us only enough to make us eager for more. As an introduction to Washington's Writings, his work is a model, luminous, comprehensive, accurate, and just; conceived in the true spirit of historical appreciation, and written in a simple, manly, and dignified style. It will always retain the high position which it took from the beginning, and will be regarded as an indispensable auxiliary to the study of Washington's character.

Of foreign lives of Washington, we know of none that deserves especial mention. The subject is still a difficult, if not an ungrateful one, for an Englishman. Napier or Arnold might have treated it fairly; but by far the greater part of their countrymen, however lavish in their general eulogies, or however anxious, with Lord Mahon, "to render full justice to the opposite party,"† can hardly divest themselves of the feeling that the Revolution was a rebellion, and Washington, at the best, but a successful traitor.

In German literature, there is nothing worthy of the subject. How can there be while Germany remains what she is? In Italian there is Botta's eloquent narrative of the war,

* "After the able, accurate, and comprehensive work of Chief Justice Marshall, it would be presumptuous to attempt a historical biography of Washington." — Sparks's Washington, Vol. I., Preface, p. xii.

† "But the American War is a fine subject, and treated, as you would treat it, with the same perfect fairness as the Succession War, its history would vindicate the honor of this country at the same time that it rendered full justice to the opposite cause." — Southey to Lord Mahon, Appendix to Vol. VI. of Lord Mahon's History of England, &c., p. 1.

worthy, both in sentiment and in style, of the best days of Italian literature, but necessarily imperfect as a personal history. The French have Guizot's Essay, one of those profound and just appreciations, by which the philosophic historian has thrown such a flood of light upon some of the most important parts of human annals. With the last edition of this Essay, there is a Life of Washington by De Witte, a work of some literary pretensions, but inaccurate in many of its statements and judgments, and adding nothing to our knowledge of Washington's character or actions.

These, with the exception of the last, which had not yet appeared, were the principal Lives of Washington, when Mr. Irving took up his pen. It was no light task for one who had already reached that term of life which it was not given to Washington to pass. Would he be able to transcend the statesmanlike appreciation of Marshall? Could he hope to add to the facts that crowd the industrious pages of Sparks? or to rival the profound analysis and luminous generalizations of Guizot? And, harder than all, would it be possible for him to preserve that calm and sober coloring which is the only coloring suited to the man and the times?

Of all the difficulties which he has had to encounter, none, perhaps, was so great, or so much to be feared, as his own reputation. For beauty of language, grace of style, delicacy of fancy, and genial sentiment, he had long held the first place in modern English literature. The subjects of his previous histories had been singularly in harmony with the peculiar characteristics of his genius, in which good sense and delicate appreciation of character are blended with elements eminently poetical. Columbus was a personage who might well excite the enthusiasm of a poet, while the narrative of his adventurous career demanded sagacious criticism, sound judgment, and the most skilful touches of art. A mind not used to kindle with its own conceptions, to see strange forms in the evening clouds, and to dream in the forest twilight by the side of fountains and meadow brooks, would never have understood that mingling of enthusiasm and practical sense, of daring enterprise and visionary speculation, which entered into the composition of his singular character, enabling him

to cling with as firm a faith to the creations of his own intellect, as to the revelations of his perceptive faculties. The unknown seas into which he sailed so boldly; the New World, with its luxuriant scenery, its novel productions and strange inhabitants; and, more than all, the deep tragedy of his protracted sufferings and unworthy death, — are subjects so nearly akin to poetry, that, if the narrative of them had come down to us as the production of some legendary age, we should have hesitated to accept it as history.

Nor was the miraculous rise of the Mohammedan Empire, and the sudden conversion of the idolatrous tribes of the desert into irresistible armies of religious enthusiasts, a subject less suited to Mr. Irving's pen. But in painting the sound discretion and sober enthusiasm of Washington, in describing scenes with which every reader had been more or less familiar from his childhood, in speaking of armies of mechanics and farmers, how would he be able to repress the fire within him, and to tame down his picturesque and flowing periods to the severe truth of history?

The doubt was natural. A critical examination of the literary character of the work will give the best solution of it.

It is generally understood that Mr. Irving began to collect his materials before his mission to Spain, and that his work has consequently been growing in his mind some fourteen or fifteen years. It was not, however, till several years after his return that he entered upon it seriously. Meanwhile the Life of Goldsmith, and the History of Mahomet and his Followers, were written, and the revised edition of his Works carried through the press. It was an interval of active exertion, during which he did enough to have made the reputation of any other man, and in fields remote from that which he was preparing to tread. But this was done without losing sight of his great subject, to which he returned from time to time, gradually extending his researches and enlarging his range of inquiry. He visited many, if not most, of the places connected with Washington's private and public career. From his own garden he could look down upon some of the most interesting localities of the war. And the few who could

still speak of it as eyewitnesses were glad to repeat their stories to such a listener. Like Sparks, he studied Washington's letters in the originals, to which he could now add the writings of Hamilton, Adams, and Jefferson, and the vast array of facts so laboriously collected and so judiciously arranged by Mr. Force, in his American Archives, one of the most remarkable monuments of historical industry of any age or country. And when the results of this deliberate and comprehensive preparation had arranged themselves in his mind, in distinct and definite forms, the great drama of the Revolution would seem to have unrolled itself before his eyes, in the full grandeur of its proportions, with Washington for its central and directing spirit. Then it was that he took up his pen, like a spectator fresh from some exciting scene, to pour out his recollections in a continuous flow of picturesque narrative. The first volume was published early in 1855; the second, before the close of the same year; the third, in 1856; and the fourth, in 1857. At first he had expected to bring his story within the compass of three volumes; but as he proceeded, the figures came crowding upon the canvas till he found himself compelled to choose between expansion and mutilation. Fortunately for literature and for his own fame, he chose the former. Each part now fills its appropriate place, without jostling or jarring with the others. The first volume contains a full history of Washington's youth, presents an elaborate picture of the severe ordeal through which he passed in the old French war, gives graphic sketches of his domestic life at Mount Vernon, and, tracing carefully the progress of public sentiment during the opening scenes of the Revolution, closes with his arrival at the camp before Boston. The second opens with the siege of Boston, and brings the story down to the battle of Princeton and the first encampment at Morristown. The third is devoted to the campaigns of 1777 – 79. The fourth contains the closing scenes of the war, and the melancholy history of the Confederation, and ends with the first inauguration; and a fifth will soon terminate the eventful drama.

The first thing that strikes the reader, on closing these volumes, is the skill with which the work is divided, and

the judgment with which the proportions of the different parts of its complex narrative are marked out. This alone would entitle its author to a high rank among historians; for it implies the power of vigorous conception, a quality which holds the same place in historical that invention does in poetical composition. To conceive a complicated subject as one, to detect the principle of unity which binds its scattered and often discordant parts into an harmonious whole, and to feel your pen guided by this instinctive appreciation to put everything into its true place, as the particles of matter are arranged by the force of gravitation at their proper distances from the common centre, is a rare and precious gift. A broken and ill-proportioned narrative is as repulsive to the mind as discord is to a musical ear, and this not merely from an inherent love of order, but because we can never fully understand the spirit and relations of that which we cannot grasp as a whole. It is for this, in a great measure, that history is less read than it ought to be. The events of history are full of variety and novelty, often carrying us so far beyond our conjectures as to have made it a common saying, that truth is stranger than fiction. Yet men of fine talents, of profound thought, of eminent literary powers, are frequently unable to excite our interest in the most eventful periods. They fail to discover the latent principle of unity. They treat history as they study it, not as a living whole, with one great heart sending out the vivifying blood to every part of the system and receiving it back again to purify it and transmit it anew to the remotest extremities, but as an aggregate of parts, coherent indeed, but not essentially dependent on one another. Hume wrote the history of England backwards, and thus has given us a series of groups, instead of an harmonious picture. The ancients, whose artistic intuitions hardly ever deserted them, seldom err in this; the greatest of them never. Sallust, Xenophon, and even Thucydides, were greatly assisted by the nature of their subjects; but in Tacitus the principle is ever present, even in his Annals, in which the division by years necessarily gives a somewhat fragmentary cast to the narrative; and Livy is not more remarkable for his power of painting to the mind's eye, than for the skill

with which he infuses into every part of his work the pervading spirit of Roman genius.*

Mr. Irving, too, was aided by the nature of his subject; for as regards unity of narrative, the biographer has a great advantage over the general historian. But the manner in which he has availed himself of this advantage deserves the highest praise. Washington is eminently an historical character. From his youth upwards the larger part of his life was closely interwoven with the history of his country. He never stands alone. He is constantly surrounded by public men. Great events group themselves about him, as if by a natural law. Every movement of his seems to communicate life and energy to thousands. As with the prophet of old, his arms are still raised to insure the triumph of his countrymen. And though the two or three intervals of his retirement from public life appear, at first, like the reigns of good kings, to afford but meagre materials to the historian, on looking closer, you perceive that a great work was still going on, and that he is its best exponent.

Therefore, in tracing his career, the historian must frequently leave the immediate subject of his narrative, in order to follow the progress of events in which he does not appear personally. He must describe the movements of distant armies and battles won by other leaders. And yet, while he metes out to every one his due measure of praise, he must preserve for his own hero his appropriate place as guide and director of all. This Mr. Irving has done with singular skill. Washington is emphatically the hero of his narrative, standing out in bold relief from the group of eminent men that cluster around him, everywhere recognized as an all-pervading spirit, breathing life and energy into every part, and felt in the remotest extremities of the land by his controlling will and sublime example. You turn to him instinctively from every

* "Ad illa mihi pro se quisque acriter intendat animum, quæ vita, qui mores fuerint; per quos viros, quibusque artibus domi militiæque, et partum et auctum imperium sit. Labente deinde paullatim disciplina, velut desidentes primo mores sequatur animo: deinde ut magis magisque lapsi sint; tum ire cæperint precipites; donec ad hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra, nec remedia pati possumus, perventum est." This noble passage of his preface, one of the most perfect pieces of any age, has always seemed to us to contain the true secret of his success.

battle-field, to see how he will receive the tidings. You feel a double joy at every victory, in the thought that it will lighten his burden. You judge men by their fidelity to him, and measure their services by the estimate in which he held them. And this effect is obtained without any exaggeration of Washington's actions, without forcing him from his natural position, or bringing him officiously forward out of time and place, by so guiding the flexible thread of the narrative as to make him the point at which you instinctively place yourself to watch the gradual development of the eventful plot.

It is, indeed, a striking and instructive lesson, to see how much a great man gains by a generous estimate of those around him. Washington is far greater, with Greene, Hamilton, and Knox for counsellors, than if, forgetting the complex responsibilities of his position, he had relied upon his own unaided judgment. The personal devotion of such men was the highest tribute that could be paid to his intelligence and virtue. He calls upon them at all times and in all emergencies without reserve, and with equal unreserve they lay open their thoughts and their hearts before him. The decision rests with him; the responsibility is his, and his too the chief glory. But in no history of this period do his friends and associates appear to so much advantage, or come in for so large a share of praise. Schuyler's claims to our respect were never so clearly set forth before. The comprehensive views and rare sagacity of Greene are fully recognized. The sound sense and unwavering zeal of Knox are painted with truthful simplicity. The shining talents of Hamilton receive a new lustre from the brilliant touches of Mr. Irving's pencil. Even Lee, wayward and ungenial, and Gates, vain, arrogant, and selfishly ambitious, are not condemned unheard. Their real services are faithfully recorded; and if they do not stand in a brighter light, it was their own act that drew the cloud over them. Mr. Irving evidently set out with the intention of doing justice to every one; and we know of no writer within the circle of our reading, who has so successfully established his claim to the rare and difficult virtue of historical impartiality.

Of purely literary qualifications, the first in historical composition is narrative power. Something more is implied in this than the art of telling a story well; for historical narrative is a succession of stories requiring a capacity of continuous exertion through a long series of events. In power there is the same difference between this and mere story-telling, that there is between carrying a burden a few paces and carrying it through the whole of a long journey. The very men that would trip off the most briskly in one case, might be the first to sink from exhaustion in the other. In this respect, also, the ancients are far in advance of us. Their histories are eminently narrative. The story begins with the first line, and is carried on to the end of the book with a life and movement that seldom flag. With what admirable simplicity and directness does Livy enter upon his narrative, and how quickly you find yourself in the midst of groups of living men, and in all the tumult of action! Some of the chroniclers of the Middle Age caught the same spirit, and, living in the midst of the scenes which they describe, gave to their stories the vivacity and freshness of their own emotions. The Italian historians followed in the track of the ancients. They narrate throughout, interweaving their reflections in the narrative sentences without clogging their movement. In our own days a systematic effort has been made to revive this method as the only true mode of writing history. Barante* was the first to set the example, in his History of the Dukes of Burgundy, a work conceived and executed in the true spirit of antiquity, and which presents the singular spectacle of a man of rare philosophical endowments sternly repressing his philosophical impulses in order to become a picturesque narrator. Thierry belongs, with some modifications, to the same school. The History of the Norman Conquest is one of the most brilliant narratives in modern literature, full of pictures, and glowing with the wild and vigorous colors of the age which it delineates. And most of the recent French historians, accepting in a great measure the views of Barante and

* Barante's system is finely expressed by the passage from Quintilian which he takes for his motto: "Scribitur ad narrandum, non ad probandum."

Thierry, have endeavored to distinguish themselves by skill and eloquence of narration.

Of Englishmen Macaulay is almost the only one that can be honorably compared with the great narrative historians of France; for Arnold's brilliant career was cut short too early to allow him to take firm possession of the high place in historical literature which was his due, and Napier is more particularly a military historian. Macaulay is a narrator of rare power, endowed with a singular skill in seizing upon characteristic circumstances, and a wonderful exuberance of picturesque expression. He is not afraid of calling attention to apparent trifles, always preferring the dignity of nature to the dignity of history. He feels that accurate knowledge depends upon detail, and that we can never form a lively conception of a scene, unless we come near enough to it to detect its peculiar features. He gives life to whatever he touches. The past seems to rise up under his pen, with its passions, its virtues, and its vices, as if to renew before us the spectacle of its good and evil. It would have been difficult for Mr. Irving to choose a moment in which his narrative skill would have been brought to a loftier standard of comparison, or subjected to a more rigorous task.

But he too is richly endowed with the higher qualities of the narrative historian. He possesses a lively imagination, enabling him to enter readily into the feelings and character of another age; an affluent fancy, suggesting picturesque epithets, and happy trains of thought and expression; an extensive range of observation, giving distinctness and life to his conceptions; genial sympathies, which quicken and glow with the images that rise under his pen; and a power of continuous exertion that sustains him unwearied to the end. Simplicity and grace are among the most obvious characteristics of his narrative, — the simplicity of an earnest nature, and the grace of generous cultivation. There is a fine movement in it, lively, animated, and richly varied. It is as clear as a meadow-brook, but rolls on like his own Hudson, now expanding into silvery lakes, now gently sweeping round some green and wooded promontory, and now gathering its waters into a deep and impetuous current, and pouring the resistless vol-

ume through a precipitous and rock-bound gorge. And yet, perhaps, if we were called upon to say in what its peculiar merit consists, we should name its full and equable flow. There is nothing abrupt in it. The sentences follow one another with such a natural sequence, so smooth, so harmonious, and withal so full of life, that you are carried forward without ever pausing to measure your progress.

We have given the first place to narrative power, because we cannot conceive of a good history without it. It is the art of telling a story in such a way as to make the incidents their own interpreters. Description holds the next place, and, by bringing particular objects closer to the eye and investing them with their natural attributes, gives greater definiteness and vivacity to the conception. It demands a different kind of talent, consisting chiefly in the power of conceiving form distinctly, and combining it readily into groups and pictures. In narrative the historian is brought into relation with the poet; in description, with both the poet and the painter. Description, indeed, is painting to the mind's eye, and requires that perfect command of the elements of form and color, that ready perception of appropriate shadows and distances, that rare combination, in short, of intuitions and acquired knowledge, which enables the great artist to bring a group or a landscape before the eye with an effect hardly inferior to that of the real scene.

It has been said that Mr. Irving, in his younger days, gave Allston such an impression of his skill with the pencil, as to lead that great artist, whose noble nature was never disturbed by the fear of raising up a rival, to use all his influence with his friend in order to induce him to take up the profession of an artist.' However this may have been, it is very evident from Mr. Irving's descriptions that he might have become a great painter. His figures are full of individuality, and drawn to the life. There is no hardness in the outline, no faltering in the touch; everything is rendered with a free and firm hand. His groups are disposed with an instinctive appreciation of the mutual relations and dependencies of the characters. "The School of Athens" does not present a more admirable example than these volumes, of the art of

placing a variety of prominent figures upon the same canvas. There are some exquisite pieces, too, of landscape painting, bits of scenery that fill up the backgrounds with the happiest effect, and give a fine relief to the stern groups of warriors and statesmen. Sometimes he paints in detail, and with a wondrous truth* and vivacity of coloring. Sometimes he paints in outline, creating as it were an entire scene by a single touch of the pencil. All of his pictures reveal a careful study of nature, an accurate knowledge of details, fine power of combination, and a happy tact in adapting his style and coloring to the particular subject.

No part of this work has apparently received more attention than the characters or portraits, — a department which the great historians of ancient and modern times have regarded as peculiarly fitted for the display of their best powers. It is in this that Clarendon takes so high a place among English historians, and Sallust among the ancients; in Robertson and Hume the portraits are among the most elaborate portions of their works; and in no other department of our own historical literature would it be so easy to make a large collection of brilliant passages. The profound knowledge of human nature, and the power of detecting the secret springs of action and laying bare the hidden recesses of the heart, which this talent presupposes, have naturally caused it to be held in high estimation. If to know man so as to bend him to his own purposes be the boast of the statesman, to know him so as to be able to paint his passions and motives, may well be the boast of the historian.

The history of the Revolution affords a fine field for the display of this talent, and Mr. Irving has availed himself of it with distinguished success. As the leading men come upon the stage, their previous history is sketched with a few rapid touches, and their characters are unfolded with a nice appreciation of circumstances and motives. Some are drawn with great attention, — full-lengths, in which all the characteristic features are carefully wrought up into a finished picture. Others are happily hit off by a few bold strokes. That fine

* For he seems to have felt, with the great Roman critic, "Historia . . . . tanto robustior quanto verior." — Quint. Lib. II. cap. 4.

discrimination which distinguishes the poet's knowledge of the heart, is everywhere apparent. There is a felicitous conciseness, a happy reserve, which adds greatly to the impression. He seems always to know when the portrait is complete, when the conception has been given, and instantly drops his pencil.

He never indulges in disquisitions, though he often closes a chapter with some apposite reflection that rises naturally from the subject. There are many just, many beautiful, and many noble thoughts interwoven with the narrative. But he would seem to have no ambition of being a maker of aphorisms. He for the most part lets the moral and wisdom of the story flow from the story itself; and appears to feel that the reader may be safely intrusted with the care of drawing his own deductions. In this, he has shown, we think, excellent judgment; for if history be philosophy teaching by example, it is to the vividness with which the example is brought before us, rather than to any ethical elaboration of it, that we should look for the efficacy of the lesson.

The general tone of the work is sober and calm. There is no exaggeration of style or sentiment in it. Mr. Irving has formed too just an idea of his subject to employ any but the simplest and most natural forms of expression. If his own good taste had not been sufficient to guard him against fanciful epithets and melodramatic effects, his excellent sense would have shown him how much they are out of place in speaking of Washington. There is a sobriety in Washington's character which repels all the common artifices of rhetoric. His history is full of great results and simple means. If you would speak of him worthily, you must rely wholly upon the grandeur of the thought. When Homer makes Olympus tremble at the nod of Jupiter, he uses the simplest words that the language could supply: —

> Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
> Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερῥώσαντο ἄνακτος
> Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.*

* The stumbling-block of translators. Even Cowper transforms the simple νεῦσε into "the nod vouchsafed of confirmation," and makes the mountain "reel." Pope's version — or perversion rather — is a striking illustration of the danger of embellishing Homer.

In this Mr. Irving has caught the true spirit of antiquity. He is natural, simple, and earnest, and some of his finest effects are produced with the least apparent effort. Now and then there is a kindling of the imagination, like the occasional flashings up of the more passionate elements of Washington's own nature; but the pervading tone is that of earnest sobriety. He is evidently full of his subject; believes all that he says; is impressed even to solemnity with the moral grandeur of his hero; and, feeling how closely the events of that period are interwoven with the future destinies of our race, tells his story like one too well convinced of the importance of it to think of adding to its impressiveness by pomp of language or brilliancy of metaphor. This, which in some would be but a negative merit, in Mr. Irving is a positive one. For a man of his imagination, with all the wealth of one of the richest of languages at his command, the temptations to let his pen run freely must have been incessant, and sometimes difficult to resist. Many a brilliant thought must have started to his page, which his calmer judgment deliberately repressed. Many a period must have been cut down, which, in its original conception, glowed with gorgeous colors and flowed with majestic harmony.

We should do Mr. Irving great injustice if we were to pass lightly over this remarkable characteristic of his work. It is a tribute to historic truth, as difficult as it is rare, and which deserves especial commemoration. It has been truly said, that a great poet never receives half the praise he is entitled to, because the world never knows how much he erases. It is only the rich man that can afford to cast his wealth away so freely. Gray struck out two of the finest stanzas of his "Elegy,"*

* "Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

This, in the original cast, was the last stanza but one. After the epitaph was added, the first draft contained the following exquisite lines: —

"There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

because they marred the general harmony of its structure. If this sacrifice to the laws of art be entitled to our approbation, what ought we to say of that self-denying spirit which, through four large volumes, can keep a rigorous watch over its own impulses, lest it should be betrayed into something inconsistent with the severity of its subject?

It is in a great measure in consequence of this general reserve, that you feel such confidence in the accuracy and fidelity of this history. A tone of sincerity that cannot be mistaken runs through it. An atmosphere of truth surrounds it on every side. There is an air of reality about it which you trust implicitly and without hesitation. It carries with it a weight of internal evidence which goes farther towards securing your conviction than the most imposing array of citations and references. The general truth of history has seldom been called in question by any but those who have reason to fear its decisions; but discredit has often been thrown upon details by the historian's assuming a greater familiarity with them than any but the actors could have had. St. Réal has left us a history of the Spanish conspiracy against Venice hardly inferior to the thrilling scenes which it suggested to the tender heart and picturesque imagination of Otway. But unfortunately the ambition of equalling Sallust led him to introduce circumstances which he had no means of knowing, and the false coloring which he thus gave to the narrative was probably one of the reasons which led a modern historian to call the whole story in question.*

Mr. Irving has taken advantage of every opportunity to introduce appropriate details; seasoning his narrative with characteristic anecdotes, which give a pleasant relief to the general gravity of the subject, and serve to bring out those familiar traits, without which our knowledge of a man is always indefinite and unsatisfactory. But he has dis-

* La Harpe apologizes for him with considerable ingenuity: "Les détails d'une conspiration aussi singulière que celle qu'il écrivait ont naturellement une teinte un peu romanesque." (Cours de Litt., Vol. IX. p. 346.) Daru has devoted the thirty-first book of his Histoire de Venise to an anti-Venetian exposition of the question, which has been fully met by Tiepolo in his Osservazioni, and by Botta in his Storia d' Italia.

played superior discretion in the choice of them, accepting nothing which was not trustworthy, and rejecting those idle stories which float loosely in the wake of every great man, without any competent witness to vouch for their authenticity.

It may seem superfluous to speak of Mr. Irving's style; but it is so refreshing to meet with a work written in such good taste, and with so graceful an adherence to the pure traditions of our language, that we cannot resist the temptation of dwelling for a moment upon the grateful theme. Every age has a conventional style of its own, arising from circumstances peculiar to itself, and reflecting, with more or less fidelity, its own characteristics. So long as the influences under which it grew up retain their power, it continues to hold its place as the popular standard. But no sooner do they cease to act, than it begins to lose its distinctive features and gradually to assume those of another period. Still there is an element in it which resists this constant tendency to change, and preserves itself with more or less purity through the entire series of transformations. This element is the genius of the language, a lithe and delicate spirit, assuming with miraculous flexibility a strange variety of forms, bending to the strong will, humoring the playful caprice, diffusing itself with subtile expansion throughout the whole body of literature, and giving to the infinite creations of mind the form and lineaments of national unity. Thus, while there is much in which the writers of different ages differ, there is something in which they agree; and this point of agreement furnishes one of the tests by which individual style should be judged.

Some hold the great writers of their language in such veneration, that they hardly venture to use a phrase which has not received their sanction, and never seem to feel sure of themselves unless when treading in their footsteps. Others, tempering their reverence for the past by a cheerful recognition of the changes which the progress of society and the rise of new arts and inventions introduce into the forms of speech, readily admit whatever may be necessary for the adequate expression of thought. A third class seem to throw them-

selves recklessly into the current, with an utter disregard of all the old landmarks and cherished associations of their fathers, confounding innovation with progress, and novelty with reform, too proud of the age they live in to remember how much it owes to the ages that went before, and filling their pages so lavishly with new infusions of form and diction, as to make it difficult to recognize in the unnatural mixture the genuine characteristics of their mother tongue.

No period of English literature has offered stronger temptations to writers of this latter class than our own, in which the seeds of novelty have not only been scattered broadcast over the whole surface of society, but have, by the magnitude of our discoveries and the rapidity of our progress, become intermingled with our common trains of thought and all the habits of life. To resist this besetting sin, to acknowledge the claims of the age without blindly giving one's self up to it, to detect those analogies which, running through the entire texture of a language, enable the judicious scholar to preserve its true spirit, even when he calls upon it to discourse of things which seem to lie beyond the limits assigned to it by its greatest masters, is a proof of a just and philosophic mind, and must be regarded as a merit of no common order.

Of the three great American historians Mr. Prescott, perhaps, has the fewest of those characteristic traits which may be regarded as distinctive of our own times. The general structure of his style resembles that of the best parts of the last century, though every sentence has that fine flavor of general culture which can be acquired only by a long and careful study of the most polished writers of every age. His sentences have an easy and natural flow, adapting themselves with graceful flexibility to the different forms of expression which the subject requires, from a full picture to a simple outline. The rhythm of his periods is not always apparent, or, at least, not always prominent, for they are addressed to the eye rather than to the ear; but there is a sweet undertone of natural melody running through them, which mingles pleasantly with their general flow, and fills the mind with an agreeable sense of harmony. There is no apparent effort about them. Everything is natural and easy, like the free giving of

what has been freely received. You may sometimes feel the want of energy; of lucidness, never. The words are for the most part happily chosen, indicating a judicious use of the different elements of our vocabulary without any exclusive preference. He does not indulge largely in epithets, though those which he employs are beautiful and appropriate. He has none of those fiery sentences which blaze up with spontaneous combustion, as if they were about to consume the paper on which they are written; nor yet any of that other cast, so common among our modish writers, which seem to have been shot out like arrows from the bow, paining the sensitive ear by the incessant twang of the cord. But he expresses his thoughts with a genuine simplicity, a natural warmth, an unaffected dignity, that bring them before the mind of the reader as distinctly as they arose in his own, and leave them there like the recollection of a sunny landscape or a sweet song, which dwells in the soul as an unfailing resource for secret refreshment.

In striking contrast with these natural graces is the brilliant and elaborate tessellation of Mr. Bancroft's style, into which rich and varied learning and wide experience of life have been wrought with lavish profusion. It is evident that Mr. Bancroft has studied the art of writing with uncommon care. His sentences are shaped and modulated with unwearied pains. The words are inserted in their places with a curious felicity. The epithets are drawn freely from a wide range of reading, and set off the thought with dazzling brilliancy. Like Müller, the eloquent historian of Switzerland, he loves to interweave with his own the language of the texts he draws from, forming a rich mosaic of skilfully assorted colors. He affects, too, a sententious energy, and the forms of abstract thought. But the energy of manner is not always sustained by energy of matter, and a portrait or an exposition sometimes runs out into several pages of concise sentences. His periods are addressed to the ear as much, if not more, than to the eye; and you would say that he could never entirely divest himself of the feeling that he was speaking to the multitude. He draws largely from the science and vocabulary of the times, and seems to feel a peculiar pleasure in preserving

the coloring of his own age in his most elaborate pictures of the past. He never grows weary of touching and retouching till every detail has been carefully finished. But his vivid imagination has somewhat fragmentary in it, giving to parts a prominence which mars at times the harmony of the whole. And thus the general effect is like that of a harpist, who, while he commands your admiration by brilliant execution, dwells too long upon single chords to produce a gratifying sense of harmony. His individual sentences are never obscure, but the chapters do not always leave distinct impressions. He has many beauties, some of them of a very high order, which yet lose much of their charm by the lack of simplicity and repose. We are too constantly reminded of the effort by which they were produced, and are seldom allowed to forget the artist in his work.

In Mr. Irving's style there is less of the nineteenth century than in Mr. Bancroft's, and more than in Mr. Prescott's. The character of his early works brought him into that kind of contact with his contemporaries which necessarily affects the forms of expression by its influence upon the forms of thought. In painting objects that lay under his eye, he naturally employed the language of daily life, and when he came to speak of the manners and arts of other ages, or to indulge in the genial exercise of creation, he had already caught as large a share of the characteristics of his own age as was suited to the nature and bent of his mind. His favorite studies, at the same time, served to moderate the effect of these contemporary influences, and to aid him in forming a style in which the genius of the language is preserved without sacrificing the genius of the age. He had conceived an early passion for the old poets and moralists, and had taken a special delight in those exquisite ballads into which men fresh from the people poured all the poetry of common life. He had made himself familiar with popular traditions, had studied the antique drama, and, living in daily intercourse with men of polite conversation, had gathered around himself an atmosphere of pure literature, in which the best elements of the old and the new were naturally and harmoniously blended.

Mr. Irving's language is genuine English, with few words

that Addison or Goldsmith would not have used, and few that would not have been readily understood a hundred years ago in the same sense in which he employs them. The arts and inventions of the age have left just traces enough in his style to show that he belongs to a period in which great changes have been wrought in society by the progress of natural and social science. He is fond of idioms, with which he is copiously supplied by extensive reading, directed and enlivened by the habits of good society. He is usually very happy in the choice both of his words and of his idioms, and it is very seldom that one could change either without jeoparding the thought. He evidently feels the power of a word in its place,* and some of his pictures owe half their beauty to a felicitous selection of terms. There is a richness and splendor of diction in his essays and tales, which, in his histories, is sobered down to a calm affluence, always adequate to the occasion, but never overflowing in those brilliant periods which are the legitimate ornament of imaginative composition.

In the structure of his sentences there is a pleasing variety, although, like most moderns, he prefers short sentences. Their rhythm is singularly rich and sweet, free from every taint of monotony, and always gratifying the ear by spontaneous adaptation to the thought. Indeed, they leave upon the mind the same kind of impression which poetry does when it has once become associated with sweet music; one never recalls the verses without fancying that he hears the accompaniment.

All is clear and distinct in his periods, which seem like mirrors to his thoughts, reflecting every idea so truthfully, that you feel, while reading him, as if you were looking directly into his mind. And this arises in a great measure from his never attempting a style of writing that is not in harmony with his habits of thought; so that his words become the natural expression of his conceptions. Without any ambitious endeavors to appear strong, he always leaves strong impres-

---

* That faculty which Boileau justly makes a merit in Malherbe: —

"D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir."

Art Poétique, Ch. I. 133.

sions.* The image that has found its way to the mind through the medium of his words is sure to remain there in all its freshness.

We cannot call his style simple; for it is too rich for absolute simplicity. And yet it is so natural, the ornaments are so chaste, the words seem to drop so readily into their places, the epithets seem to rise so spontaneously from the subject, the periods seem to flow so easily into one another, that you never think of pausing to reflect on the labor which it must have cost to learn how to use language so skilfully. There is a fine flavor of culture about it which cannot be mistaken, but which, while it shows how conversant he must have been with the best writers, is free from all tincture of pedantry. He never harangues, though he is often eloquent. One may read his sentences effectively, but cannot declaim them. He has more movement than Mr. Prescott, more fluidity than Mr. Bancroft. If we were called upon to name the leading characteristics of his style, we should say that they were rhythm, artistic conception, and a constant play of fancy. It is to his delicate perception of rhythmical beauty that his sentences owe their just and harmonious proportions. It is by his rare power of artistic conception that he enriches them with pictures full of life and movement. And the vivid play of his fancy gathers for him, from the wide realms of animate and inanimate nature, that store of felicitous epithets which illuminates them as with a perpetual glow of soft and rosy light. You never willingly lay down a volume of his till you have finished it; and when you take it up anew, you still feel the pleasure grow upon you as you read. "Fascinating" is the word that we should most readily apply to him as a writer, so irresistible is the influence which he gains over us, and so serene a sense of secret satisfaction does he diffuse through the mind by the graceful flow of his periods.

We think, therefore, that Mr. Irving has succeeded perfectly in the task which he had set himself, — a history of Washington which should bring him home to every heart by bringing

* Justifying the admirable precept of Seneca, — "Debet enim semper plus esse virium in actore, quam in onere." — De Tranq. an. 5.

him distinctly before every mind. A psychological analysis of character, like Coleridge's Pitt, or a philosophical generalization, like Guizot's Essay, however valuable for a certain class of readers, — and surely their value cannot be rated too highly, — would have failed to meet the wants of the thousands who wish to know what Washington did in order to win for himself the holy title of "Father of his Country." The historian of Washington is the great teacher of the nation, who tells us what sacrifices it cost our fathers to prepare for us the blessings that we enjoy; what heroism was required to overcome the obstacles that beset their path; what self-denial it demanded to forget themselves in their love for posterity; how strong their wills, how firm their hearts, how sound their judgment, how serene their wisdom. We should rise from the volume with the whole of the wondrous history imprinted upon our memories, and with our hearts glowing with fervent gratitude and generous patriotism. We should feel that a great soul has been laid open before us, and that we have been permitted to look into its innermost recesses; that we have been brought nearer to one in the touch of whose garments are healing and strength, and that, henceforth, when trials come upon us, and doubts assail us, and our hearts sicken and grow faint at the contemplation of evils for which we can discover no cure, the image of the great and good man will rise before us like a messenger from heaven, to teach us the power of faith and the beauty of virtue.

We regard the brilliant success of these volumes as an occasion of joyful congratulation to the citizens of our republic. It is eminently a national work, upon which they can all look with unmingled pride. It has not merely enriched our literature with a production of rare beauty, but has given new force to those local associations which bind us as with hallowed ties to the spots where great men lived and great things were done. Few will now cross the Delaware without remembering that Christmas night of tempest and victory. Who can look upon the heights of Brooklyn without fancying that, as he gazes, the spires and streets fade from his view, while in their stead stern and anxious faces rise through

the misty air, and amid them the majestic form of Washington, with a smile of triumph just lighting for a moment his care-worn features, at the thought of the prize he has snatched from the grasp of a proud and exulting enemy? And Princeton, and Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the crowning glory of Yorktown, — how do they live anew for us! With what perennial freshness will their names descend to posterity! And those two noble streams that flow to the sea through alternations of pastoral beauty and rugged grandeur, — the lovely Potomac, the majestic Hudson, — how have they become blended by these magic pages in indissoluble association, — the one the cherished home of Washington, the seat of his domestic joys, his rural delights, looked to with eager yearning from the din of camps and battle-fields, sighed for with weary longing amid the pomp and pageantry of official greatness, to which he returned so gladly when his task had been accomplished, and which, dying with the serenity of Christian resignation, he consecrated by the holiest of all associations, the patriot's grave, — the other the scene of cares and triumphs, on whose banks he had passed slow days of hope deferred, whose waters had borne him to and fro through checkered years of dubious fortune, and had witnessed the touching sublimity of his farewell to his companions in arms, and the simple grandeur of his reception as first President of the country he had saved! How meet was it that, while his ashes repose beside the waters of the Potomac, his life should have been written on the banks of the Hudson!

ART. III. — *The North American Sylva; or a Description of the Forest Trees of the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia; considered particularly with Respect to their Use in the Arts and their Introduction into Commerce. To which is added a Description of the most useful European Forest Trees, illustrated by* 156 *colored Engravings.* Translated from the French of F. ANDREW MICHAUX, Member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, etc., etc., with Notes by J. JAY SMITH, Editor of the Horticulturist, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, etc. In three volumes. Philadelphia: D. Price and N. Hart. 1857.

THE name of Michaux has been intimately associated with American botany for nearly three quarters of a century. With the ardor of science both father and son explored the rugged mountains and fertile valleys of every section of the Union, gleaning not only from the woods and fields, but from the workshops and dock-yards, an immense amount of useful information. They were not of that class of collectors who compass sea and land to transfer new plants to their herbariums for the mere pleasure of possession; but they were eminently practical men, separating themselves from their fatherland, and undergoing privations and dangers for the advancement of science and the benefit of mankind. Above all botanists they deserve the honor of two great nations, to both of which their labors were a national benefit, by introducing to notice and developing the sylvan resources of our country, and transporting to their own and acclimating the most important species of the North American forest-trees employed in the mechanic arts.

Not satisfied with the services already conferred upon us, François André Michaux, who recently died in Paris at the advanced age of eighty-five, has bequeathed to societies in Boston and Philadelphia liberal sums, as a testimonial of his heartfelt gratitude for the hospitality and assistance which his father and he had received in this country during the course of their long and toilsome journeys.

Having studied botany under the celebrated Jussieu, the Michauxs were particularly qualified by education, as well as by natural taste, to fulfil the commission of the French government, in exploring the woods of North America, with the view of establishing nurseries of her valuable forest-trees, for the purpose of transmitting them to France. It was with this purpose that André Michaux, with his son, a lad of fifteen years, sailed in 1785 for New York. Arriving there, they bought a plot of ground near the city, in New Jersey, and another in Charleston, S. C., to which places they constantly transmitted the various trees and seeds collected in their travels, and from which they were eventually shipped to France.

Living as we do in a country abounding with gigantic forests composed of a great variety of trees, most of our readers will doubtless be surprised to learn how small is the number of those which in France attain any great size. Michaux enumerates but thirty-six species which reach the height of thirty feet, eighteen of these forming together the principal forest growth, and seven only of use in civil and naval constructions; while he alone had observed in the North American forests no less than one hundred and forty species of the above-named height, a large proportion of them useful in the arts. The swampy lands of France produce no wood of any value, while the same sort of soil here is covered with noble trees, such as the Red Elm, Willow Oak, White Cedar, and Black and White Cypress. The sandy and the poorer cretaceous soils of France give growth only to dwarfish and insignificant Pines, while the equally arid lands of our Southern States produce an abundance of the Live Oak, a tree of unequalled value in naval architecture.

During the eleven years the two Michauxs spent in this country they traversed it in all directions, gathering up valuable materials to enrich their native land, which meantime, convulsed by civil wars, and fighting single-handed with the whole of Europe, could no longer afford to pay her naturalists abroad. Consequently Michaux was forgotten, and ceased to receive his salary. After the sacrifice of a portion of his own and his son's fortune, they were obliged to return

home, but were unfortunately shipwrecked on the coast of Holland, and lost the best part of their immense collections.

The elder Michaux never again set foot in America; but spent his time in cultivating the vegetable treasures which he had forwarded from the United States, and in arranging the materials for the "Histoire des Chênes d'Amérique," and the "Flora Borealis Americana," until he accepted the situation of naturalist in a scientific expedition bound to the Australian seas. Abandoning this at Mauritius, he went to Madagascar, where his useful life was terminated, in 1803, by the fever of the country.

François André, commonly called the younger Michaux, made two more voyages to this country (remaining each time three years), under the patronage of the French government; particularly devoting his attention to the collection of materials for his great work, the title of which stands at the head of this article. For this purpose he visited the principal ports to examine the timber employed in ship-building, and entered workshops of every description where wood was wrought. The knowledge of which he stood in need being principally in the possession of mechanics, he accordingly consulted the most skilful workmen, and, by means of a series of questions previously prepared, procured a great mass of new and practical information.

The first volume of the French edition, entitled "Histoire des Arbres Forestiers de l'Amérique du Nord," appeared in 1810, the second in 1812, and the third in 1813. This magnificent work, illustrated by one hundred and forty-four copper-plates, designed by the two Redoutés and by Bessa, and engraved by such eminent artists as Gabriel, Renard, Boquet, Bessin, and Dubreuil, was translated into English by an American, Augustus L. Hillhouse, and published in Paris in three volumes, 1817–19, under the name of "The North American Sylva," with the addition of several plates and some new observations by the author. Mr. William Maclure afterwards purchased the plates in Paris, and brought them to this country, to which circumstance is due the publication of three American editions. The first was issued at New Harmony, Indiana, by Maclure, on inferior paper, and

with poor type, with the laudable design of rendering it a cheap edition accessible to all. After Maclure's death the plates were presented by his executor to Dr. Morton of Philadelphia, and from these an edition was printed, in 1852, with notes by John Jay Smith. A reprint of this edition was destroyed by fire at the bindery in 1854; but the copper-plates, which were in another building, were preserved.

The publishers of the present edition have spared no expense in rendering these volumes acceptable to the public. The addition of Nuttall's Sylva makes the work more comprehensive, by including the results of the labors of that naturalist in our new Western States, Oregon, and California, and carries out the idea suggested by Michaux himself. Nuttall's two volumes are uniform with Michaux's Sylva, and can be purchased separately.

Rarely has a valuable scientific work been issued from the American press so perfect in all its appointments, its intrinsic worth enhanced by the beauty of paper, type, plates, and binding, each reflecting on the other additional lustre. It is pleasant to find that so expensive an edition of a standard work was called for by the public, and we hope that the enterprising publishers will be fully remunerated for their great outlay. For our own part, we must confess a penchant for fine paper and typography, and have always held our well-used copy of the Paris imprint of Michaux, with its wire-woven and cream-tinted pages, in high estimation; but the subject of this review, in its enlarged form, clear type, and brilliancy of coloring, as it lies by the side of its elder sister, fairly bears away the palm from the old favorite.

The notes by J. J. Smith are serviceable, and he has shown good taste in keeping them within narrow limits; but we do not understand why Michaux's Introduction is omitted. One paragraph of this we quote from the edition of 1819, as it has a peculiar bearing upon our country. The same idea is constantly reiterated throughout the book, but for these many years the warning voice has fallen unheeded upon the dull ear of the federal government: —

"I have endeavored to impress on the American farmers the advantage of preserving and multiplying some species, and of destroying

others; for, in my opinion, a bad tree should not be suffered to exist where a good one might grow, and in no country is selection more necessary than in North America. It may not be improper to observe, that the Europeans have great advantages over the Americans in the management of woods. The principal forests are in the hands of the governments, which watch over their preservation with a solicitude dictated by imperious necessity. Experience has amply demonstrated, that no dependence can be placed for the public service, or the general supply, upon forests that are private property; falling sooner or later into the hands of persons eager to enjoy their price, they disappear and give place to tillage. In America, on the contrary, neither the federal government nor the several States have reserved forests. An alarming destruction of trees proper for building has been the consequence, — an evil which is increasing and which will continue to increase with the increase of population. The effect is already very sensibly felt in the large cities, where the complaint is every year becoming more serious, not only of the excessive dearness of fuel, but of the scarcity of timber. Even now, inferior wood is frequently substituted for the White Oak; and the Live Oak, so highly esteemed in ship-building, will soon become extinct upon the islands of Georgia."

Why cannot the general government be induced to reserve some of its immense tracts of woodland for the public use? Most of the sovereign States of the Union still hold, we believe, uncultivated lands, which, particularly on the Atlantic coast, ought by legislative enactments to be converted into State forests, like the royal woods and chases of Europe. Such a treasury of notes, to be discounted by the Bank of Nature, for the benefit of our posterity, would not be subject to suspension, and would be the safest public debt to transmit to our successors.

Forty or fifty years ago, great fears were entertained that the forests would become extinct in this country; but since the introduction of coal into common use, this popular fear has unfortunately abated. Unfortunately, we say; for although the domestic consumption of wood for fuel is no longer a patent fact to the eye of the most casual observer, yet the waste of wood is increasing rather than diminishing, as the railroads are gradually weaving their iron webs amid the primeval forests of the North, South, and West, and that dragon, the locomotive, daily consumes in its insatiable

jaws the growth of hundreds of acres. Year by year the pine forests of Maine, considered as an inexhaustible stock of masts, are gradually receding before the axe ; with the snows of every winter the camp-fires are lighted nearer the head-waters of the great rivers, and, unless some active measures are taken by government or individuals, the loss to the country will be incalculable.

In the time of Charles I. the waste of the forests had become so great in England, that government took the alarm, and Evelyn was appointed by the Royal Society, at the command of the king, to repair, if possible, this loss. In the Introduction to his world-renowned Sylva he remarks : —

"This devastation has now become so epidemical, that, unless some favorable expedient offer itself, and a way be seriously and speedily resolved upon, for a future store, one of the most glorious and considerable bulwarks of the nation will within a short time be totally wanting to it.

"After due reproof of the late impolitic waste, we should now turn our indignation into prayers, and address ourselves to our better-natured countrymen, that such woods as do yet remain entire might be carefully preserved, and such as are destroyed sedulously repaired. It is what all persons who are owners of land may contribute to, (and with infinite delight, as well as profit,) who are touched with that laudable ambition of worthily serving their generation."

These remarks apply as well to this country as to England. Evelyn by his labors and writings stirred up in the British mind that "laudable ambition," and Nelson's victories were gained in ships built from the oaks which Evelyn's hands had planted.

The numerous vessels which the present Emperor of France is so diligently adding to his navy are doubtless built from trees planted by the Michauxs, some of which have been growing seventy years in the national demesnes.

Another Evelyn is needed, to sound throughout our land a parenesis, to awaken the man of fortune and the farmer to the necessity of protecting and planting trees ; for if government will do nothing, the only alternative is to induce individuals to undertake the work. Men seldom plant trees until they grow old, and find by experience the necessity of it.

When Ulysses, after ten years' absence, returned from Troy, and found his aged father in the field planting trees, he asked him "why, being so far advanced in years, he would put himself to the fatigue and labor of planting that of which he was never likely to enjoy the benefit." The good old man, taking him for a stranger, gently replied: "I plant them for my son Ulysses when he comes home." So among us let the old plant for their children, and the young follow them in the good work.

"Agite, adolescentes, et antequam canities vobis obrepat, stirpes jam alueritis, quæ vobis cum insigni utilitate delectationem etiam adferent; nam quemadmodum canities temporis successu, vobis insciis, sensim obrepit, sic natura vobis inserviens educabit quod telluri vestræ concredetis, modo prima initia illi dederitis." *

The oracular Johnson remarks: "There is a frightful interval between the seed and the timber. He that calculates the growth of trees knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself, and, when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down." This assertion is easily controverted by the calculations of English planters, who have estimated that "a single acre planted with the poplar or larch will, in favorable situations, and in no longer period than twenty years, yield a produce worth ten times the fee simple of the land." The lower price of labor and higher value of wood in Great Britain are about balanced in this country by the lower value of land. Sir Walter Scott, who was a practical planter, found that in eleven years the necessary cuttings and trimmings from a larch plantation would pay the expenses attendant upon the first setting out, fencing, and rent of land; after which period the value increases in a compound ratio.

Although numerous changes have been made in botanical nomenclature since the first publication of the North American Sylva, yet this work has always held a high rank in the estimation of scientific men, and must continue a standard book, to which both learned and unlearned will constantly refer, and whose value time cannot impair.

---

* Pet. Bellonius, De Neglecta Stirpium Cultura.

The general plan adopted in this magnificent work is that of illustrating each species described, by a drawing of a branch of the tree, with its leaves, flowers, and fruit. These drawings and engravings are admirably executed. The letter-press contains, first, a short Latin description of the species; then follow in English the locality where it most abounds, the growth and appearance of the tree in its native forests, the uses to which it is applied in various places, its adaptation to the several mechanic arts, the different names by which it is known to the country people, and any other local information the author could obtain.

The first volume commences with the Oaks, which are arranged in a natural series, and separated into two divisions and five sections. This grouping of the family has been generally followed by later botanists. Emerson, in his Report on the Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts, adopts it as the best. In this volume, twenty-eight species of Oaks are depicted and described, and Nuttall's supplement adds six new species of our Western States unknown to Michaux. Of this valuable family, the Black Oak, Quercus tinctoria, and the White Oak, Quercus alba, are particularly recommended for planting in the Northern and Middle States. The Live Oak, Quercus virens, and the Cork Oak, Quercus Suber, are the species which should be most highly valued at the South. From the last-mentioned species France alone manufactures annually twenty-six millions of corks, which sell at one dollar seventy cents per thousand. Speaking of the Cork Oak, our author says: —

"This tree would be an important acquisition to the United States, and would grow wherever the Live Oak subsists. It has great advantages over several other species, such as the Olive and the White Mulberry. To fit their produce for consumption, particularly that of the Mulberry, requires complicated processes, which can be performed with advantage only in populous countries. The bark of the Cork Oak, on the contrary, might be transported to the Northern States, or might be made into corks upon the spot by a simple operation performed by a single person with instruments of which the price does not exceed two or three dollars." — Vol. I. p. 57.

We are glad to learn, from the Patent-Office Report of

1855, that government has at length imported the acorns of the Cork Oak, and distributed them at the South. After giving an account of the tree, and of the periods at which the bark can be cut, the Report adds: —

"The comparatively long time which is necessary for its growth, before much if any profit can be realized, should not deter the prudent or sagacious husbandman from extending its culture. Considering it in a politic as well as economical sense, seasonable measures should be taken to form plantations of this tree, sufficient for the future supply of cork, particularly for the increasing demands for that material which are likely to arise from the culture of the vine. . . . . It may be stated that the amount of cork which is yearly imported into the United States is valued at more than 284,000 dollars." — p. xx.

Good corks cannot be made from the bark until the Oak has attained the age of forty years. Had Michaux's hints been taken on the first publication of his work, we should now be entirely independent of the Old World in regard to this article of constant use.

The seventeen species of Pines indigenous to the United States are most perfectly figured, and one who has lived amid the pine forests of Maine scarcely knows which to admire the most, the illustrations, the graphic descriptions, or the amount of local information which the author has given us.

The Wild Pine, or Scotch Fir, Pinus sylvestris, a European species, is recommended for cultivation.

"It is seen flourishing on sandy wastes exposed to the saline vapors of the sea, and, which is more remarkable, on calcareous lands, a large tract of which in the Department of the Marne, called *la Champagne pouilleuse*, has begun within forty years to be covered with it after lying desert from time immemorial. The proprietors who first conceived this fortunate plan have already seen their barren ground acquire a tenfold value." — Vol. III. p. 101.

The latter years of Michaux's life were particularly spent in experimenting upon those heaths, which occupy two millions of acres in France. In a letter to the President of the Philosophical Society, shortly before his death, he speaks of the last-named pine as the one to which he gives the preference over all with which he has experimented, and recommends it to the particular attention of agriculturists in the Northern and Middle States of the Union.

Time would fail us to enumerate the variety of useful and ornamental trees which these volumes describe; but we trust that enough has been said of the general outline and scope of the work to interest every one who is not already familiar with its charming pages. To those who have long known and appreciated its worth, the beauty of the present edition will lend new attractions to an old friend.

At the time of Michaux's death, he was preparing a work for publication, — the result of his practical experience, — for the benefit of the landholders of the United States. Let us hope that this will not be lost to us; but that able hands will put together the material he has left, and publish it, even in an unfinished state, that the experience of a life of eighty-five years may shed additional lustre upon the honored name of Michaux, and keep his memory green among American arboriculturists.*

Art. IV. — *Life and Times of Alexander Hamilton.* By Samuel M. Smucker, A. M. Boston and Chicago: L. P. Crown & Co. 1857.

The absence of dramatic material in our history has often been remarked. Eloquent writers have had recourse chiefly to its moral aspects to render their narratives spirited and attractive; and when Napoleon sneered at the limited and homely means whereby our independence was gained, Lafayette defended the claims of the land in whose behalf his youth was devoted, by reference to the greatness of the cause which had thus triumphed and the prospective and incalculable national growth which had thence resulted. The intensely practical character of the struggle, its prudential and unpicturesque method, the utilitarian habits of the people, the poverty of the

* F. A. Michaux died of apoplexy on the 23d of October, 1855. By his will he left to the American Philosophical Society the sum of fourteen thousand dollars, and to the Society of Agriculture and Arts in Boston eight thousand, for special purposes connected "with the progress of agriculture with reference to the propagation of useful forest-trees."

government, the absence of pomp, of discipline, of historical associations, of time-hallowed precedents, of opportunities for display, taste, organization, and insignia, — in short, of the outwardly poetic and impressive, — left no scope for romance in the military and civic transactions which gave birth to the republic. When we compare the record of those memorable events with that which transmits the great crises of any other nation, ancient or modern, — for instance, with any brilliant episode in Grecian annals, even as coldly described by Grote, or in Roman, as illuminated by Niebuhr, — with the struggle for liberty in the Low Countries, the conquest of Mexico, or the wars of Ferdinand of Spain, as pictured by Prescott, — or with the French Revolution as dramatized by Carlyle, — it becomes evident that reflection more than observation, the latent virtues and subsequent fruits rather than the immediate process, lend dignity and significance to the initial chapters of American history. Accordingly romance thus far has sought native inspiration among us most successfully in the eras antecedent to the Revolution. The details of border life and of primitive settlements adapt themselves more readily to the imagination than even the heroism and the victory that laid the foundation of our existing prosperity. Cooper ranges with most freshness and freedom on the trail of the Indian and the pioneer; Hawthorne expatiates with the greatest subtlety and power in the sphere of colonial superstition; and Longfellow finds in the cruel exodus of the early French *émigrés* from Nova Scotia a theme on which a picturesque fancy can best luxuriate.

Doubtless a prevalent motive which lures imaginative and artistic writers from the more recent and historically important to the distant and traditional, is that instinct which demands perspective, and seeks it in the mellow tints of antiquity. While those yet live who can speak from memory of remarkable events and characters, they are too near to assume just proportions, or to wear to the vision of Art the peculiar interest they are destined ultimately to possess. In regard to individuals especially, the atmosphere must be cleared of all incidental obscurities; the dust of faction must be laid, the false shadow of prejudice dissipated, and the

winds of passion stilled, ere the heroes and statesmen, the patriots and philosophers, whose valor, wisdom, forbearance, and loyalty won and transmitted constitutional freedom, can be appreciated. Time alone annihilates the paltry jealousies, the partisan injustice, the gross misconstruction, which dim the traits of eminent characters. Their deeds and thoughts, if original and disinterested, gradually work themselves clear, become identified with the progress of society, appear as landmarks along the path of civilization, and beneficently assert, as well as permanently maintain, the individuality of their authors. And thus, as party after party becomes merged or modified by our political exigencies, as the history of civil liberty, with its spasmodic upheavings, its casual triumphs, lapses, and struggles, is written in events, analyzed by science, or celebrated in song, the men whose names are for ever associated with the grandest, and thus far the most successful, experiment in self-government known in the world, inevitably reappear as oracles, witnesses, and champions, and are more and more invested with the light of fame, as the needs and the recognition of humanity expand and become definite with time. And when the light and shade, the distance and foreground, the *chiaro-'scuro* and the aerial perspective, become harmonized, we know not a character connected thus with our revolutionary, constitutional, and political history that will afford larger scope for dramatic interest and treatment than Alexander Hamilton. Let us withdraw ourselves, in imagination, from the picture now so near us, and endeavor to call up its features as they will one day appear to the contemplative artist.

In his island birthplace between the tropics, giving the first indication of future greatness by his eloquent description of a hurricane, — uttering the promptings of a vague but ardent desire for illustrious action in the confidence of youthful friendship, — visiting the United States for the education which his recognized talents peremptorily demanded, — in his novitiate, by his argumentative skill and graceful oratory winning admiration from comrades and wonder from professors, — in early youth kindling patriotic aspirations in the hearts of a popular assembly, and confuting the reasonings of veteran

pamphleteers by anonymous responses, — the volunteer captain * and self-taught engineer, the confidential aid and secretary of Washington, the favorite companion of the French officers, the *confidant* of the unfortunate André, the gallant young soldier at White Plains † and Monmouth, Brandywine and Yorktown, — the restorer of a nation's credit, — one of the chief architects of an original and prosperous form of government, — the expositor of new and great political principles to the popular mind, — the irresistible advocate, the urbane and elegant man of society, the idol of domestic retirement, — soldier, jurist, philosopher, statesman, gentleman, — in all characters eminent, — the intrepid leader of a phalanx, and the persuasive guide to conviction, — his life crowded with vast interests, and environed by memorable characters and events, to be, at last, suddenly cut off in its prime, the harvest of glory but half reaped, and not a faculty or a feeling impaired, what scenes, associations, attractions, and influences does such a career involve and suggest! Two peculiar charms belong to the life of Hamilton as compared with his contemporary soldiers and statesmen, — his youth and his gifts of expression. The variety of his services, his exalted patriotism, and his untarnished honor endeared his genius to the higher order of minds; while his errors, however they may diminish his glory to the eye of the moralist and the Christian, add yet another effective element to his nature as a subject for delineation. His were errors of passion, not of calculation, and prove him weak, not inhuman. This weakness contrasted with the moral consistency of Washington, this yielding to the wiles of love and the sophistry of a false code of

* "As General Greene, one day, on his way to Washington's head-quarters, was passing through a field, — then on the outskirts of the city, now in the heart of its busiest quarters, and known as 'the Park,' — he paused to notice a Provincial company of artillery, and was struck with its able performances, and with the tact and talent of its commander. He was a mere youth, apparently about twenty years of age, small in person and stature, but remarkable for his alert and manly bearing. It was Alexander Hamilton." — Irving's Life of Washington, Vol. II. p. 250.

† "I noticed," says a veteran, "a youth, a mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, marching beside a piece of artillery, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently lost in thought, with his hand resting on the cannon, and every now and then patting it as he mused, as if it were a favorite horse or a pet plaything." — Irving's Life of Washington, Vol. III. p. 88.

honor, associated as it is with the pre-eminent merits and transcendent abilities of Hamilton, gives an extraordinary pathos to the drama of his life. Circumstances here blend with character, tears with triumph, admiration with sorrow, to produce the highest tragedy of human existence.

Those who delight to trace the hand of a wise and benign Providence in the succession and relation of historical events, who recognize in Franklin's first mission to England and appeal to Pitt the first divinely forged link in the chain of events by which our independence was acquired and our nationality established, will behold also in the opportune advent and continuous agency of Alexander Hamilton the same high and propitious guidance, his pen having been as obviously a providential instrument as the sword of his august leader. And thus regarded, the "little West Indian clerk," faithful in his vocation, but chafing in its ignoble sphere, and longing for a war as the means of giving scope to his aspirations, is a form not less prophetic in its degree of the vast national problem to be solved for the good of humanity on this continent, than that of the Virginia surveyor, unconsciously preparing in bivouacs and on expeditions to guide armies and sustain a people's cause.

The most superficial observer of human character, if at all given to analysis, soon finds himself impressed with the reciprocal influence of blood and of circumstances,—the former accounting for special instincts, the latter giving occasion for their development. The chief inherited traits of Hamilton were Scotch and French,—on the one hand, acute intelligence and invincible pertinacity, on the other, vivacity and urbanity. These traits were again modified by the peculiar type of his ancestry. The Gallic blood in his veins was Huguenot, the Scotch noble; and herein were involved both generous and intrepid elements above the level of merely national characteristics. A more desirable combination can scarcely be imagined; for, if any historical inference may be drawn in regard to individual endowments, from such a stock we should expect both the insight and the chivalry, the mental enterprise and the social glow, which, united, form the most efficient men in field and cabinet, and the most attractive in

private life. The desire of knowledge and the power of expression, ardor and reflection, the love of glory and the love of kindred, intellect and enthusiasm, loyalty and independence, are to be traced in their noblest manifestations through branches of the races whence sprang Hamilton's immediate progenitors.

Next in the order of time, if not in that of influence, in moulding character, we must rank the place of nativity and the surroundings of childhood. As a speculative question it would be curious to estimate how different might have been the result had Hamilton's childhood been passed in the North American Colonies, instead of the British West Indies; and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that somewhat of his warmth of temperament, refinement of manners, and sensibility to the beautiful, may have been caught from intimacy with nature and life, in the fair island familiar to him from infancy. The alternate wet and dry seasons of that American archipelago, the radiant summer, the gorgeous flowers and birds, the magnificent nights, the deluge of autumnal rains, giving occasion for indoor studies, the refreshing sea-breezes, inviting to exercise and observation in the open air, the luscious fruits and grand umbrageous trees, so graphically classed by Humboldt and so attractively described by St. Pierre, could not have appealed in vain to the dawning intelligence and vivid emotions of Hamilton.

Nevis, where he was born, is little else than a mountain of evidently volcanic origin, with a broad basilar circumference of twenty-three miles. Its staple product is sugar, and it contains one fortified town. Thence the boy was sent, while very young, to school at St. Croix, and, after a brief period of elementary instruction, entered as a clerk in the counting-house of Nicholas Cruger. Inadequate as this primary education may seem, its deficiencies were in no small degree atoned for by the keen mental appetites and the indefatigable energy of the young West Indian. His cravings were judiciously gratified by a kind Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. Knox, whose paternal interest in his culture Hamilton never forgot, as appears from his subsequent correspondence. This also proves that, at the very outset of his mercantile life, his mind, with

intuitive foresight, anticipated a more brilliant destiny, and prepared for it. "I would willingly risk my life," he then wrote, "to exalt my station." Yet, with the practical good sense and honorable faith that ever distinguished him, he would not suffer these promptings of a noble ambition to lure him from the path of actual duty. So capable and faithful was the clerk that, in times of his superior's absence, all the affairs of the house were intrusted to his supervision; and his letters are full, precise, and suggestive, in regard to the mercantile interests at stake. Meantime, however, his reading was assiduous and thorough. Such works as he could command in science, history, and belles-lettres occupied his leisure hours, disciplined his powers of reasoning, excited his speculative tendency, and enlarged that capacity of verbal expression which he instinctively cultivated.

It is a pleasant coincidence, that the same phenomena which first revealed the talent for expression of a youth destined to find the widest imaginable scope for his gifts, and endeared to a nation by their efficient and patriotic exercise, should also have occupied the pen of another man of genius, whose memory is cherished for what he was, rather than for what he accomplished, — whose life-long problem it was to find an adequate sphere and satisfactory use for powers not less remarkable, but far less effective, than Hamilton's. In the morning of life, health, and intelligent activity, the boy Hamilton described a West Indian tornado so graphically, that the picture insured him an education and an arena. In the waning days of an invalid prime, the man Sterling wrote his impressions of a like event, and left them to be gathered up by the hand of friendship, with other fragmentary products of an erratic mental activity, as a memorial of baffled aspirations. "A West India tornado," says Carlyle, "as John Sterling witnesses it, and with vivid authenticity describes it, may be considered worth looking at." Both hurricanes occurred in the month of August, — one in 1772, the other in 1831.

"I found," writes Sterling, "in pushing at the leaf of the shutter, that the wind resisted more as if it had been a stone-wall or a mass of iron than a mere current of air. A man was blown down the hill in

front of the house; the rain on my hands and face felt like so much small shot from a gun; the panes of glass were smashed by the mere force of the gale; before long the roof went."

He then goes on to speak of the ravaged fields, the lofty surf, the uprooted trees, and the imminent personal danger.

The American newspapers of the autumn succeeding the first tornado contain numerous extracts from letters dated at the Leeward Islands, which give details of the catastrophe. It is difficult to identify that of Hamilton, but there is one which mingles reflection with fact, and has a rhetorical flow that, to say the least, is in his vein.

"No state," says the writer, "though ever so happily circumstanced, can promise itself duration of felicity. We may flatter ourselves, indeed, but vain is that flattery if the hand of Providence interferes to blast our hopes. . . . . Words are too faint to paint the horrors of that day. The hurricane began about nine o'clock in the morning, and continued, with unremitted fury, almost north, until eleven, in which time about forty houses were levelled with the ground, and the helpless inhabitants beyond expression wretched. Horror and dismay seized on all ranks and conditions, and destruction seemed suspended by a thread over the heads of all." *

A minute statement of incidents and an estimate of losses follow. Whether this letter was that which drew attention to the youth, and his claims to higher intellectual advantages than an insular mercantile life yields, is comparatively unimportant; the circumstance itself is, however, full of significance. It shows how instinctively Hamilton seized the refinements of language, and how early and accurately he observed. A newspaper gave the first impulse to his remarkable career, and embodied the final results of his mature thought and practical influence; and the merchant's clerk of St. Croix, who knew how to describe justly a convulsion of nature in an obscure island gazette, as the Publius, the Pacificus, and the Phocion of New York journals, appeased the storms of partisan malevolence, reconciled the discordant elements of political controversy, and calmed by the

* New Hampshire Gazette, October 9, 1772.

eloquence of truth and wisdom the tumult of contending interests.

The academic education of Hamilton began upon his arrival in New York, where the most desirable introductions at once brought him in contact with the learned and the distinguished. He commenced his studies in preparation for college under a teacher whose school, at Elizabethtown, N. J., was an object of peculiar interest to Elias Boudinot and Governor Livingston. Its master's name afterwards was enrolled with honor among the military patriots of the Revolution. Under the auspices of Francis Barber his progress was rapid, chiefly owing to habits of constant application. In a year he was ready for examination as Freshman, at Princeton College. Having now realized his own capacity for acquisition, he endeavored to persuade Dr. Witherspoon, the President, to admit him, on condition that his advancement in rank should keep pace with his proficiency; as if, aware of the exigencies about to occur, he was anxious to be equipped as soon as practicable for the duties of actual life. But this course was unprecedented; and although in the demand itself the President beheld the indication of a superior and energetic mind, he reluctantly declined the proposal, and Hamilton entered King's, now Columbia College, in the city of New York. Around the memory of no alumnus of that comparatively ancient seat of learning lingers a greater traditional fame. The vivid sympathies, intense diligence, and aspiring genius of the young West Indian gained him love and distinction. In the debating club he was the most effective speaker; in the recitation-room, the most thorough scholar; on the green, the most charming friend; in the trial of wit, the keenest satirist. At this period, a taste for science, partially cultivated, led him to contemplate the profession of medicine, and, during the regular college course, he paid considerable attention to anatomy. Now also he experienced the most fervent religious emotions, examined the evidences of Christianity, and gave utterance to devotional feeling in prayers and hymns whose eloquence was long traditional. There was nothing morbid or fanatical in this phase of his college career; but, as with all natures rich alike in sensibility and in

intelligence, as life and consciousness awakened, and their problems demanded solution, he meekly and ardently, and from a spiritual necessity, sought communion with Eternal Truth; and amid the excitements, the ambition, the daring speculations, the brave and absorbing enterprise, the glory and the errors of after years, the convictions thus borne in upon his youthful heart were never effaced.

But the spirit of the times had already penetrated the retirement of study, and, at the appeal of outraged human and civil rights, the heart of the earnest and gifted youth awoke, and his mind was launched into premature but most congenial activity. The violent controversy incident to the Boston Port Bill agitated the whole fabric of society, awakened new inquiries into the foundations of colonial authority, excited the deepest concern among the reflecting, and aroused the wildest opposition in those whose sense of justice and prescient sagacity could anticipate from our political wrong the possible future consequences. The seeds of American liberty were planted in these early furrows of social dissension. On the one side were the clergy of the Episcopal Church and their adherents, absolutely devoted, with few exceptions, to the British government, and content to obey its most tyrannical behests; on the other, the independent thinkers, the worthy lovers of the soil, and the aspirants for a free and progressive national life. Among the latter were both veterans and youths, and, as in all reforms, the college sympathized with the forum; so that when, at the voluntary gathering of citizens, a student mounted the rostrum, no observer of human nature could be surprised. But the juvenile aspect, the self-possessed mien, the stringent reasoning, and the captivating style of that collegiate orator, excited not only surprise, but admiration. Thus, while a mere boy, on a summer evening, under the open sky, did Hamilton set forth the justice of constitutional freedom as a right of humanity; opposed by no less an antagonist than the President of the College of which he was a member, and by the banded conservatives of the whole metropolis. Having thus thrown down the gauntlet, he instantly entered upon the contest, with pen and voice, in a manner so able, so winning, and so courageous, as to

rally around the cause hundreds of his fellow-citizens, place in an absurd light the best concocted arguments of Toryism, refute the subtleties of experienced casuists, and kindle the patriotic enthusiasm destined to achieve a country's freedom.

The pledge thus given at the age of seventeen was redeemed by life-long devotion, first to the establishment and then to the elucidation of the principles so emphatically avowed and so powerfully advocated. When remonstrance failed, and recourse to arms alone remained, the orator prepared to gird on his armor. He joined a militia corps, and studied tactics, while still a collegian; and from the commencement to the final scene of the Revolutionary war, we find him incessantly and variously active, — one of the youngest, yet one of the most important figures of the central group. There is scarcely a stratagem or an embassy, a council or a proclamation, a plan or an achievement, in which, directly or indirectly, his agency is not apparent. In the sad but masterly retreat from Long Island, he brings off the rear in safety; at White Plains, his battery wins the favorable regard of Washington; he shares that consummate leader's disasters and triumphs in the Jerseys, goes for reinforcements to Gates, conveys the first intelligence of Arnold's treason,* soothes the last hours of André, narrowly escapes the bullets of the enemy on the banks of the Schuylkill, commands an artillery corps, confers with Congress and the French allies, comforts his baffled commander at Valley Forge, defends him against the slanders of rivals, leads the victorious charge at Yorktown,† negotiates the exchange of prisoners when hostilities cease. And while thus enacting the part of a gallant soldier in the camp, he anticipates his future and more renowned

* "He met Washington, as he and his companions were coming up from the river, spoke to him a few words in a low voice, and they retired together into the house, when these documents of deep-laid treachery were put before him." — Irving's Life of Washington, Vol. IV. p. 33.

† "Hamilton to his great joy led the advance of the Americans; and was the first to mount the parapet, placing one foot on the shoulder of a soldier, who knelt on one knee for the purpose. The loss of the enemy was eight killed and seventeen taken prisoners. Among the latter was Major Campbell, who had commanded the redoubt. A New Hampshire captain of artillery would have taken his life in revenge of the death of his favorite Colonel Scammel, but Colonel Hamilton prevented him. Not a man was killed after he ceased to resist." — Ibid., p. 376.

triumphs as a statesman, by indicating in a letter to Robert Morris his financial scheme, whereby the credit of the nation was finally upheld and its imminent necessities provided for; and in a letter to James Duane, during the same year, he foreshadows the grand principles of constitutional government, which now form the pillars of the republic, in a project for reorganizing the State and central authority, through the medium of a popular convention.

It is difficult even for the student of our annals, though an adept in the knowledge of human nature, the idiosyncrasies of race, and the philosophy of history, to conceive the actual exigencies to be met, the resources to be provided, and the obstacles to be surmounted by wise and conscientious patriots when the British forces were recalled, the war of the Revolution ended, and peace formally declared. There remained an unpaid army, inadequate civil authority, discontented factions, ambitious leaders of parties, intense local prejudices, vast conflicting interests, a wayward and self-sufficient popular will, an exhausted treasury, palsied industry, and, to balance these elements of anarchy, only, to use the moderate language of Washington, "the *opportunity* of becoming a respectable nation." That a war of opinion should follow the war of independence was a natural result; and the correspondence of the most enlightened and the most self-devoted of the men who had gained this splendid vantage-ground, shows how early distrust of the forbearance and the harmony of freemen succeeded to the elation of victory. The weakness of the Confederation had been revealed, the jealousy of States exhibited, the fanaticism of political animosity made apparent; "chaos had come again." The fruit of eight years of sacrifice, toil, patience, and valor had at length ripened, almost by a miracle; but whether it was to be garnered to nourish a great national life for ages, or to perish through neglect and violence, was the momentous question, not only for the country, but for humanity. To solve this problem, to arbitrate this destiny, a convention assembled; its history is one of the brightest pages in the chronicle of nations; its spirit breathed a magnanimity and a wisdom unparalleled in assemblies of men; its results are visible to-day

in the spectacle of an intensely active, an unprecedentedly prosperous, and a constantly developing self-governed people. In the last analysis, this is owing to individual character, to the force of example, to the influence of mind, nobleness, good faith, and moral energy; and no one contributed more to these redeeming and creative forces than Alexander Hamilton. He was one of those best prepared for the crisis. Political philosophy had been his favorite subject of thought, reading, and experience. The artist about to realize a conception over which his imagination had brooded until it had attained shape and expression, to the minutest details, in his consciousness, never seized clay or crayon to design the model with a more distinct confidence, than that with which Hamilton elaborated in conversation, debate, formal report, and casual argument, his theory of constitutional government. For every provision he had a cogent reason, for each plausible objection a logical reply. How and why the nice balance of authority emanating from popular will should be adjusted; by what means the machinery of state could work efficiently, yet ever be controlled by the deliberate views of the majority; in what manner the legislative, the judicial, and the executive power should sustain one another without mutual interference; through what resources of counsel and of official right the lives, property, and freedom of the citizens should be at once protected and fostered, — were all clearly solved problems to his conviction. And what he believed and knew, he had the ability to prove and illustrate. His comprehensive eye took in the wide horizon of national life. His prolific memory commanded the facts of the past, ancient and modern, European and American. His insight was keen, his foresight prophetic. Ardent in his desire for the recognition of his ideas, he was calm and persuasive in their exposition. Impressive in the style of his advocacy, he trusted to practical rather than rhetorical arguments. What he sketched in outline at the age of twenty-three, he filled up, rounded, and made vitally complete during the four months of earnest discussion which resulted in the adoption, by the delegates, of the Federal Constitution; and what he so effectually helped to construct in council, he

subsequently confirmed to the popular mind in a series of essays which has since become a classic manual in political science.

"Sole lords and proprietors," wrote Washington at this juncture, "of a vast tract of country, comprehending all the various soils and climates of the world, and abounding with all the necessaries and conveniences of life; and acknowledged possessors of absolute freedom and independency, — this is the time of their *political probation*; this is the moment when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon them; this is the time *to establish or ruin the national character for ever.*"

In addition to the intrinsic perplexities of the crisis, we must remember how limited then were the facilities for moulding public sentiment. Patriotism itself was confounded with local perversity; communities were scattered; the means of communication were slow and difficult; a proposition or vote could not be telegraphed; steamboats and railways were unknown; the press was comparatively isolated; the genius of intercourse — since one of the mightiest agents of union and conformity — was yet in embryo; education was a rare and not a universal blessing; — and from these physical and moral causes, the views, even of the upright and intrepid, were often narrow, unenlightened, and illiberal. The fusion of opinion, the homogeneous enterprise which the journal, the steam caravan and telegraph, in our day, render so practicable, was then to be essayed only by tardy correspondence, rare conferences, sparsely circulated gazettes, and prolonged oral discussion. Well might Washington write to Lafayette, in view of all those tendencies to diversity of opinion and feeling: "It appears to me little short of a miracle, that the delegates from so many States, different from each other, as you know, in their manners, circumstances, and prejudices, should unite in forming a system of national government so little liable to well-founded objections." And no individual contributed more to this miracle than Hamilton, as his acknowledged prominence in the conception and his logical zeal in the advocacy of the Constitution, and his written testimony, both prior and subsequent to its being submitted to the decision of the people, emphatically prove.

That he appreciated the emergency, and with no rash impulse thus confidently exercised his genius for political action, may be inferred from the earnest appeal which followed the adjournment of the Convention: —

"It may be," he writes, "in me a defect of political fortitude, but I acknowledge that I cannot feel an equal tranquillity with those who affect to treat the dangers of a longer continuance in our present situation as imaginary. A nation without a government is an awful spectacle. The establishment of a Constitution in a time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole people, is a prodigy to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety."

As a delegate to Congress, and a member of the State Assembly and Convention, Hamilton was assiduous and successful in his efforts to avert the impending evils which threatened the nascent republic, his labors in debate and on committees alternating with the more general advocacy of vital measures through the press. Two of his eminent services are conspicuous in the record of that transition era of our civil history, — his adjustment of the serious difficulties consequent upon the independent position of Vermont, and the gradual preparation of the community for federal institutions.

When these were established and organized, the next great national want was money and credit. Political economy was not then a recognized science; few had studied Adam Smith, and the "Wealth of Nations" had scarcely been analyzed. A distrust of government securities, incident to the depreciation of the currency and the apparent evasion by Congress of the most sacred obligations; the confusion into which a long war had thrown the resources of trade; the unsettled basis of currency and exchange, and, especially, the prevalent inexperience and contracted ideas on these and kindred subjects, were inauspicious to the public appreciation or the official adoption of any extensive and original system of finance. The sword had been sheathed, but the purse was empty; while that other grand resource of nations as well as men, the pen, — as an instrument of thought, a divining-rod or electric telegraph of the brain, indicating and disseminating the creative principles of financial development, — was free and inspired in the hand of Hamilton, who, by his corre-

spondence with Robert Morris, his economical studies, and his insight into the latent means and the urgent wants of the country, stood forth again the specially endowed and accredited champion of America. Thus he appeared, once more, to the sagacious eye of his chief, now President of the United States; and, reluctant as he was again to plunge into a sea of troubles and to assume new and vast responsibilities, the consciousness that he was the man for the hour, — the claims of the land for which he had fought and pleaded, and towards whose incipient course the gaze of Europe and the hopes of ages now turned with alternate triumph and solicitude, — led him to enter upon the bold experiment, and, with a clear perception of the momentous task involved in the office, to become first Secretary of the Treasury. What he thus accomplished is best shown by the immediate and subsequent national prosperity. The means and processes are revealed in his consummate official reports and his political essays. Webster's description of this achievement has passed into household words: —

"How he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country perceived with delight, and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva, from the brain of Jove, was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton." *

"To ripen inquiry into action, it remains for us to justify the Revolution by its fruits." Such, in his own words, was the wise and patriotic object of Hamilton; and his views as to the method of so doing coincided with those of Washington, who, in a letter to Jay, writes: —

"Experience has taught us, that men will not adopt and carry into execution measures the best calculated for their own good, without the intervention of coercive power. I do not conceive that we can exist long as a nation, without lodging somewhere a power which will pervade the whole Union in as energetic a manner as the authority of the State governments extends over the several States."

* Works of Daniel Webster, Vol. I. p. 199.

It was, however, with no extravagant partiality that Hamilton regarded the Constitution. If he argued cogently for its redeeming principles, he no less acutely discerned its probable errors. "If the Constitution did not succeed on trial," remarks Dr. Johnson, a Connecticut delegate, "Mr. Hamilton was less responsible for that result than any other member, for he fully and frankly pointed out to the Convention what he apprehended were the infirmities to which it was liable"; and he added, that, "if it answered the fond expectations of the public, the community would be more indebted to Mr. Hamilton than to any other member; for after its essential outlines were agreed to, he labored most indefatigably to heal those infirmities, and to guard against the evils to which they might expose it."

How easy is it, from our vantage-ground, to recognize the sincerity and patriotism of all the higher minds whence proceeded our system of government! Who does not now concede the equally conscientious motives of the leaders of the two great original parties? It was inevitable that a man of practical sense and observation, like Hamilton, should feel the moral necessity of stringent executive powers. He had experienced for eight years almost insuperable obstacles in prosecuting a war of self-defence, from the inefficiency of legislative bodies, and the mutual shifting of responsibility between State assemblies and the Continental Congress. He had witnessed the vainly reiterated appeals for troops, provisions, money, clothing, ammunition, counsel, encouragement, — all the physical and moral sinews of war, — from the commander-in-chief to the governors, and thence to their legislatures, — the vain pleadings, the irresolute tone, the vague pledges, the almost fatal delays, the imminent and sometimes actual rebellions, — all consequent upon inadequate and ill-defined authority. To confirm the stern lessons of experience, he had the evidence of the prosperous workings of the British Constitution, which, with all its defects, had preserved greater personal liberty and induced with inferior material advantages a richer national development than any other form of government in existence. He had studied and learned to appreciate this charter of law and liberty; and had therefore arrived, in common with

Washington, at the conviction that *influence* is not *government*, and that the popular delegation of official power, restrained and subject to withdrawal in case of abuse, but adequate to the exigencies of the country and the duties of administration, was the only safeguard and guaranty for future order and progress. "The centrifugal is much stronger than the centripetal force in these States."

On the other hand, how natural was it for a man like Jefferson — who had not personally suffered from the imbecility of the Confederation, and who had witnessed abroad the demoralization incident to kingly and ecclesiastical sway, and the awful reactionary consequences — to be morbidly jealous of centralized political rule, and to advocate a limitless faith in the instincts and capacity of the masses! The mental character of these two leaders was as diverse as their experience. Jefferson was a man of detail; he noted facts, but they were special and material; he corrected Buffon in regard to points in natural history, sympathized with the alert and scientific French mind, and was a disciple of its self-confident but irreverent philosophy. Hamilton's intellect delighted in generalities; he sought for the law, rather than for the minutiæ of whatever subject he investigated; he was more of a philosopher than a naturalist, and was more aspiring than shrewd. When to these diversities were added the repellent motives of party animosities, it is not remarkable that even Washington's magnanimous intervention failed to secure more than an outward reconciliation between these men. Yet, when we read the mutual recriminations of that day, recall the personalities then rife, and compare them with the verdict of time and posterity, we perceive the fallacy of sectarian reasoning. Where is the "awful squinting towards monarchy" ascribed to the Federal leaders, and the eagerness to "uproot the foundations of order, and let loose the havoc of French infidelity," charged upon the Democratic oracle? Forgotten, even as gossip, in the memory of the practical truth and auspicious influence which survive in the institutions of the country. The very names of her opposite factions are lost in a succession of inferior and accidental questions, — Free-trade, Masonry, Romanism, Temperance,

Slavery, having formed the nucleus around which the positive and negative elements of a dismembered political organization have again and again rallied, to disperse once more on new issues.

If the elements of our embryo life as a nation were thus discordant and complex, even to the perception of those actually engaged in their organization, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they have been, and are still, so little understood by distant spectators, accustomed to such widely different political associations. On the continent of Europe, the idea still prevails that Washington was a successful general and a gifted protector, instead of a pure and devoted representative of the highest existing public spirit; and the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution is lost sight of in favor of popular leaders of subsequent political parties. Thus a leading French journal says: —

"Washington a conquis l'independance nationale et fondé le gouvernement de l'Union Americaine; Jefferson a établis au soin de ce gouvernement le culte des libertés locales. Washington a vaincu l'Angleterre et tiré les Etats Unis de l'impuissance et de l'anarchie; Jefferson a etouffé dans son pays toute germe de centralization et de monarchie." *

The wisdom, not less than the integrity, of the ideas of which Hamilton was the skilful expositor, has been amply confirmed by experience. The greatest cause of patriotic anxiety we have known since his death has been the lack, rather than the abuse, of executive and administrative power. It has been demonstrated that unusual decision of character is indispensable to insure efficiency in the head of the national government. Want of vigor, and not personal ambition, has chiefly jeopardized our national interests. Sacrifices to party, and not usurpations of prerogative, have been the alarming errors of those vested with leadership. Incompetency, peculation, and compromise of authority have proved the most dangerous of political sins. Again and again have exigencies arisen in which executive power has been stretched to the utmost limits of the most liberal interpretation of the

* Revue de Deux Mondes, Avrile 1, 1857.

Constitution; existing circumstances have justified the assumption to the people's ultimate judgment; and it is remarkable that some of the most famous of these instances of what is called "taking the responsibility" have occurred on the part of ostensible disciples of that system which Hamilton's adversaries befriended. Jefferson himself acquired Louisiana; Jackson conquered Nullification in South Carolina, and removed the deposits from the national bank, while Polk annexed Texas. Municipal and State disturbances threatening anarchy, gross official neglect and dishonesty, foreign interference, and numerous other evils, have demanded, in the judgment of the most democratic, the very power to act with promptitude and energy which the Federal leaders so earnestly claimed for those vested with authority. There was something offensive to the popular self-confidence in this reliance on law, and something that ministered to complacency in the apparent deference to the will of the majority by the opposite party, which tended to exclude Hamilton from the sympathy of the masses; but the greatest patriot of this or any other country, and the best judicial mind of that day, perhaps of the last century, Washington and Marshall, held strenuously, and from pure conviction, the same opinions. Washington called the passing epoch "an era of probation"; and they all felt the necessity of anticipating the political expansion and elevation of the people. Hamilton has been accused of despising the popular judgment, and of disowning reliance on patriotism as a motive; but let it be remembered that no man strove more wisely and patiently to educate the common mind in the rights, duties, and dangers of citizenship; and that his constitutional theory derived all civil power from the people, modified it by the most judicious gradations, and made its temporary possessors responsible to the country and the law. "Real liberty," he declared, — and with what truth let history attest, — "is neither found in despotism nor in the extremes of democracy, but in moderate governments."

Equally prophetic was his conviction, and equally unjust the treatment he received, in regard to the French alliance.

"Though I felt," he writes, "in common with those who had par-

ticipated in the Revolution, a lively sentiment of good-will towards a power whose co-operation, however it was, and ought to have been, dictated by its own interest, had been extremely useful to us, and had been afforded in a liberal and handsome manner; yet, tenacious of the real independence of our country, and *dreading the preponderance of foreign influence as the national disease of a popular government*, I was struck with disgust at the appearance, in the very cradle of our republic, of a party actuated by an undue complaisance to a foreign power, and I resolved, at once, to resist this bias in our affairs: a resolution *which has been the chief cause of the persecution* I have endured in the subsequent stages of my political life."

"Persecution" is a mild term to designate the opprobrium and vindictiveness he incurred as a political and public man. His first-born son fell in a duel in his father's defence. If there be a meanness in party warfare thoroughly infamous, it is the use of personalities as if they were licit weapons; and if there be a cruelty in civilized society essentially parallel with savage disregard of all humane instincts, it is the deliberate endeavor to identify the uncompromising antagonism of opinion with that personal insolence which, according to the code of honor conventional between the parties, obliges a man to risk his own or take another's life. Hamilton was the victim of both these malicious arts. An amorous intrigue was made the basis of a charge of peculation, and a general course of frank and determined opposition was wrenched into the significance of a personal insult, in order to destroy the antagonist with whom it proved useless to compete. In both instances advantage was taken of the delicate sense of honor, acknowledged to be at once Hamilton's noble and his vulnerable point.

From the camp, the representative assembly, and the cabinet, Hamilton retired first to the study and subsequently to the practice of law. Talleyrand, upon being asked what chiefly struck him in America, replied: "The most remarkable sight I beheld was Alexander Hamilton going to the court-house, in New York, with his law-papers and books in his hand. A man who had rendered such public service to be thus drudging with the herd for subsistence was to me a marvellous spectacle." We can imagine how one accus-

tomed to the gifts of royalty and destined to reap an imperial harvest, at the moment when he was impoverished and in exile because of the misfortunes of his regal patron, should be moved on beholding the leading spirit of a new and prosperous government obliged to toil for bread. But Talleyrand, although he might thus conceive an unfavorable notion of republican gratitude, failed, at the same time, to appreciate the difference between devotion to a king and to a people, — between patriotism and diplomacy; nor did he know how sweet are the well-earned trophies of professional skill and industry, — what gratification to an honorable ambition awaits the respected and successful advocate. Through this congenial career Hamilton was rapidly advancing in a new sphere of renown, usefulness, and fortune, — his labors with his briefs and clients alternating, as he humorously writes to Lafayette, with "rocking the cradle," — when both the eloquent tongue and the conjugal and parental heart were abruptly stilled on earth for ever.

We have spoken of Hamilton's character and career as requiring only the perspective of time to afford the most efficient dramatic material; and the last occurrences of his life, moulded into artistic sequence and heightened by incidental circumstances, afford a tragic *dénouement* worthy the hand of a master. The long political rivalry between him and his enemy; the singular coincidence in some points of their intellectual, and the intense antagonism in their moral natures; their prominence as the respective leaders of two great parties in the state, and as competitors in the same profession; the personal attractiveness of both in society; the strong passions enlisted in the war of opinion and the race of ambition in which they were opponents; the brilliant antecedents of one, and the equivocal reputation of the other; the universal interest felt and manifested throughout the country in the men and the causes they represented; — what contrasts and associations are these to weave around the fatal *rencontre*, and to subserve for the elaboration and vivid display of character! Both possessed military talents, were gentlemen in manners, and cherished great political schemes. Equally distinguished at the outset for rapid mastery of legal

knowledge, the bar was to them what the arena of old was to gladiator and charioteer, — a scene where skill, power, and grace were tested before entranced spectators; and public life yielded another and more extensive theatre whereon they and their coadjutors strenuously contended for the mastery. It was the same in society; polished address, knowledge of character, the ability to please, and the desire of convincing one sex and charming the other, were characteristic of both. With these general resemblances there were the most extreme diversities. Hamilton's political genius was constructive and conservative; Burr's schemes were those of conspiracy and invasion. Hamilton "disdained duplicity"; his candor was a normal attribute; by direct, open, earnest appeal, either to reason or feeling, he sought to accomplish his ends; while Burr's chief mental quality was acuteness; he was, by nature, subtle; intrigue was his habit; as a lawyer he trusted to shrewdness, while Hamilton leaned on philosophy. The style of the one was flowing; of the other, keen and pointed. The one was plausible, the other persuasive; the one cunning, the other comprehensive; the one secretive, the other ingenuous; the one insinuating, the other eloquent; the one selfish, and the other generous. Similar contrasts marked their social character. Hamilton won the admiration of men and the favor of women by a frank ardor and graceful intellectuality; Burr, by adroitness and a kind of arbitrary fascination. The former attracted, the latter cast a glamour. Hamilton yielded to passion, Burr cultivated it. Hamilton was impulsive, Burr calculating. The one trusted to valor, the other to stratagem. Their experience corresponded with their natures. Washington, who instinctively confided in Hamilton at the first meeting, looked with immediate distrust on Burr. The former lives in history as one of the chief framers of a great political system and one of the most self-devoted of patriots; the name of the latter is for ever identified with treason in the judicial annals of the country. The one died in his prime, amid the tears and laudations of a whole people; the other lived an outcast, — indigent, reckless, despised. The memory of the one is consecrated, that of the other anathematized.

The circumstances attending the duel are too familiar for

repetition. The documentary evidence is complete. A general inquisition as to the remarks of a public man in regard to a political antagonist, was wrested into an accusation of specific insult; the reply of Hamilton, "I stand ready to avow or disavow promptly and explicitly any precise or definite opinion of mine which I may be charged with having declared against any gentleman," was made the basis of a demand for a positive denial of any and every observation personally derogatory, — a demand utterly impossible to comply with, and wholly unjustifiable to proffer; and the refusal was the subterfuge whereby a claim for redress by single combat was enforced on one of well-known scrupulousness on points of honor, to betray him into fatal collision with an expert marksman. How shrewdly every attempt at conciliation was avoided, how vindictively the deadly purpose was followed up, and how magnanimously it was encountered, are not speculative inferences, but facts testified by the hands of the principals, and confirmed by the evidence of the seconds. "General Hamilton is just dead," said one to Burr. "Ah!" was the reply, "did he suffer much pain?" "Yes." "I regret it; it was my purpose to have spared him needless pain." "This is a mortal wound, doctor," said Hamilton, as he lay in the boat while crossing the river; "my sight is indistinct. My poor wife and children! Let the event be gradually broken to her. *Pendleton knows that I did not intend to fire at him.*" These expressions, winged by a thousand voices over the land, — the one a remorseless and cool acceptance of the deed of blood, the other the last faltering utterance of a noble and generous heart, — stamped this so-called duel for ever on the national memory, as an assassination;* and the apology of Hamilton for thus disposing of an invaluable and honored life, while it is vain in an ethical and religious, was deeply affecting in a patriotic view: —

"The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular."

* "He [Burr] gave me an account of his duel with Hamilton; he was sure of being able to kill him; so I thought it little better than a murder." — Bentham's Works, Vol. X. p. 443.

The relation of Hamilton to Washington was one of the most interesting, honorable, and delicate which can be imagined; so much so, indeed, that only those endowed equally with a chivalric spirit and a genuine moral sensibility can adequately comprehend it. The difference of age, talents, and disposition, the natural reserve and self-respect of the one and the fluency and loyalty of the other, kindred nobleness and self-devotion in the same great cause, and the implicit mutual confidence implied in the peculiar associations of life and labor that so long existed between them, — all tend to give often a high moral charm, and always a delicate significance, to their intimacy. The promptitude with which Washington recognized young Hamilton's ability and worth is remarkable. His perception of character was, indeed, a rare and valuable instinct, almost infallible, and events continually proved the correctness of his original impressions and judgment. His confidence in the man who thus won his esteem at the first interview, never wavered. He divined, at once, the sphere wherein he could most advantageously work; and, on the earliest occasion, enlisted his eminent literary and colloquial talents. His counsel became equally precious as its rational and sagacious inspiration commended it more and more to the appreciative mind of the commander-in-chief; and friendship soon hallowed the bond which duty and experience thus wove. As the ardent Max impressed the heart of Wallenstein, so, we may conjecture, did Hamilton in the Revolutionary drama appear to Washington. "He stood before him like his youth." Occasionally there break through the formal demeanor and the grave responsibleness of the man, the times, and the office, expressions indicative of this peculiar sympathy. Hamilton is one of the few to whom Washington is known to have used the language of an unrestrained and even playful familiarity; and in his letters to him is observable a strain of confidential communication rare in his official correspondence. Affection no less tempered respect in the bearing of the young aide-de-camp towards his chief. When the latter, for a moment, lost his self-command in the mortifying crisis at Monmouth, Hamilton impetuously rode through the *mêlée* to his side, and exclaimed, "I will stay

with you, my dearest General, and die with you; let us all die rather than retreat." * When the perverse Gates was to be propitiated to obedience, the French admiral to be received, the traitor Arnold to be pursued, any office requiring address, facility, tact, good sense, and courage to be filled, Hamilton was the man whom Washington preferred. His deliberate opinion was often expressed in unequivocal terms. Thus in a letter to General Sullivan he writes: —

"I can venture to advance, *from a thorough knowledge of him*, that there are few men to be found of his age, who have a more general knowledge than he possesses; and *none* whose soul is more firmly engaged in the cause, or who exceeds him in probity or in sterling virtue."

In a letter from Mount Vernon to John Adams, while he admits that Hamilton is ambitious, he defines the trait as "an ambition of that laudable kind which prompts a man *to excel in whatever he takes in hand*"; and he adds, "He is *enterprising, quick in his perceptions, and his judgment is intuitively great*." These few well-considered phrases of Washington, if pondered in their full meaning, will be found to confirm all that Hamilton's more glowing eulogists have claimed as the essential qualities of the man. What Washington's pen recorded, his actions invariably sanctioned; and accordingly, when, for the last time, in anticipation of a war with France, he was appointed to lead the armies of his country, he made it a condition of acceptance that Hamilton should hold the second rank, as his coadjutor and successor. Washington thought, said Morris, in his oration at Hamilton's funeral, "The sword of America might safely be confided to the hand that now lies cold in that coffin." In his last public act, the "Farewell Address," he summoned his former aide-de-camp and secretary for assistance and sympathy; the first who wore the insignia of the Cincinnati, as president, after Washington, was Hamilton, and the tears of the latter, when his illustrious friend was no more, washed out all memories but those of love and reverence. Their names are indissolubly blended in history, and in a nation's honor and gratitude.

* Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution, Vol. II. p. 154.

In view of these facts, so honorable and affecting, the narrowness and indelicacy which have sometimes induced an unworthy criticism of this beautiful relation, are offensive and reprehensible. Who, with a spark of natural honor, an emotion of noble sympathy, can find any satisfaction in analyzing the written memorials of these celebrated men, in order to discover which conceived or wrote this or that argument, project, or appeal? Hamilton excelled in language, he held the pen of a ready writer, and that pen was ever devoted to the service of his country and his chief; but, of all men, he would have been the last to claim merit, and the first to protest against a division of the public labor, so confidential and mutual, which he was too proud and happy to share with the man in whom centred a nation's confidence. What signifies it whether this phrase in the Farewell Address, or that reasoning in the administrative correspondence of Washington, emanated from Hamilton? It is enough to know that the former acknowledged a sentiment, ratified a proposition, or placed his signature to a document. The object in view was too entirely disinterested, the spirit of both too magnanimous, to admit the petty cavillings of mere vanity, and, while absorbed in a people's welfare, to weigh in the microscopic balance of insatiate self-love the grains and scruples of their respective originality in thought or utterance. Yet again and again this process has been applied to the Farewell Address, and others of Washington's ostensible writings. There is no inextricable complicity in this instance, such as might render the views and style of two illustrious men difficult to separate. Washington was educated as a country gentleman, Hamilton as a scholar and advocate. The one valued language as the simplest and most direct medium of thought, — he never studied its possible graces, and was far more a man of action, of affairs, of practical duties, than of words; while the other had a rare gift of speech, had cultivated the arts of composition, and knew the power of rhetoric. Thus considered, as a literary question, there is no resemblance between the styles of the two; and so far as language may be considered as the mirror or medium of character, the diversity is still more emphatic. Hamilton always writes like a scholar;

Washington, like a man of the highest common sense. Not that the two are not perfectly compatible, and often coincident; but the form of expression is naturally and unconsciously modified according as either predominates in the writer. Washington, to speak phrenologically, was deficient in language; Hamilton had the organ large.

In Washington writing was irksome; he complained, after his retirement, of the weary task imposed on him by a multifarious correspondence, and preferred a ride over his estate, or a consultation about internal improvements, to being confined to a desk with heaps of letters. Whoever has compared the early with the later epistles of Washington, especially in the original drafts, must have remarked how gradually the copiousness, and even the orthography, improves with practice. He often hesitates for a word, substitutes one for another, and the manuscript suggests to an experienced eye a writer who has more ideas than words to express them, and more feeling than terms to utter it conscientiously. With time and greater exercise of the pen, the flow of expression becomes more and more free. It is and ever was singularly appropriate. In his style of writing, as in his dress, manners, and entire conduct, his moral qualities are distinctly revealed.* Thus there is no extravagant word. His adjectives modify rather than intensify his statements. Perspicuity is obviously the chief aim; and so straightforward, exact, and authentic are his letters, whether as evidences of his opinions, descriptions of his life, arguments on public questions, or expressions of private sentiment, that his last biographer, renowned as he is for aptness and grace of diction, frankly acknowledges that he can find no language to portray the career or the character of his hero so satisfactory as that indited by his own candid and unadorned pen. Such is the individuality of Washington's epistolary style.

---

* "There was a straightforward simplicity in Washington's addresses to his army; they were so void of tumid phrases or rhetorical embellishments; the counsels given in them were so sound and practicable; the feelings expressed in them so kind and benevolent, and so perfectly in accordance with his character and conduct, that they always had an irresistible effect on the rudest and roughest hearts." — Irving's Life of Washington, Vol. IV. p. 437.

The more elaborate and finished composition of his faithful secretary and friend, Washington most thoroughly appreciated and wisely used. Indeed, it was owing to his conviction that Hamilton could best serve the cause with his pen and counsel, that the only breach between them occurred. It seems plain from Hamilton's correspondence, before and after the temporary coldness, that he was heartily weary of what appeared to him a secondary part in the great drama then in action. He announced to his father-in-law, General Schuyler, his intention of availing himself of any misunderstanding to withdraw from the confidential relation of private secretary involved in that of aide-de-camp to Washington, and thus to secure the opportunity of a separate military command. When, therefore, an instance of apparent disrespect on his part, in keeping the General waiting, occurred, instead of explaining that he had been detained by Lafayette, which would have settled the question instantly in his favor, Hamilton made no excuse, accepted the charge as ground for retirement, and declined the speedy overtures of Washington with the view of his resuming his place. It was because of his great efficiency in that situation, and of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of supplying the vacancy, that Washington desired to keep Hamilton at his side. Throughout the war and the administration of the government, Washington was remarkable for looking to the public good, rather than to the desire of personal distinction, as motives for his appointments. He seldom failed to put the right man in the right place. Brave and able soldiers were more easily found than eloquent and facile writers, or men of acute political sagacity and learned in the philosophy of government, among the American patriots. It was natural for one so young and heroic as Hamilton to thirst for the glory he beheld encircling the brows of his brother officers, and to chafe at his most useful, but comparatively obscure labors. The lapse of intimacy, however, did not in the least diminish the confidence or the sympathy of these illustrious men. That we have not misjudged Hamilton's feelings on this occasion is clear from his letters. He writes to Morris, "My military situation has become so negative, that I have no motive to continue in it"; and to Schuyler he says: —

"I always disliked the office of an aide-de-camp, as having in it a kind of personal dependence. I refused to serve in this capacity with two Major-generals, at an early period of the war. Infected, however, with the enthusiasm of the times, an idea of the General's character overcame my scruples, and induced me to accept his invitation to enter into his family. . . . . It has been often with great difficulty that I have prevailed upon myself not to renounce it; but while, from motives of public utility, I was doing violence to my feelings, I was always determined, if there should ever happen a breach between us, never to consent to an accommodation."

Subsequently he does justice to Washington's candor in the inevitable delays in appointing him to a command, and exhibits the greatest solicitude to vindicate his own motives, to the purity of which Washington bears cordial testimony.* His gallantry at Yorktown must have soothed his military pride, and subsequently his pen became enlisted in still more confidential services for his revered commander.

To a discriminating reader, Washington's own letters vindicate his highest renown, by affording the clearest revelations of character. The tone of each measures exactly his degree of confidence in the person he addresses. The sentences are not rounded with art, but they are emphatic with truth. Wisdom, sincerity, modesty, conscientiousness, self-respect, patriotism, affection, and fidelity, — the resplendent virtues of the man, — are unconsciously but vitally incorporated in his writings, which, if not exemplars of the refinements of literary style, are unrivalled in the literature of good

* "My principal concern arises from an apprehension that you will impute my refusal of your request to other motives than those I have mentioned."— *Washington to Hamilton.* "I assure your Excellency that I am too well persuaded of your candor to attribute your refusal to any other cause than an apprehension of inconveniences that may attend the appointment." This desire for military distinction was, indeed, a strong and prevalent feeling with Hamilton. Fisher Ames remarked that it was the only ambition of a common kind which belonged to him. He writes thus to Washington in 1783: "I explained to you candidly my feelings with respect to military reputation; and how much it was my object to act a conspicuous part in some enterprise that might, perhaps, raise my character as a soldier above mediocrity." And again, thus: "I build a hope that I may be permitted to preserve my rank, on the peace establishment, without emolument and unattached to any corps, as an honorary reward for the time I have devoted to the public. I may hereafter travel, and may find it an agreeable circumstance to appear in the character which I have supported in the Revolution."

faith and public duty. An anecdote illustrates Washington's considerate use of language, even when under excitement. He did not, even in the heat of indignation, call Lee a coward for ordering a retreat at Monmouth; but, arresting his flight, he asked, "What means this *ill-timed prudence?*" And what can excel the profound sarcasm, under a courteous guise, such as the occasion demanded, of the expressions in a letter to Gates in reference to the underhand insinuations of Conway?

"It is, however, greatly to be lamented that this adept in military science did not employ his abilities during the progress of the campaign in pointing out those wise measures which were calculated to give us that degree of success we could reasonably expect. The United States have lost much from that *unseasonable diffidence* which prevented him from embracing the numerous opportunities he had of displaying those rich treasures of counsel and experience he has since so freely laid open to you. I will not do him the injustice to impute the *penurious reserve* which ever appeared in him on such occasions, to any other cause than *excess of modesty*." *

The method whereby Washington availed himself of what he considered powers of expression superior to his own, in public communications, is not left to conjecture. Among the Madison manuscripts is a letter in which our peerless chief gives the substance and the ideas, the sentiment and the argument, of the Farewell Address, and requests Madison's advice and assistance in its preparation. We quote it entire, as the best illustration at once of his earnest reflective powers, his emphatic style, and his characteristic modesty, agreeing heartily with the editors of the journal which first published it (from the original in the possession of Madison's nephew) in their remark, that

"The letter aids us in the formation of one important and interesting conclusion, that although Hamilton, as is generally supposed, may have drafted the Farewell Address, and given to it its clear, elegant, and affecting style, yet the prominent ideas of that grandest legacy ever made to a free people by its ruler, upon withdrawing from the cares of state, had been previously expressed by Washington himself, as they were conceived in his own noble and sagacious mind."

* Washington to Gates, Valley Forge, February 9, 1778. Sparks's Writings of Washington, Vol. V. p. 505.

"Mount Vernon, May 20, 1792.

"My dear Sir:—As there is a possibility, if not a probability, that I shall not see you on your return home, or, if I should see you, that it may be on the road, and under circumstances which will prevent my speaking to you on the subject we last conversed upon, I take the liberty of committing to paper the following thoughts and requests.

"I have not been unmindful of the sentiments expressed by you in the conversation just alluded to; on the contrary, I have again and again revolved them with a thoughtful anxiety, but without being able to dispose my mind to longer continuation in the office I have now the honor to hold. I therefore still look forward to the fulfilment of my fondest and most ardent wish, to spend the remainder of my days (which I do not expect to be many) in ease and tranquillity.

"Nothing short of conviction that my dereliction of the chair of government (if it should be the desire of the people to keep me in it) would involve the country in serious disputes respecting the chief magistrate, and the disagreeable consequences that might result therefrom in the floating and divided opinions which seem to prevail at present, could in any wise induce me to relinquish the determination I have formed; and of this I do not see how any evidence can be obtained previous to the election. My vanity, I am sure, is not of that cast as to allow me to view the subject in this light.

"Under these impressions, then, permit me to reiterate the request I made to you at our last meeting, namely, to think of the proper time and the best mode of announcing the intention, and that you will prepare the latter. In revolving this subject myself, my judgment has always been embarrassed. On the one hand, a previous declaration to return not only carries with it the appearance of vanity and self-importance, but it may be construed into a manœuvre to be invited to remain. And, on the other hand, to say nothing implies consent, or, at any rate, would leave the matter in doubt; and to decline afterwards might be deemed as bad, and uncandid.

"I would fain carry my request to you farther than is asked above, although I am sensible that your compliance with it must add to your trouble; but as the recess may afford you leisure, and I flatter myself you have dispositions to oblige me, I will, without apology, desire (if the measure in itself should strike you as proper, and likely to produce public good, or private honor) that you would turn your thoughts to a valedictory address from me to the public, expressing in plain and modest terms, that, having been honored with the Presidential chair, and to the best of my abilities contributed to the organization and ad-

ministration of the government, — that having arrived at a period of life when the private walks of it, in the shade of retirement, become necessary and will be most pleasing to me, — and the spirit of the government may render a rotation in the elective officers of it more congenial with their ideas of liberty and safety, that I may take my leave of them as a public man; and in bidding them adieu, (retaining no other concern than such as will arise from fervent wishes for the prosperity of my country,) I take the liberty at my departure from civil, as I formerly did at my military exit, to invoke a continuation of the blessings of Providence upon it, and upon all those who are the supporters of its interests, and the promoters of harmony, order, and good government.

"That to impress these things it might, among other things, be observed, that we are all the children of the same country, — a country great and rich in itself, — capable, and promising to be, as prosperous and happy as any which the annals of history have ever brought to our view. That our interest, however diversified in local and smaller matters, is the same in all the great and essential concerns of the nation. That the extent of our country, the diversity of our climate and soil, and the various productions of the States consequent on both, are such as to make one part not only convenient, but perhaps indispensably necessary, to the other part, — and may render the whole (at no distant period) one of the most independent in the world. That the established government being the work of our own hands, with the seeds of amendment engrafted in the Constitution, may by wisdom, good dispositions, and mutual alliances, aided by experience, bring it as near to perfection as any human institution ever approximated; and therefore the only strife among us ought to be, who should be foremost in facilitating and finally accomplishing such great and desirable objects, by giving every possible support and cement to the Union. That however necessary it may be to keep a watchful eye over our public servants, and public measures, yet there ought to be limits to it; for suspicions unfounded, and jealousies too lively, are irritating to honest feelings, and oftentimes are productive of more evil than good.

"To enumerate the various subjects which might be introduced in such an address would require thought; and to mention them to you would be unnecessary, as your own judgment will comprehend *all* that will be proper. Whether to touch, specifically, any of the exceptional parts of the Constitution may be doubted. All I shall add therefore at present is, to beg the favor of you to consider, first, the propriety of such an address; secondly, if approved, the several matters which ought to be contained in it; and, thirdly, the time it should appear; that is,

whether at the declaration of my intention to withdraw from the service of the public, which will end with the next session of Congress, (the probability being that that body will continue sitting until March,) when the House of Representatives will also dissolve.

"Though I do not wish to hurry you (the cases not pressing) in the execution of either of the publications before mentioned, yet I should be glad to hear from you generally on both; and to receive them in time, if you should not come to Philadelphia until the session commences, in the form they are finally to take. I beg leave to draw your attention also to such things as you shall conceive fit subjects for communication on that occasion, and, noting them as they occur, that you would be so good as to furnish me with them in time to be prepared and engrafted with others for the opening of the session.

"With very sincere and affectionate regard,

"I am ever yours,

"G. WASHINGTON.

"JAMES MADISON, JR., ESQ."

In one respect Hamilton has been fortunate beyond all his illustrious comrades. His published writings are an adequate monument, not only of his talent and disposition, but of his integrity and pre-eminent services. Their clear, vigorous, and often elegant style, rescues them from the oblivion to which the mass of official documents and political arguments are destined. Whoever carefully examines the correspondence, essays, and reports of Alexander Hamilton, will discover not only an intrepid and powerful intellect, a solid and comprehensive judgment, a positive genius for administration, and a profound insight into the principles of constitutional government and of national finance; but, at the same time, he will trace the career of a noble, wise, and patriotic character. Its features will become distinct to his recognition. Respect for the thinker will be equalled only by grateful admiration for the patriot.

The chief of these remarkable writings, because the most complete, is the series of essays afterwards collected under the title of "The Federalist," the greatest favorite in general literature among all political disquisitions, if we except the letters of Junius. In these papers, the dangers which threaten the republic from foreign interference and internal dissension, the utility of the Union as a means of self-preservation, and of

advancing commerce, naval power, and public economy, the defects of existing legislation, the systems of militia and of taxation, the relation of the States to the general government, and other subjects of immediate yet permanent concern, are treated with a clearness and strength of reasoning, a knowledge of history, a foresight, and a perspicuity, which rendered them intelligible to all and eminently suggestive to the few; the different branches of the proposed government are described, and their relative and mutual action defined; and the work, appearing as it did, in the form of newspaper articles, did more than any other expedient to prepare the different States to ratify the Constitution. Although the joint production of Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, the greater part and the most significant of these essays were written by Hamilton, under the signature of Publius. Another series of articles from the same pen, signed "Pacificus," similar in style and in argumentative perspicacity, most effectually defended Washington's course in opposing the French alliance.

Of writings purely official, the Report on Public Credit is enough to establish the fame of Hamilton as a statesman and financier. He begins by an earnest recognition of integrity as a moral requisite in communities not less than in the individual; enlarges on the sacred nature of the national debt, — "it was the price of liberty"; and then advocates its liquidation, that the American name may be respected, the calls of justice met, and the friends of good government satisfied. He shows how a restoration of public credit will restore landed property to its due value, furnish new resources to agriculture and commerce, cement more closely the union of the States, add to their security against foreign attack, and establish public order "on the basis of an upright and liberal policy." Then follow his plan for a national bank, and his views of manufactures, duties, loans, a mint, etc., — the programme which elicited Talleyrand's admiration and Webster's emphatic tribute, and whence dates our commercial prosperity.

Even our comparatively impartial estimate of the motives, opinions, and temper of the memorable era when the whole intellect and heart of America were absorbed in the vital questions involved in the political future of the nation, can

scarcely exceed in justice and intelligence the prophetic view sketched by Hamilton while in the midst of the conflict.

"We have already," he writes in The Federalist, "sufficient indications of what will happen in this as in former cases of great national discussion. A torrent of angry and indignant passions will be let loose. To judge from the conduct of the opposite parties, we shall be led to conclude that they will mutually hope to evince the justice of their opinions, and to increase the number of their converts, by the loudness of their declamations and by the bitterness of their invectives. An enlightened zeal for the efficiency of government will be stigmatized as the offspring of a temper fond of power and hostile to the principles of liberty. An over-scrupulous jealousy of danger to the rights of the people, which is more commonly the fault of the head than the heart, will be represented as mere pretence and artifice, — the stale bait for popularity at the expense of public good. It will be forgotten, on the one hand, that jealousy is the usual concomitant of violent love, and that the noble enthusiasm of liberty is too apt to be inflated with a spirit of narrow and illiberal distrust. On the other hand, it will be equally forgotten that the vigor of government is essential to the security of liberty; that, in the contemplation of a sound and well-informed judgment, their interests can never be separated; and that a dangerous ambition more often lurks behind the specious mask of zeal for the rights of the people, than under the forbidding appearance of zeal for the firmness and efficiency of government."

When a New York printer waited upon Hamilton to obtain his consent and co-operation for the issue of a new edition of the work of which this extract is part of the Introduction, the author demurred, and expressed his belief that "The Federalist" had answered its purpose, and was not called for by the public. Convinced, by the assurance of a demand for the book, that it ought to be reprinted, he made some corrections, and said, in handing the copy to the printer, "Mr. Hopkins, we have given the people heretofore milk; we will now give them strong meat," — an expression which indicates his confidence in the ultimate triumph of his ideas, and in the progressive intelligence of the public mind to be secured by political discussion and the habit of self-government.

His defence of himself against the vile charges of official dishonesty, shamelessly made and utterly refuted, is a model of manly self-exculpation. His official correspondence, while

aide-de-camp and secretary to Washington and one of his cabinet, forms a valuable compendium of practical and political wisdom. To arouse a sense of the danger from France, he wrote several articles under the pseudonyme of "Titus Manlius." It has been stated by a careful investigator, that "of the celebrated Camillus papers" in defence of the British treaty, "commonly ascribed to Hamilton, all, excepting the ten first, were from the pen of Rufus King."* But in the shape of anonymous pamphlets, his first medium of communication with the public, of occasional articles in the journals, of outlines of Reports, and even of actual speeches and arguments furnished to his friends, the fecundity of his pen was astonishing. It was within the vivid remembrance of a lady but recently deceased, and connected by marriage with Hamilton, that one morning he detained the family from the breakfast-table while he was busy at his desk. To his repeated and urgent request that they would take their places without him, one of the guests replied, "We will do as you wish, on condition you read us what you are writing." A few minutes after, he read the announcement of Washington's death made to Congress that very day in Philadelphia by General Lee, and usually attributed to him, and which has become proverbial from the phrase, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." His pen was, indeed, in constant requisition, and was most generously exercised throughout the war and the subsequent administration, in behalf of individuals, assemblies, and principles identified with the nation's welfare. These writings, extending over his entire life, are singularly consistent in the nobleness of their general aim, efficient in their argumentative force, and luminous through their impressive style. They were adapted to the moment; but from their breadth and logic, as well as their finish, they have a permanent value.

His private letters are a chart of his life and a delightful reflection of his character. The few of a commercial nature, dated at St. Croix, are business-like, terse, and statistical. His correspondence with Washington, Jay, Lafayette, Steuben,

* "Dealings with the Dead," by an Old Sexton.

Robert and Gouverneur Morris, De Ternay, Colonel Laurens, Duane, and other fellow-laborers in war and government, is of singular historical interest, and distinguished for good sense, perspicuity, candor, and courtesy. From these letters we obtain the clearest ideas of the successive campaigns, of the characters of those engaged in the struggle, of the salient incidents of the war, of camp life, its difficulties and dangers, and of the courage, patience, mutual confidence, and elevated motives then and there at work. As illustrations of his character, the letters he writes and those he receives are equally instructive. Thus his old friend, the St. Croix clergyman, in acknowledging one of his letters, after the commencement of hostilities, says: "I always told my friends, that, if you survived the campaign and had an hour of leisure to write to me, I expected a more *true*, *circumstantial*, and *satisfactory* account of matters in your letter, than by all the public and private intelligence we have received here." With the French officers he corresponded in their own language, and their letters overflow with the gallant spirit of their national amity. "The pen of Junius is in your hand," writes Colonel Laurens. "Cold in my profession," says Hamilton, "warm in my friendships, I wish it were in my power to convince you that I love you."

The tendency in Hamilton's mind towards philosophy, history, and politics, is clearly manifest in the earliest taste he exhibited in reading. While he was a clerk at St. Croix, among his favorite authors were Plutarch and Pope; and among the incidental notes in his pay-book, when he was a young captain of artillery, are allusions to Rousseau's *Émile*, Robertson's Charles V., Baretti's Travels, Hobbes, the Essays of Montaigne and Bacon, and the Orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, — works rarely the intimate solace of a young soldier of that era, and in our comparatively unlettered camp. Hamilton could, at will, concentrate his mind; and usually labored for several consecutive hours with intensity. His conceptions were quick, and he rarely corrected what he had once deliberately put in writing. Like most men of genuine power, he cast off mental toil with great apparent ease, and was social and sportive in his leisure, as he was absorbed in busy hours.

In specific qualities, the character of Hamilton resembles that of several prominent men who have acted illustrious parts in war, jurisprudence, society, literature, and government. In the maturity of his political insight at an early age, and in his blended courage and candor in the discussion of opinions and measures, he reminds us of Francis Horner; in the graceful and energetic flow of his rhetoric and reasoning, and in the facility with which he acquired and digested knowledge, he often brings vividly to our thought the splendid elaborations of Burke; and in his captivating address, chivalrous spirit, genial sympathies, as well as in his impassioned temperament, we are not less struck with an occasional likeness to Fox. As a financier, his patriotism finds a reflection in Lafitte. The rapidity of his military training and the enthusiasm of his soldiership evince the heroic zeal which inspired Körner. Those familiar with the recent history of Sardinia will find a spirit kindred to his in the labors of D'Azeglio and Cavour. He had studied too fondly the administrative genius of Pitt not sometimes to catch its intrepid and bold spirit. The thinker, in his mental constitution, predominated over the scholar; he could reason better than he could construe, and valued facts in their relations, rather than as isolated elements of knowledge. Causality was a prevailing faculty in his brain. His estimate of that abstruse work, Edwards on the Will, illustrates this.

"Nothing ever came from the human mind," he writes, "more in proof that man is a reasoning animal. It is an unrelaxed, logical statement throughout, a consecutive series of arguments, the only digressions from the main proposition being qualifications of the sense, expressed in the same brief, rigid style."

Foresight and comprehensiveness were intimately blended in his intellect, and these qualities primarily adapted him to the analysis of questions involving great prospective interests. But his reflective power was, to a remarkable degree, made efficient by natural felicity and readiness of language. For clear, emphatic statement, so requisite for popular impression, he was always distinguished, and when the occasion justified, from this solid vantage-ground he could expatiate with the most persuasive eloquence; while at the same time pre-

cision, vigor, and point were never sacrificed to oratorical display.

He had both the courage and the forbearance of the true hero. The first to mount the rampart of the enemy at Yorktown, he was equally prompt to check the onslaught when its object was gained.

In accordance with his character, lofty as were the tributes paid to his memory by contemporary love and sorrow, they are remarkable for their discrimination. They prove that he was no shadowy idol of the hour, but a substantial and distinct individuality, clearly discerned through the magnetic influences with which intellectual power, winning yet dignified manners, and brilliant public services, surrounded him ; clearly discerned, also, through the glow of political fraternity and the fever of political hatred, and, what is more remarkable, through the pitiful and indignant tears called forth all over the land by his premature and cruel death. "You have seen him," said Gouverneur Morris, to the weeping crowd at his funeral, "contending against you and saving your dearest interests in spite of yourselves." "No man," declared Fisher Ames, "more promptly discerned truth, no man more clearly displayed it"; and he claims for him the great test of books and men, — "the extent and durableness of their impression." Pulpit eloquence was exhausted in condemnation of the method, and in praise of the patriotic antecedents of his death. The senate and the forum recalled in him the glory of Aristides and of Germanicus. The popular heart trembled at the blow, with a sense of bereavement unsurpassed except when Washington expired. "Party distinctions," it was truly declared, "were confounded at the event," * and Hamilton was compared to Hercules, "treacherously slain in the midst of his unfinished labors." His "regard for justice," in the grateful retrospect of a career of national usefulness now finished, was

* A striking evidence of this may be found in the leading New York journal opposed to him. A short time before the duel, it contained the following bitter paragraph: "General Hamilton, having defended his position as Secretary of the Treasury, had better now give us a history of his amorous adventures." Yet the same journal announced his death as a national loss, and apologized for postponing a tribute to his memory, on account of the bewilderment and oppression of great personal sorrow.

pronounced "solemn," and his "public life" declared to be "without a stain." "While patriotism glowed in his heart," said one, "wisdom blended in his speech her authority with her charms; he ever extorted confidence, even when he most provoked opposition." His ambition was defined as a thirst "for that fame which virtue would not blush to confer, nor time to convey to the end of his course."* And distant as well as long subsequent verdicts confirm the estimate of his contemporaries. "Hamilton," says Guizot, "must be classed with those who best knew the vital principles and fundamental conditions of government."

He was brave to a fault; great crises made him self-possessed; and yet his nervous susceptibility, almost invariably the accompaniment of rare intellectual gifts and keen passions, rendered him both painfully and pleasurably alive to casual impressions. Thus he would feel timid on a ferry-boat; while he exhibited a manly cheerfulness under an attack of yellow-fever, and betrayed no agitation when mortally wounded. Love and ambition were passions he well knew, from organization and consciousness; they existed in him, as in so many other instances, united to the readiest perceptions and the widest mental scope and activity. Returning from a tryst in the early days of his courtship, he forgot the countersign, and could not pass the sentinel to enter his quarters. His was not the self-centred order of greatness, — his very disposition and ability to persuade and to please presuppose a certain degree of approbativeness; but this was tempered by taste, judgment, and great natural kindliness, as his bold invective, his trenchant arguments, and his brave attack, whether with pen, tongue, or sword, were restrained by genuine magnanimity.

Some vivid glimpses of Hamilton, as he appeared at different periods of his career, have been transmitted by the limner, the allusions of graphic writers, and the reminiscences of surviving friends. We are told of his attractive mien and courteous manners, when, as Washington's aide-de-camp, he assisted in the hospitalities of the camp; of the intentness of

* Fisher Ames.

determined purpose contrasting with the exuberance of youthful spirits as he marched with his corps; and of the dignity and polished ease which characterized him in maturity as a host, a companion, a political associate, and a professional advocate. His shortness of stature was compensated by an erect person. The hair drawn back, according to the fashion of the times, exposed his large and prominent brow. A sanguine temperament was revealed in the freshness of his complexion, which, by the delicacy of its tint, also suggested a refined organization. Contemplative in repose, his features were finely expressive when animated. In the discussion of important subjects, there was a dignified earnestness in his mien; but this readily softened into the most playful manner when conversation was merely social. Deliberate in argument, he was lively in the freedom of amicable and domestic intercourse; his voice was rich and flexible in its tones; his frame was well-knit, and his movements were graceful.

It may be doubted if the civic life of any people, outside of the pale of barbarism, ever boasted so few landmarks and trophies as ours. In moral results and general effects, not in local or artistic memorials, must be sought the evidence of what is illustrious in our annals. The least informed and most unenthusiastic traveller in Europe is not only reminded of, but impressed with, the agency of genius and patriotism, by the durable monument, the prominent effigy, or the active institution, wherein yet lives the public benefactor, the great poet, or the self-sacrificing patriot. The conservative spirit of national gratitude and pride, or of national sympathy and reverence, finds permanent expression, and visibly associates Michel Angelo with Florence, Montaigne with Bourdeaux, Goethe with Weimar, and Wellington with London; and it requires little philosophy or imagination to infer, from the respective influence of these celebrated men, facts of history and character, or to find in their local appreciation the evidence of a representative significance. Thus the progress of civilization is traced to the popular mind by the career of individuals; the memory of the one is linked with the development of the many; and the art of Italy, the amiable philosophy of the French mind, the poetic zest of German life, and

what Emerson calls English "pluck," are embodied, illustrated, and confirmed by the perpetual association of memories like these with the daily scenes of human existence.

A foreigner imbued with the essential facts of our history, conversant with the lives and labors of the men whose valor and wisdom founded the republic, and ardent in the love of free institutions, would find the task of identifying the scenes of the renown of these noble personages a difficult and baffling endeavor. It is true, such inevitably recognized localities as those where Washington is buried, where Patrick Henry spoke, and where Warren fell, are conspicuously attested; but the fame of later patriots, and especially of those whose services were elaborate and varied, rather than signalized by one great achievement, whose thought permeated the life of the times and enlightened the impulses of the popular heart, thus insuring a genuine and a progressive national development, — the fame of these is almost exclusively confined to the written memorial, the historic record. A few octogenarians may indicate the place where such a one strove, suffered, or triumphed; a street or a steamboat may bear his name; a vivid anecdote related by the evening fireside, or an eloquent allusion introduced by an anniversary orator, may for a moment recall the man as he lived; but, in general, this abstract and incidental reminiscence is all that connects him with the passing hour, freighted, it may be, with the prosperous issues of his sagacious and disinterested labors; and though that name is still a "household word," yet literally the place that once "knew him knows him no more."

Incorporated as is the agency of Hamilton into the series of events which resulted in our national institutions, and comparatively few as are the years which have elapsed since his death, the perpetual vicissitude which seems as essential to the life of republics as to that of Nature herself, has already modified or destroyed the scenes and the objects associated with his career. No eminent character of the Revolution and its immediately succeeding era is, however, more completely identified with New York. The cannon which he and his comrades seized on the Battery, so long planted upright at the entrance of the College Green, have disappeared with the

leafy walks of old Columbia, whence he so effectually aided the escape of the Tory President Cooper from the hands of the excited students. The elm before Trinity Church, beneath whose broad canopy his coffin rested while Morris pronounced his eulogy, was long ago cut down; but the thirteen specimens of that noble tree which he planted as emblematic of the original States, yet flourish around the "Grange," his country-seat, near Fort Washington. The Bayard estate, under whose hospitable roof-tree he was borne to die after the fatal meeting, is now a fashionable street; but the Park, where first his juvenile eloquence broke upon wondering and sympathetic ears, and where the sagacious eye of General Greene detected the efficient soldier in the youth drilling his volunteer corps, — King's Bridge, near which his vigilant commander recognized the supervision of an able officer in a skilful breastwork, and was led to know and appreciate his destined aide-de-camp in the long and perilous struggle, — and the bank of the Hudson, where he fell, — are still memorable landmarks, although a few years will quite change their aspect, and perhaps merge their identity in the local transformation inevitable to so rapidly growing a metropolis. Within a short time his venerable mother was laid beside him in the tomb now standing in the very centre of traffic and bustle; and the daughter, whose reason was eclipsed almost simultaneously with his life, expired murmuring the song he loved. His bust by Ceracchi is the most significant token of the man, — the expressive brow, flexile lips, and the entire facial outline being emphatic tokens at once of his intelligence and his genial sympathies; and by the preservation as a public trust of the humble stone house that served as Washington's head-quarters at Newburgh, we may still appreciate the patriotic self-denial of those days in the low ceiling, diminutive casement, and narrow bounds of what was once Hamilton's bridal chamber.

ART. V.—1. *Cours de la Littérature Française.* Par M. VILLEMAIN. 3e édition. Paris: Didier. 1841.

2. *Histoire de l'Influence de Shakespeare sur le Théatre Français jusqu'à nos Jours.* Par ALBERT LACROIX. *Mémoire couronné au Concours institué par le Gouvernement Belge entre les Universités du Royaume.* (Année 1854–55.) Bruxelles: Th. Lesigne. 1856.

WE are taught in our very school-books to observe the influence which the French language and literature have exerted upon the English; but even our literary historians do not measure the power which the thinkers of England have wielded in France. We learn in our childhood that the cultivated minds of France have been for centuries contributing to the intellectual wealth of all writers and speakers of the English tongue; but we are not told what England has been doing for the land from which she received a large element of her language, and many a germ of thought that she has developed into forms of surpassing beauty. We are obliged to look to works in the French for the little assistance that we are able to find in tracing the successive steps by which our literature has made its way to the private *salons* and the academic halls of prejudiced Paris, and there gained a permanent foothold. But we are acquainted with no treatise which is devoted to a full consideration of the reciprocal relations of the English and the French literature. Such a work must yet be written. We must discern the intellectual ties which, through all the political contests of France and England, have helped to bind these two great nations together.

The public have long since expressed their gratitude to M. Villemain for the chaste and scholarly lectures in which he showed the indebtedness of some of his countrymen to their neighbors across the Channel. A work like that of M. Lacroix should certainly not remain unnoticed by those who speak the "tongue that Shakespeare spake." The earnest zeal and the thorough research of the author, the general lucidness of his style, and the fairness of spirit with

which he discusses his subject, all commend his work to our most favorable notice, and prove that his essay was worthily crowned by the Belgian government. We think that his ardent love of Shakespeare leads him sometimes to over-estimate the poet's influence upon French minds; but English and American readers will have charity for a fault of that nature. Acknowledging our indebtedness to him for many of the facts which we shall give, we proceed to consider, as fully as our limits will allow, the influence of the English literature upon the French.

So far as we know, the earliest French writer who intimated to his countrymen that the English language contained any works worthy of their attention was the celebrated exile, St. Evremond. He was the first of his nation to discover English literature. He saw it but dimly, and never explored it himself. Indeed, he refused to learn the English language. But he was a member of the brilliant circle who gathered around the Duke of Buckingham, and he was especially intimate with that accomplished nobleman. In the frequent reunions of that learned company he used to hear analyses and criticisms of the plays which were then represented on the London stage, and he often engaged in animated discussions upon literary questions. One of the most prominent topics that arrested his attention was the difference between the English and the French conception of the drama. He embodied the results of his reflections in a striking Letter upon Tragedy, in which he most clearly set forth a prime defect in the dramatic productions of the French. He showed them that the strong and natural expression of passion could not be found in their artificial and conventional pieces. "In this letter," says Voltaire, "he put his finger on the sore of our drama." So great was his admiration for the English drama, which he could not read, that he wrote a play with the title, "Sir Politick Would Be, *à la Manière des Anglais*."

In 1698, Lafosse, one of his contemporaries, and a writer of considerable reputation in his time, placed upon the stage a play called "Manlius," which is said to be a manifest imitation of Otway's Venice Preserved. Lacroix also finds in

one passage traces of familiarity with the words of Portia. Twenty-five years later Lamotte-Houdard presented to the public a series of plays, in which he aimed to illustrate the true principles of the dramatic art. He waged war upon the unities; he omitted the customary monologues and introductory scenes; he dispensed with the confidants, and strove to gain a freedom and naturalness to which the French had been strangers. He seems to have heard that his cherished ideas were prevalent in England, though he was, like all his countrymen, personally unacquainted with English literature. He was a far better critic than poet. The essays, which were prefixed to his plays, have proved to be of more value than the plays themselves. In theory he anticipated by a century the new Romantic School of France. He opened the discussion which led to the introduction of Shakespeare into his country, and to the essential modification of a large part of French literature.

About the same time the comic writer Destouches was in London, in the suite of Cardinal Dubois. He was at once attracted by the English drama, and especially by the Tempest. He translated several scenes of that piece into French verse, and accompanied them with a dedicatory letter to the Marquise de Pompadour. He says that the art of Shakespeare is "a perpetual enchantment." "And what incidents," he continues, "can we not introduce by means of this enchantment! How fortunate we comic writers of France should be, if we were allowed to employ so convenient an art! But as soon as we take our imagination as a model, we are pitilessly hissed." He afterwards showed, in his *Dissipateur* and his *Tambour Nocturne*, that he had not forgotten Timon of Athens and Addison's Drummer.

A couple of lines from a comedy by Boissy indicate that the taste for English studies was becoming more common. One of the characters, speaking of a marquis who was fond of novelties, says: —

> "Son transport l'autre jour était l'anglomanie ;
> Au-dessus de Corneille il mettait Shakespeare."

We know also that the English-French Dictionary and

Grammar of Boyer, a refugee in England, obtained, at this time, a considerable circulation. Indeed, there seemed to be a kind of historic necessity for a closer observation of English institutions, and a more extended study of the English language and literature, at this period. The spirit of the seventeenth century, which had survived into the eighteenth, was dying out. The reign of the *Grand Monarque* was closed. The works of his hands were falling into decay. France, which had for years been living in the past, began to live in the present, and to think of the future. Changes were gradually, though slowly, going on, which were destined to revolutionize society. Intelligent men, who were scarcely conscious of the movement which carried them and the nation along, began instinctively to look to that land, in which liberty and authority both lived in concord and happiness. They were attracted by her struggles to adjust prerogative and privilege, by her fruitful revolutions, by the steady increase of enlightenment and power among her people, and by all the wonderful events of her marvellous history. They had a real, though an indistinct, feeling that here was a lesson for them; but how its teachings were to be applied, they could not yet see.

It was less than ten years after the residence of Destouches at London that Montesquieu visited that city, and made those observations upon the nature and working of the English Constitution, which enabled him to speak of it so wisely in his noted treatise on the Spirit of Laws. But even before Montesquieu the representative of the *dix-huitième siècle* had been in England, studying the Elizabethan literature, the Newtonian physics, and the Deistic philosophy. Voltaire, the very impersonation of the awakening spirit of his nation, its guide and its apostle for nearly half a century, had spent more than three years in the society of the most distinguished English scholars. Fearing another imprisonment in the Bastille, where he had already been twice confined, he had fled for refuge to London. He found a welcome and a home in the house of Mr. Falkener, a wealthy gentleman, to whom he dedicated *Zaïre*. He made the acquaintance of Congreve and Swift. He studied with admiration the works of Pope;

but the witty Frenchman's brilliant jests and his sharp thrusts at the Roman Catholics made his society uncongenial to the sober and susceptible poet. He attended the funeral of Newton, and saw the corpse of the great man borne to Westminster Abbey, followed by the royal ministers. This tribute of respect paid to intellectual power, and the political influence which was wielded by literary men like Swift and Prior and Addison, left upon his sensitive and ambitious mind strongly marked and lasting impressions. Villemain supposes that, while excited by the recollection of the obsequies of Newton, he threw into his *Henriade* his fine explanation of the system of the universe, and that the famous Ode which Thomson wrote upon the death of the philosopher, is imitated in some lines addressed by Voltaire to Madame du Chatelet several years afterwards. It was amid the stirring and attractive scenes of London life that he pursued those studies which prepared him to undertake at a subsequent period the work of interpreting the philosophy of Newton, and of commending it to the study of his countrymen.

He was much struck, as was Montesquieu, by the freedom and boldness of speech allowed to the preachers, politicians, and journalists. He was at first in daily expectation of the overthrow of the ministry, and even of the monarchy, which was so violently assailed by its opponents. It was here that he stored his mind with those arguments for liberty of thought and of expression, which he afterwards used with such pungency and power. The origin of many of his most dangerous metaphysical and sceptical ideas can be clearly traced to his intercourse with the subtle and fascinating Deists of London.

A person of his taste and temperament could not fail to be interested in the English stage. He had already been fired with the ambition to rival those great masters of dramatic poetry who had lent such a lustre to the golden age of France. At the early age of twenty-four he had brought forth his *Œdipe*, which he had written five years earlier. This first effort was crowned with the most brilliant success, and success in that department of literature was then rewarded with the most flattering proofs of enthusiastic admiration

which a poet could receive from the hands of the public. His astonishment at the freedom of the English poets must have been equal to his surprise at the license accorded to politicians. He found himself in a new world. The ideas which he had cherished were unheeded. The traditions which he had respected were almost unknown. The laws of the unities were openly transgressed. The inevitable confidants, the long-winded and declamatory speeches, the nicely balanced verses, with their carefully adjusted cæsuras and their faultless rhymes, were nowhere to be heard. There was a total disregard of those *convenances* which imposed restraints upon the French drama, and determined its whole tone and coloring. The eye of Voltaire was quick to perceive that, with all the seeming lawlessness of the English drama, it possessed a scope, vigor, and power which had not been attained by the artificial works of his countrymen.

He was especially interested in the plays of Shakespeare. He lauded him in his letters and conversation. He made translations from his works. He resolved to introduce some of the characteristics of his pieces into the French drama. It was *avec ravissement*, as he confesses, that he had heard the Brutus of Shakespeare haranguing the Roman people. "I would like," he wrote to Bolingbroke, "to transfer to our stage certain beauties of yours, which has one great merit, that of action." He wished, he said, not to imitate, but to write in the English taste. He wrote the first act of *Brutus*, in English prose, while he was at London. The opening scene presents to us, not an antechamber with two confidants, who are to make long preliminary explanations, but the Roman Senate in session, and the Consuls addressing them in a time of great public distress. The whole act has a freedom and life, which are not to be found in the remainder of the play. Villemain justly remarks that the *Brutus* is more in the style of Addison than of Shakespeare, to whose plays French critics have sometimes compared it.

In the *Eryphile*, which was written two years after the *Brutus*, Voltaire evidently aimed to avail himself of one of Shakespeare's creations, the ghost in Hamlet. But the ghost of Amphiaraus, imperfectly conceived, introduced by daylight,

and for the accomplishment of no worthy purpose, and represented upon a stage crowded with spectators, proved to be as much out of place, as a French marquis of the Regency would have been in the play of Hamlet. In *Zaïre*, certainly one of the most brilliant of Voltaire's works, we have his version of the Othello. The resemblance is so close, that we need no confession of the author to assure us that Orosmane is the French picture of the famous Moor. Villemain, in one of his masterly analyses, has shown us how Voltaire endeavored to improve on the original, by depriving it of its coarseness, and adapting it to the refined taste of his times. With a singular keenness of criticism he has laid bare the faults of the youthful poet, and has described with the most appreciative praise the beauties of the English tragedy. *Zaïre* was the first French tragedy in which French characters were introduced, and marked therefore the initiation of the French historical drama. None but classical themes had before been deemed suitable for the dignity of the tragic Muse. But after reading such plays as Henry IV., Henry V., and Richard III., Voltaire ventured to make an innovation upon the established customs of French poets, and to open a fruitful field for himself and his successors. He writes: "It is to the English drama that I owe my boldness in placing on the stage the names of our kings and of the ancient families of the realm. It seems to me that this novelty may be the origin of a kind of tragedy which is as yet unknown to us, and which we need."

We must not suppose that Voltaire wished to imitate blindly even Shakespeare. He was shocked by much which he saw in the English drama. He always remained a Frenchman, and never wholly escaped from the literary traditions of the age of Louis XIV. In his *Lettres sur les Anglais*, which were written during his sojourn in London, and soon after his return to Paris, he expresses his opinions of the great poet, many of whose beauties he was incapable of perceiving. In his eighteenth Letter he says: —

"Shakespeare created the English drama; his genius was full of power and fertility, of naturalness and sublimity, without the least spark of good taste, and without the least knowledge of rules. . . . . He has some very fine scenes, some very grand and terrible passages,

scattered through his monstrous farces, which are called tragedies. . . . . It is to be regretted that no one has translated any of the striking passages, which atone for his faults."

In *La Mort de César*, Voltaire has perhaps copied the most closely from an English original. He translated whole scenes of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, and studied them over and over again. He wrote to the Abbé Desfontaines, about the time that his piece was printed: "Our stage is destitute of action and of great interests. If you had seen Shakespeare played as I have, and nearly as I have translated him, our declarations of love and our confidants would appear to you poor in comparison." And yet he endeavored to polish and correct the work of the master by reducing it to classical proportions, and purging it of repulsive barbarisms. A critical estimate of the comparative merits of the uncorrected and the corrected play is foreign to our purpose. We are only indicating the influence of the Englishman upon the Frenchman. *La Mort de César* was the first French tragedy in which the populace were represented upon the stage. This valuable addition to the French drama was entirely due to Shakespeare. Soon we find Voltaire in his *Alzire* introducing Americans and Spaniards to the public, in order to show the contrast between savage and civilized life. The horizon of the drama has been widened. It reaches to barbarous climes. The destinies and characteristics of nations, rather than the amours and petty quarrels of a royal household, now arrest our attention.

A few years later, our poet borrows the theme of *La Prude* from Wycherley's Plain-Dealer. In the Preface to *Semiramis* he advocates the removal of spectators from the stage, and refers to the magnificent and spacious theatres of London. The *Semiramis* is a *rechauffé* of *Eryphile*, and the unlucky ghost is again introduced, and defended by the example of Hamlet. Another innovation is observed, which must have come from England. The scenery is changed in the middle of an act.

It must not be supposed that Destouches and Voltaire alone experienced the influence of English ideas. At the same time that Voltaire was in England, the Abbé Prévost

was also there in exile. He remained in London several years, and there commenced the publication of a literary journal, *Le Pour et Le Contre*. In its pages, according to M. Saint-Beuve, "English literature was fully considered. There were to be found detailed notices of Roscommon, Rochester, Dennis, Wycherley, and Savage, intelligent and copious analyses of Shakespeare, and a translation of Dryden's Mark Antony." We know, too, that Prévost translated some portions of Richardson's and of Hume's works, and some scenes of Lillo's George Barnwell, which was a favorite piece with many of the French. In 1740, Gresset wrote a tragedy, in which for the first time a murder was represented on the French stage. The author justified his course by pointing to the English drama. At length, in 1745, De Laplace had the courage to publish a translation of the Othello and the Third Part of Henry VI., with a long preliminary Essay, which was borrowed in part from Pope. His work was very defective. Whole scenes were omitted, and the meaning of many passages was entirely misrepresented. But it was received so favorably, that in 1746 he published a second volume, containing Richard III., Hamlet, and Macbeth, and soon afterward a third volume, with five of the other plays of Shakespeare, and analyses of those which he had not translated in full. In succeeding volumes he gave to the public French versions of several dramas of Otway, of Ben Jonson, and of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Attention seemed to be far more directed to English literature than it had ever been before. Duresnel, a Jesuit, had already attempted a translation of two of Pope's poems. Antoine Yart published a work in eight volumes, entitled *Idée de la Poésie Anglaise*, which contained translations and critical and biographical notices. The President Hénault wrote an historical drama in prose, called *François II.*, which was inspired by Shakespeare's Henry VI., as the author avows in his Preface. It cannot be a merely accidental coincidence, that just about this time the old barrier between French tragedy and comedy was broken down, and that kind of drama was introduced which mingled the comic and the serious in the same piece, as they are actually found in hu-

man life. Doubtless this healthy change was due to the direct or the indirect influence of the English drama, which was becoming so widely diffused among the literary men of France. Diderot, Mercier, and Beaumarchais all wrote attractive and successful works in this style. Saurin chose an English theme in his *Beverley*. De Belloy wrote his *Siège de Calais* with the evident intention of reaching the style of Shakespeare's historical plays, and his *Blanche et Guiscard* in imitation of Thomson. In 1769 Barthe borrowed from The Merry Wives of Windsor the subject of his *Fausses Infidélités*. Everywhere English ideas seemed to be gradually triumphing over the traditions which had so long governed the French stage and French taste. The seeds which Voltaire had sown had quickly sprung up, and if he had cherished their growth, the Romantic revolution of 1827 might perhaps have come in the national literature half a century earlier than it did. But he suddenly became the uncompromising foe of the English drama, and waged war upon it till the day of his death. His correspondence, his contributions to the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, the notes in his edition of Corneille, and a little work called *Du Théâtre Anglais*, evince most clearly his bitter hostility to the great English poet, whom he had vainly endeavored to imitate. He says that the author of Hamlet is a savage, and that he is popular in London, because the theatre is there filled with an ignorant rabble, who are fond of dog-fights, duels, and murders. He is enraged that refined Parisians can look on the coarse English pieces with any degree of complacency.

Any one who is acquainted with the character of Voltaire will readily perceive the cause of the sudden change in his sentiments. When he first observed the power of the great English writers, he thought that he had discovered a plan by which he might surpass Racine and Corneille. It had been the fondest dream of his ambition to eclipse the glory of these great masters, whom his nation had so long adored. He tried in vain to excel them in their own style. But on witnessing the enthusiasm of the audiences at the London theatres, he resolved upon an innovation in the French drama, which might give him the ascendency over the poets of the

age of Louis XIV. He attempted, with some caution, and with a strict regard for most of the prejudices of his time, to infuse into his pieces something of the life and spirit and freedom which lent to the English stage so absorbing an interest. He flattered himself that he was thus giving a new impulse to the national drama. So long as his plays were received with favor, and he was acknowledged to be the leader of the new movement, he was entirely satisfied with his position and his views. But in due time, as we have seen, there arose a group of writers who ventured to borrow more from the English than he had incorporated into his works. Some openly attacked the time-honored unities. They were not content to temper the ancient style with precisely the amount of English spirit which he regarded as safe and judicious. His advice was unheeded, his mandates were contemned. Those who might in some sense be considered as his disciples and imitators had so far outstripped him in zeal for the new ideas which he had suggested, that they no longer looked on him as a teacher and a model. His pride was wounded. He doubtless was also sincerely opposed to the excessive changes which many were disposed to introduce into the drama. He feared, too, lest, having given them their first incitement, he should be confounded with them, and be utterly condemned by the highest arbiters of taste. He therefore remonstrated against their folly, and employed all his wit and skill in attacking the poet from whom they drew their inspiration.

His indignation seemed to reach its climax, when Letourneur published his translation of Shakespeare. That work was dedicated to the king, subscribed for by the queen and the princesses, and received with great approbation by the public. Voltaire's rage knew no bounds. He wrote to D'Argental about Letourneur: —

"The blood tingles in my veins in speaking of him. If he has not enraged you, I regard you as a man without feeling. What is frightful is that the monster has a party in France, and, to complete the calamity and horror, it is I who first talked of this Shakespeare; it is I who first showed to the French a few pearls which I had found in his enormous dung-heap. I did not expect that I should thus be instrumental

at some day in trampling under foot the crowns of Racine and Corneille, in order to adorn the brow of a savage actor with them."

Voltaire even determined to bring the subject before the Academy. He announces his purpose to M. de Vaines as follows: "Le 25 du mois, je combats en champ clos, sous les étendards de M. d'Alembert, contre Gilles Letourneur, écuyer de Gilles Shakspeare." He writes to La Harpe, after exhorting him to fight the battle of good taste: "Il faudra se laver les mains après cette bataille, car vous aurez combattu contre des gadouards. Je ne m'attendais pas que la France tomberait un jour dans l'abîme d'ordures où on l'a plongée; voilà l'abomination de la désolation dans le lieu saint! . . . . . Rymer a eu bien raison de dire que Shakspeare n'était qu'un vilain singe." D'Alembert writes, on the 20th of August, 1776: "Enfin, mon cher maître, voilà la bataille engagée et le signal donné. Il faut que Shakspeare ou Racine demeure sur la place. Je crierai dimanche en allant à la charge: Vive Saint Denis Voltaire, et meure George Shakspeare!" At last Voltaire's papers were read before the Academy by D'Alembert. They presented no new views. While acknowledging that Shakespeare had some happy ideas, they described him as a rude mountebank, who was totally ignorant of the proprieties of the drama. They provoked discussion, but made no converts to the sentiments of the author. He became more and more enraged. He exhausted his large vocabulary of abusive epithets upon Shakespeare and Letourneur, most frequently speaking of the former as "Gilles couvert de lambeaux." He closes his letter of October 22d, 1776, to D'Alembert, with these words: "Je vais achever d'étriller Shakspeare." Lady Elizabeth Montague entered the lists against him, and wrote a spirited little work, which was at once translated into French. Voltaire defended himself against her with his usual adroitness, but he smarted long under the wound which she gave him by asserting that "it was to the dung-heap of Shakespeare that Voltaire owed the best part of his grain." His *Lettre à l'Académie* was the final effort that he made to stay the tide of barbarism which, he thought, was sweeping over the land. His sorrow was fortunately forgotten during the last few days of his life in the joys of his triumph at the representation of *Irène*.

But what would have been his feelings, could he have foreseen that his seat in the Academy would be filled by Ducis, whose whole fame was derived from his imitations of Shakespeare's plays? It must be confessed that Ducis succeeded but indifferently in his adaptations of the English plays to the requirements of French taste. But his Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, Macbeth, and Othello, helped to direct public attention to the works of the English poet. It is a fact, perhaps worthy of notice, that the great *Encyclopédie* contained an article in which were remarks highly laudatory of the genius of Shakespeare. It ranked him above all the other dramatic poets of Europe.

Among those contemporaries of Voltaire who were friendly to the works of the English dramatists, was Sedaine, who had the wisdom to say, that "he who had taken only Zaïre from Othello had left the best part." His *Philosophe sans le Savoir* and *Maillard* show clearly that he had learned something from the great English master, whom he almost adored. He had a susceptibility to the beauties which he could not imitate. Arnaud de Bacular, a novelist and poet, prefixed to a drama, *Le Comte de Comminge*, three preliminary Essays, in which he set forth very clearly, and commended most earnestly, some of the distinctive merits of Shakespeare. But the man who most boldly attacked the ancient literary canons of his country, and defended the English theories, was Sebastien Mercier, author of an *Essai sur l'Art Dramatique.* He knew the plays of Shakespeare by heart. He called the poet *his* Shakespeare. He not only admired him, but had a contempt for Corneille and Racine. He assumed most of the positions which the Romantic School adopted sixty years afterwards. Like many others, he was more sound in theory than successful in practice. He imitated Romeo and Juliet in his *Tombeaux de Vérone*, and Timon of Athens in a play with the same title. Déjaure, one of his contemporaries, imitated Cymbeline in his *Imogène.* We have already spoken of Letourneur. With the aid of the Count of Catuelan and Fontaine-Malherbe he brought forth the translation of Shakespeare's Works, in twenty volumes, between the years 1776 and 1782. Though he improved upon De Laplace, he failed

to give an adequate idea of the original. Yet he introduced Shakespeare to a large and intelligent circle, who had never studied him before. He also made translations from Young, Hervey, Ossian (or Macpherson), Richardson, and other English writers, whose works were sought by numerous readers.

Voltaire was not alone in his opposition to Letourneur and Shakespeare. His disciples, Marmontel and La Harpe, both echoed his words, and M. J. Chénier reviled the great poet, from whose Julius Cæsar he borrowed the material for his *Brutus et Cassius*. He not only borrowed from it, but spoiled it, and then abused the man whom he had so unprofitably robbed.

At length the discussions upon the unities and the comparative merits of English and of French literature were arrested by the great civil revolution of 1789. For some time the tragedies upon the streets were the only ones which engaged the public attention. But in the partial repose of the last years of the century the stage was filled with comedies and vaudevilles, which did not by any means conform to the classical rules. They were, in some sort, an instinctive protest against the usages of the past. They satisfied the desire for a drama which should reflect the liberty and daring of that remarkable age.

But Napoleon laid his iron hand upon literature, as upon everything else. Its life was apparently stifled. For many years no great poem appeared in the Empire. But the French mind was not utterly paralyzed. The less it could say for itself, the more it was inclined to listen to the words of Germany and England. Madame de Staël, banished from her "Rue du Bac," undertook to make her countrymen acquainted with the German mind. She found herself necessarily led to the consideration of that English literature which had been so largely instrumental in determining the growth of the German. Her glowing and enthusiastic praises of Shakespeare directed her readers to his works; and once more the war between the Classic and the Romantic School was opened, to continue for many years. The general tendency was in favor of the latter party, but there were some signs of activity upon the other side. Lemercier, a third-rate

poet, persisted most assiduously in endeavoring to give to his country a national drama, which should possess some of the characteristics of the English; but his efforts were crowned with very indifferent success. In 1806 Hennet published his *Poétique Anglaise*, in three volumes, which was a far more complete work of its kind than had before appeared. It gave sketches of the principal poets, and choice extracts from their writings. It increased very much the taste for English literature. Chateaubriand, in one of his essays, acknowledges his indebtedness to this compilation.

The great organ of the conservative school was the *Journal des Débats*, and the leader of it was Geoffroy, a man who had a deadly hatred for everything which did not conform to classical ideas. To him the eighteenth century was more terrible than the Dark Ages, and the English were more barbarous than the ancient Gauls. In examining Hamlet, the first question which he asks is, "Did Shakespeare know Sophocles?" and the judgment upon it is, "Hamlet is a barbarous composition, in which we discover no trace of the ideas and manners of Sophocles." With such a spirit he reviewed the dramatic literature of his time. The Shakespearian drama had no more uncompromising or influential foe than he. The feuilletons of the *Journal des Débats* from 1800 to 1810 formed the armory from which all the classical combatants drew their weapons for many years. Lemercier, with his measure of ability, opposed many of the arguments of Geoffroy in 1810–11 from his professional chair in the *Athénée*.

In 1809 Benjamin Constant translated Schiller's Wallenstein, and prefixed to it some remarks, in which he timidly criticised the ancient French schools. The works of Buffon, of J. J. Rousseau, and of St. Pierre, by leading men away from conventional and artificial life to the contemplation and love of nature, doubtless favored the cultivation of the bold and original productions of English literature. Sismondi's *Littérature du Midi de l'Europe* carried the minds of the French beyond the confines of their nation, and commended to them also a dramatic theory, which disregarded the unities of time and place. Wilhelm Schlegel, too, interpreted Shakespeare to the Continental mind, and attracted the attention

of even prejudiced Frenchmen to the poetic wealth which he spread before them. He came to Paris in 1813 or 1814, and supervised the translation of his Lectures on Dramatic Literature, which he had delivered at Vienna in 1809. He and his brother often met Benjamin Constant, Sismondi, M. de Barante, the Danish poet Oehlenschläger, Madame de Stael, and other distinguished characters, at Coppet, and there they discussed the questions which were agitating the literary world. The most thoughtful minds were thus prepared to seek for a wider liberty in their forms of expression, and for the intelligent appreciation of foreign ideas, as soon as the downfall of Napoleon enabled them to gratify their natural desires. Byron was read with the deepest interest. The romances of Walter Scott were translated into French, as soon as they appeared, and they ultimately gave rise to a school of imitators. His Essay upon the Drama aided in effecting the great change which soon followed in the dramatic system of France.

In 1820 M. le Comte de Gain-Montaignac published three plays, which were intended to be in the free and bold style of the English and the Germans. They were reviewed by M. de Rémusat, who argued that the time for a reform in the drama had come. He showed that the public had grown weary of the limited range of themes which could be treated, and combinations which could be introduced, according to the principles that then prevailed. He did not recommend the entire adoption of the foreign theories, but he thought that in certain particulars they were worthy of careful study. Most of the dramas which appeared during the last years of the Empire and the first of the Restoration, those of Ancelot, for instance, and Delavigne, and Arnault, and Lebrun, showed a tendency to depart from the ancient rules, to neglect the Greek and the Roman themes, and to give animated pictures of modern life.

In 1821 a translation of the complete works of Shakespeare, which was edited by Guizot, De Barante, and Amédée Pichot, was given to the public. These distinguished scholars revised the ancient version of Letourneur, and accompanied it with appreciative criticisms and explan-

atory notes. Guizot's Essay on the Life and Works of Shakespeare was by far the ablest production which had appeared in France upon that subject. Starting with the assertion that the genius of Shakespeare was universally acknowledged, he sets forth the relation of the poet to his times and to the English drama, and examines the peculiarities of his writings. He proves that there is no greater error than to suppose that Shakespeare is not an artist in the highest and best sense of the term. He convicts those who charge him with lawlessness and rudeness of profound ignorance as to the true spirit of his dramas. He pleads that unity of expression is the prime secret of the dramatic art, and that, if Shakespeare has discovered other means of attaining that end than those which the French have employed, his success is the unanswerable argument for the legitimacy of his means. He declares that the classical system, as a whole, necessarily died out with the age that produced it, and that with the different spirit of a new age a new form of dramatic expression must arise. It cannot be Corneille's, or Racine's, or Shakespeare's; but Shakespeare, he thinks, furnishes the plan after which genius in the future must work. The new system, he avers, must be broad and free, but not without principles and laws. It must be founded, like liberty, not upon disorder and the forgetfulness of every restraint, but upon laws which it shall frame for itself.

The words of Guizot and his collaborators produced a deep impression upon the literary world. They gave an unprecedented impulse to the study of the English drama. In 1821 Charles Nodier, aided by Mr. Taylor, made a free translation of Maturin's Bertram, and in his Preface defended Shakespeare against the attacks of Voltaire and his followers. In 1823 Henri Beyle, known to the literary world by his pseudonyme of Stendhal, brought forth his "Racine and Shakespeare," a work upon Romanticism and Classicism. He defined the former as the art of presenting to the people such works as, in the present condition of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the highest pleasure possible, and the latter as the art of presenting them with a kind of literature which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their great-grand-

fathers. He maintained that every nation must have a peculiar literature, moulded by its peculiar character, as every man has a coat suited to his own form, and that the new French drama must resemble in many respects that of Shakespeare, because the circumstances of the nation were in many particulars like those of the English in 1590.

The progress of the innovators was so alarming to the conservative Academy, that it was deemed advisable to hold a solemn session, and reaffirm their deep dislike of the new tendencies in literature. Accordingly, on the 24th of April, 1823, M. Auger mounted their tribune, and reiterated substantially what Voltaire had there said forty-five years before. The Academy voted that Shakespeare was a barbarian, and, having thus discharged their duty to their national literature, duly adjourned. The Classicists proclaimed through the public prints that Romanticism was dying. But they fought it as though it had some vigorous life. Dussault, the editor of the *Journal des Débats*, wrote numerous articles, which were thought worthy of being subsequently collected into a work of five volumes. Viennet, Jouy, and others, continually attacked Shakespeare through the journal called *Le Miroir*. We in this country, who expend most of our enthusiasm in political discussions, can have little idea of the animosity with which this literary warfare was carried on in France. The Romantic party gained ground every year. Most of the new dramas and vaudevilles were not constructed on the ancient models. Their very titles, such as "Julien, ou 25 Ans d'Entr'acte," and "Trente Ans dans la Vie d'un Joueur," showed that the laws of the unities were deliberately violated.

In 1824 Lemercier borrowed, partly from Shakespeare's Richard III., but chiefly from Rowe's Jane Shore, the materials for his Richard III., which was the last and one of the best of the pieces that he wrote avowedly in the style of the English. At about this time several of the plays of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller were translated or imitated, and thus indirectly the influence of the English literature was extended. The publisher, Ladvocat, issued a series of translations of foreign plays, in twenty-six volumes, which contained a notice of each author, and of the peculiar features of each

national drama. Many of the ablest men in France were engaged upon the work, and among them Andrieux, De Rémusat, Guizot, Charles Nodier, Amédée Pichot, Villemain, Lebrun, and De Barante. So great was the demand for it, that it fully remunerated the enterprising publisher. A counterfeit edition was also published at Brussels.

In 1824, M. de Barante, who had already translated Schiller, and written critical articles upon Lessing and Otway, published a small work on Hamlet, in which he lauded its truthfulness and beauty. In the same year was established the journal called *Le Globe*, which became the organ of the new school. Victor Hugo, De Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Emile Deschamps, Vitet, De Rémusat, and numerous less distinguished, but not less zealous colleagues, contributed to its columns, and influenced the public sentiment. In 1825, M. Prosper Mérimée, employing the name of Joseph l'Estrange, wrote dramas which entirely disregarded the unities. In 1826, M. de Sorsum translated five of Shakespeare's plays into prose, blank verse, and rhymes, following strictly the form of the original. He published only four of them, the Tempest, Macbeth, Coriolanus, and Midsummer Night's Dream. They were not received with much favor. In 1827, English actors from Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Dublin represented the plays of Shakespeare in Paris to large and enthusiastic audiences. Whole editions of the pieces which they acted were quickly sold. Four years before, a company of English players had been hissed from the stage, and almost driven from the city.

In 1827, M. Sainte-Beuve commenced the publication of his *Tableau de la Poésie Française au XVI^me^ Siècle*, in the *Globe*. He endeavored to apply the lessons derived from the study of that age to the literary questions of his own time, and often found occasion to commend the works of Shakespeare, and the movements of the Romantic School. It was in October that the first decisive blow of what has been called the literary revolution of 1827 was struck by Victor Hugo. The Preface to his play of *Cromwell* entered fully into the consideration of the principles which govern all poetry, and especially the drama. It proclaimed in the most unqualified terms,

and with all the glowing ardor of the young poet's style, the absolute necessity of departing from the ancient models, which had so long been copied in France. It pointed to Shakespeare as the highest and most complete personification of dramatic genius. It provoked the fiercest discussion. The battle between the members of Hugo's club, *Le Cénacle*, and the conservatives, was long and bitter. But the young reformers were at last victorious.

In less than a year after the appearance of *Cromwell*, Soulié's *Romeo et Juliette*, and M. d'Epagny's *Lancaster, ou l' Usurpation*, were placed upon the stage of the Odeon. The former play was in five acts and in verse, and was an avowed imitation of Shakespeare's piece. The latter claimed to be the first regular romantic work in which comedy was mingled with the drama. Five years later, its author wrote *Les Malcontents de* 1579, and thanked the public for having "comprehended and approved the introduction of the new style." The brilliant lectures which Villemain gave, in the years 1827 and 1828, carried the minds of his countrymen beyond the boundaries of their land, and especially aided them in appreciating the great masterpieces of English genius. He showed the vast superiority of Shakespeare to his French imitators, passed in review all the great English writers of the eighteenth century, and explained the interdependence of the English and the French literature. In June, 1828, MM. Guizot, Guizard, De Rémusat, and others, founded the *Revue Française*, which advocated the same principles as the *Globe*. So great was the interest in English literature that M. Charles Coquerel was induced to write a history of it for his countrymen.

In 1829, M. Vitet published three historical dramas; Alexandre Dumas, his *Henri III.* and *Christine de Suède;* Alfred de Vigny, his translation of Othello, and his Letter upon a Dramatic System; M. Emile Deschamps, his *Etudes Poétiques Françaises et Étrangères;* Charles Nodier, his *Observations pour servir à l'Histoire de la nouvelle Ecole littéraire;* and Hugo, his *Marion Delorme* and *Hernani*. Seven of the Academicians were so alarmed at the progress of the new school, that they petitioned the king to forbid the use of

the Théâtre Français for the representation of the Romantic dramas. Their unreasonable request was refused. In March, 1830, *Hernani* was played, with entire success, though it had been much changed since it first left the author's hands.

The Revolution of 1830, which perhaps the Romanticists helped to hasten, opened for them a fairer field of action. They were filled with enthusiasm. They obtained the warmest sympathy of the public. They multiplied their works. De Vigny gave his beautiful drama, *La Maréchale d'Ancre*, in June, 1831. In August, Hugo's *Marion Delorme* was played. In the same year Dumas wrote his *Antony* and his *Richard d'Arlington*. Casimir Delavigne, who had halted between two theories, and had vainly attempted to reconcile what was irreconcilable, gradually approached the now popular and dominant party. In 1832, Hugo published his *Le Roi s'amuse* and his *Lucrèce Borgia*. Romanticism soon became a fashion, and then it was speedily shorn of its glory. A multitude of indifferent and despicable playwrights filled the stage with tasteless and disgusting scenes of horror, bloodshed, and indecency, and brought contempt upon the cause which they professed to serve.

But notwithstanding the injuries which it has received from its avowed friends, something of its spirit has prevailed in the French drama down to the present time. Classical plays are still written, and the great works of Corneille and Racine are still admired; but the public taste generally demands something of the force and freshness of the modern school. Imitations and translations of English plays, and particularly of Shakespeare's, are continually appearing. George Sand, who has shown herself an earnest student of Shakespeare, has recently adapted his "As You Like It" to the French stage, and her arrangement has been played at the Théâtre Français, which was once thought to be desecrated by the approach of the English barbarian. François Victor Hugo has cheered the hours of his exile by translating the Sonnets of Shakespeare. Cheap editions of the translation of the great dramatist's writings find larger and larger sales. Though he is still *le vieux Gilles* to a few prejudiced and antiquated Academicians, who feed upon the traditions of

former times, and though he is not appreciated by the great mass of the people, he is constantly becoming more fully understood by the most intelligent classes.

We have dwelt almost exclusively upon the influence of the English dramatists, for, if we except philosophy, the influence of all other departments of English literature on the French has been subsidiary to that of the drama. It is true that the Baconian, the Newtonian, the Sensational, and the Deistic philosophy were reproduced from England, and promulgated on the Continent by the French, and thus all their writings during the last half of the eighteenth century were tinged with the coloring of English thought; but we could not attempt in this paper to discuss with any degree of fulness the relations between the English and the French metaphysics. Though the lyric and the epic poetry and the novels of England have been more or less read upon the other side of the Channel, they have not made much impression on the character of French literature. Yet Thomson, Young, Milton, and Byron have each found admirers, and some imitators. Richardson was compared by Diderot to Sophocles, to Euripides, and even to Homer. J. J. Rousseau says: "On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à Clarisse, ni même approchant." Not a few passages of his *Héloise* remind the reader of Richardson, and all his works betray his familiarity with the writings of Locke. He and Diderot once projected a paper which was to resemble the Spectator; but it was never actually established. Lessing says that Voltaire's *Nanine* is only a dramatized Pamela. Napoleon's love of Ossian gave for a time a great currency to the works attributed to that imaginary poet. The flatterers of the Emperor compared him to the lofty heroes of whom the Scottish bard had sung. The poetry which was heard at court was naturally affected by this circumstance; but that poetry forms no part of the permanent literature of the country. Walter Scott's novels called forth numerous historical novels of varied excellence, but none worthy to be compared with the original.

English literature was never so extensively studied in France as it is at the present day. A large portion of the

best productions, not only of the English press, but also of our own, are translated as soon as they are published, and are read by appreciating and friendly minds. Able, and for the most part impartial, reviews of them appear in the standard magazines. The peculiar characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon mind are more clearly understood every year, and therefore the extent to which our ideas of artistic form are suited to the nature of French thought is more accurately determined. The wisest Frenchmen are perceiving that, while our rich and diversified literature deserves their earnest and serious study, its original and natural modes of expression are not always adapted to their wants. The old Classical party were bigoted and foolish in refusing to see any grace or truthfulness in the Elizabethan drama. The extremists in the Romantic party were injudicious in proclaiming that all beauty was to be found in the works of Shakespeare. Time and experience have now abundantly proved that there is something in the very mental constitution of the French which seeks for other conceptions of dramatic excellence than those which are admired in London or in Boston. From the time of Voltaire to the time of Hugo, the new school has produced no plays which have been for a series of years witnessed with a sustained interest. Partisan excitement or a passing fashion has sustained certain pieces for a while, but a Romantic national drama, which shall be to France what the Elizabethan is to England, remains to be created. Yet the influence of the English dramatic works upon the life and thought of France has been neither small nor unhappy. They have suggested to scholars questions of vital interest. They have incited mental activity. They have furnished new ideas. They have given greater breadth and strength to every branch of literature. They have infused the spirit of English manliness and freedom into many a heart. They have taught a large class of the noblest Frenchmen to remember England, not as the *perfide Albion*, but as the birthplace and home of revered masters of song. They have strengthened that goodly fellowship of letters which survives the hatreds and warfares of armies, and helps to "make the whole world kin."

ART. VI. — 1. *The Bhagavad-Gitá. Translated, with copious Notes, an Introduction on Sanscrit Philosophy, and other Matter, by* J. COCKBURN THOMSON. Hertford. 1855. 8vo. pp. cxix, 155.

2. *Die Religion des Buddha und ihre Entstehung.* Von CARL FRIEDRICH KOEPPEN. Berlin. 1857. 8vo. ss. iv, 614.

3. *Buddhist Pilgrims and the Buddhist Doctrine of Nirwána.* By MAX MÜLLER. London. 1857.

IN the Hindoo views of the fate of the human soul, metaphysical subtilty and imaginative vastness, intellect and fancy, slavish tradition and audacious speculation, besotted ritualism and heaven-storming spirituality, are mingled together on a scale of grandeur and intensity wholly without a parallel elsewhere in the literature or faith of the world. Brahmanism, with its hundred million adherents holding sway over India, — and Buddhism, with its four hundred million disciples scattered over a dozen nations, from Java to Japan, and from the Ceylonese to the Samoyedes, — practically considered, in reference to their actually received dogmas and aims pertaining to a future life, agree closely enough to warrant us in giving them a general examination together. The grand difference between them will be explained in the sequel.

The most ancient Hindoo doctrine of the future fate of man, as given in the Vedas, was simple, rude, and very unlike the forms in which it has since prevailed. Professor Wilson says, in the introduction to his translation of the Rig Veda, that the references to this subject in the primeval Sanscrit scriptures are sparse and incomplete. But no one has so thoroughly elucidated this obscure question as Roth of Tübingen, in his masterly paper on the Morality of the Vedas, of which there is a translation in the Journal of the American Oriental Society.* The results of his researches may be stated in few words.

When a man dies, the earth is invoked to wrap his body up, as a mother wraps her child in her garment, and to lie lightly on him. He himself is addressed thus: "Go forth,

* Vol. III. pp. 342 - 346.

go forth on the ancient paths which our fathers in old times have trodden; the two rulers in bliss, Yama and Varuna, shalt thou behold." Varuna judges all. He thrusts the wicked down into darkness; and not a hint or clew further of their doom is furnished. They were supposed either to be annihilated, as Professor Roth thinks the Vedas imply; or else to live as demons, eternally, in sin, blackness, and woe. The good go up to heaven and are glorified with a shining spiritual body like that of the gods. Yama, the first man, originator of the human race on earth, is the beginner and head of renewed humanity in another world, and is termed the Assembler of Men. It is a poetic and grand conception that the first one who died, leading the way, should be the patriarch and monarch of all that follow. The old Vedic hymns imply that the departed good are in a state of exalted felicity, but scarcely picture forth any particulars. The following passage, versified with strict fidelity to the original, is as full and explicit as any: —

"Where glory never-fading is, where is the world of heavenly light,
The world of immortality, — the everlasting, — set me there!
Where Yama reigns, Vivasvat's son, in the inmost sphere of heaven bright,
Where those abounding waters flow, — O make me but immortal there!
Where there is freedom unrestrained, where the triple vault of heaven's in sight,
Where worlds of brightest glory are, — O make me but immortal there!
Where pleasures and enjoyments are, where bliss and raptures ne'er take flight,
Where all desires are satisfied, — O make me but immortal there!"

But this form of doctrine long ago passed from the Hindoo remembrance, lost in the multiplying developments and specifications of a mystical philosophy, and a teeming superstition nourished by an unbounded imagination.

Both Brahmans and Buddhists conceive of the creation on the most enormous pattern. Mount Meru rises from the centre of the earth to the height of about two million miles. On its summit is the city of Brahma, covering a space of fourteen thousand leagues, and surrounded by the stately cities of the regents of the spheres. Between Meru and the wall of stone forming the extreme circumference of the earth are seven concentric circles of rocks. Between these rocky bracelets are

continents and seas. In some of the seas wallow single fishes thousands of miles in every dimension. The celestial spaces are occupied by a large number of heavens, called "dewa-lokas," increasing in the glory and bliss of their prerogatives. The worlds below the earth are hells, called "naraka." The description of twenty-eight of these, given in the Vishnu Purana,* makes the reader "sup full of horrors." The Buddhist "Books of Ceylon"† tell of twenty-six heavens placed in regular order above one another in the sky, crowded with all imaginable delights. They also depict, in the abyss underneath the earth, eight great hells, each containing sixteen smaller ones, the whole one hundred and thirty-six composing one gigantic hell. The eight chief hells are situated over one another, each partially enclosing and overlapping that next beneath; and the sufferings inflicted on their unfortunate victims are of the most terrific character. But these poor hints at the local apparatus of reward and punishment afford no conception at all of the extent of their mythological scheme of the universe.

They call each complete solar system a *sakwala*, and say that, if a wall were erected around the space occupied by a million millions of sakwalas, reaching to the highest heaven, and the entire space were filled with mustard-seeds, a god might take these seeds, and, looking towards any one of the cardinal points, throw a single seed towards each sakwala until all the seeds were gone, and still there would be more sakwalas, in the same direction, to which no seed had been thrown, without considering those in the other three quarters of the heavens. In comparison with this Eastern vision of the infinitude of worlds, let the wildest Western dreamer over the vistas opened by the telescope hide his diminished head! Their other conceptions are of the same crushing magnitude. Thus, when the demons, on a certain occasion, assailed the gods, Siva, using the Himâlaya range for his bow, Vasuke for the string, Vishnu for his arrow, the earth for his chariot with the sun and moon for its wheels and the Vedas for its horses, the starry canopy for his banner with the tree

* Wilson's translation, pp. 207–209.

† Upham's translation, Vol. III. pp. 8, 66, 159.

of Paradise for its staff, Brahma for his charioteer, and the mysterious monosyllable Om for his whip, reduced them all to ashes.*

The five hundred million Brahmanic and Buddhist believers hold that all the gods, men, demons, and various grades of animal life occupying this immeasurable array of worlds, compose one cosmic family. The totality of animated beings, from a detestable gnat to thundering Indra, from the meanest worm to the supreme Buddha, constitute one fraternal race, by the unavoidable effects of the law of retribution constantly interchanging their residences in a succession of rising and sinking existences, ranging through all the earths, heavens, and hells of the universe, bound by the terrible links of merit and demerit in the phantasmagoric dungeon of births and deaths. The Vishnu Purana declares: "The universe, this whole egg of Brahma, is everywhere swarming with living creatures, all of whom are captives in the chains of acts." †

The one prime postulate of these Oriental faiths, — the ground-principle, never to be questioned any more than the central and stationary position of the earth in the Ptolemaic system, — is that all beings below the Infinite One are confined in the circle of existence, the whirl of births and deaths, by the consequences of their virtues and vices. When a man dies, if he has an excess of good desert, he is born, as a superior being, in one of the heavens. According to the nature and degree of his merit, his heavenly existence is prolonged, or perhaps repeated many times in succession; or, if his next birth occurs on earth, it is under happy circumstances, as a sage or a king. But when he expires, should there, on the other hand, be an overbalance of ill-desert, he is born as a demon in one of the hells, or may in repeated lives run the circuit of the hells; or if he at once returns to the earth, it is as a beggar, a leprous outcast, a wretched cripple, or in the guise of a rat, a snake, or a louse.

> "The illustrious souls of great and virtuous men
> In godlike beings shall revive again;
> But base and vicious spirits wind their way
> In scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey.

* Vans Kennedy's Ancient and Hindoo Mythology, p. 429. † Page 286.

> The fair, the gay, the witty, and the brave,
> The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave,
> Each one in a congenial form, shall find
> A proper dwelling for his wandering mind."

A specific evil is never cancelled by being counterbalanced by a greater good. The fruit of that evil must be experienced, and also of that greater good, by appropriate births in the hells and heavens, or in the higher and lower grades of earthly existence. The two courses of action must be run through independently. This is what is meant by the phrases, so often met with in Oriental works, "eating the fruits of former acts," "bound in the chains of deeds." Merit or demerit can be balanced or neutralized only by the full fruition of its own natural and necessary consequences.* The law of merit and of demerit is fate. It works irresistibly, through all changes and recurrences, from the beginning to the end. A man faultlessly and scrupulously good through his present life, may be guilty of some foul crime committed a hundred lives before, and not yet expiated. Accordingly, he may now suffer for it, or his next birth may take place in a hell. On the contrary, he may be credited with some great merit acquired thousands of generations ago, whose fruit he has not eaten, and which may bring him good fortune in spite of present sins, or on the rolling and many-colored wheel of metempsychosis may secure for him next a celestial birthplace. In short periods, it will be seen, there is moral confusion; but in the long run, exact compensation.

The exuberant prodigiousness of the Hindoo imagination is strikingly manifest in its descriptions of the rewards of virtue in the heavens, and of the punishments of sin in the hells. Visions pass before us of beautiful groves full of fragrance and music, abounding in delicious fruits and birds of gorgeous plumage, crystal streams embedded with pearls, unruffled lakes where the lotus blooms, palaces of gems, crowds of friends and lovers, endless revelations of truth, boundless graspings of power, — all that can enchant intellect and will, fancy and heart. In some of the heavens the residents have no bodily form, but enjoy purely

* Journal of the American Oriental Society, Vol. IV. p. 87.

spiritual pleasures. In others they are self-resplendent, and traverse the ether. They are many miles in height, one being described whose crown was four miles high, and who wore on his person sixty wagon-loads of jewels. The ordinary lifetime of the inhabitants of the dewa-loka named Wasawartti, equals nine billions two hundred and sixteen millions of our years. They breathe only once in sixteen hours.

The reverse of the picture is still more vigorously drawn, highly colored, and diversified in contents. The walls of the Hindoo hell are said to be over a hundred miles thick; and so dazzling is their brightness, that it bursts the eyes which look at them anywhere within a distance of four hundred leagues.* The poor creatures here, wrapped in shrouds of fire, writhe and yell in frenzy of pain. The very revelry and ecstasy of terror and anguish fill the whole region. The skins of some wretches are taken off from head to foot, and then scalding vinegar is poured over them. A glutton is punished thus: experiencing an insatiable hunger in a body as big as three mountains, he is tantalized with a mouth no larger than the eye of a needle.† The infernal tormentors, throwing their victims down, take a flexible flame in each hand, and with these lash them alternately right and left. One demon, Ráhu, is seventy-six thousand and eight hundred miles tall; the palm of his hand measures fifty thousand acres; and when he gets enraged, he rushes up the sky and swallows the sun or the moon, thus causing an eclipse! In the Asiatic Journal for 1840 is an article on "The Chinese Judges of the Dead," which describes a series of twenty-four paintings of hell found in a Buddhist temple. Devils in human shapes are depicted pulling out the tongues of slanderers with red-hot wires, pouring molten lead down the throats of liars, with burning prongs tossing souls upon mountains planted with hooks of iron reeking with the blood of those who have gone before, screwing the damned between planks, pounding them in husking-mortars, grinding them in rice-mills, while other

* Hardy's Manual of Buddhism, p. 26.

† Coleman's Mythology of the Hindoos, p. 198.

fiends in the shape of dogs lap up their oozing gore. But the hardest sensibility must by this time cry, Hold!

With the turmoil and pain of entanglement in the vortex of births, and all the repulsive exposures of finite life, the Hindoos contrast the idea of an infinite rest and bliss, an endless exemption from evil and struggle, an immense receptivity of reposing power and quietistic contemplation. In consequence of their endlessly varied, constantly recurring, intensely earnest speculations and musings over this contrast of finite restlessness and pain with infinite peace and blessedness, — a contrast which constitutes the preaching of their priests, saturates their sacred books, fills their thoughts, and broods over all their life, — the Orientals are pervaded with a profound horror of individual existence, and with a profound desire for absorption into the Infinite Being. A few quotations from their own authors will illustrate this: —

"A sentient being in the repetition of birth and death is like a worm in the midst of a nest of ants, — like a lizard in the hollow of a bamboo that is burning at both ends." — *Eastern Monachism*, p. 247.

"Emancipation from all existence is the fulness of felicity." — *Vishnu Purana*, p. 568.

"The being who is still subject to birth may now sport in the beautiful gardens of heaven, now be cut to pieces in hell; now be Sudra, now a degraded outcast; now sip nectar, now drink blood; now repose on a couch with gods, now be dragged through a thicket of thorns; now reside in a mansion of gold, now be exposed on a mountain of lava; now sit on the throne of the gods, now be impaled amidst hungry dogs; now be a king glittering with countless gems, now a mendicant taking a skull from door to door to beg alms; now eat ambrosia as the monarch of a dewa-loka, now writhe and die as a bat in the shrivelling flame." — *Hardy's Manual of Buddhism*, p. 454.

"The Supreme Soul and the human soul do not differ, and pleasure or pain ascribable to the latter arises from its imprisonment in the body. The water of the Ganges is the same, whether it run in the river's bed or be shut up in a decanter; but a drop of wine added to the water in the decanter imparts its flavor to the whole, whereas it would be lost in the river. The Supreme Soul, therefore, is beyond accident, but the human soul is afflicted by sense and passion. Happiness is only obtained in reunion with the Supreme Soul, when the dispersed individualities combine again with it, as the drops of water with the parent

stream. Hence the slave should remember that he is separated from God by the body alone, and exclaim perpetually, 'Blessed be the moment when I shall lift the veil from off that face; the veil of the face of my Beloved is the dust of my body.'" — *Asiatic Researches*, Vol. XVII. p. 298.

"A pious man was once born on earth, who, in his various transmigrations, had met eight hundred and twenty-five thousand Buddhas. He remembered his former states, but could not enumerate how many times he had been a king, a beggar, a beast, an occupant of hell. He uttered these words: 'A hundred thousand years of the highest happiness on earth are not equal to the happiness of one day in the dewalokas; and a hundred thousand years of the deepest misery on earth are not equal to the misery of one day in hell; but the misery of hell is reckoned by millions of centuries. O, how shall I escape, and obtain eternal bliss!'" — *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, Vol. IV. p. 114.

The literary products of the Eastern mind wonderfully abound with painful descriptions of the compromises, uncleannesses, and afflictions inseparably connected with existence. Volumes would be required to furnish an adequate representation of the vivid and inexhaustible amplification with which they set forth the direful disgusts and loathsome terrors associated with the series of ideas expressed by the words conception, birth, life, death, hell, and regeneration. The fifth chapter in the sixth book of the Vishnu Purana affords a good specimen of these details; but to appreciate them fully, one must peruse dispersed passages in a hundred miscellaneous works: —

"As long as man lives, he is immersed in afflictions, like the seed of the cotton amidst the down."

"Where could man, scorched by the fires of the sun of this world, look for felicity, were it not for the shade afforded by the tree of emancipation?"

"Travelling the path of the world for many thousands of births, man attains only the weariness of bewilderment, and is smothered by the dust of imagination. When that dust is washed away by the bland water of real knowledge, then the weariness is removed. Then the internal man is at peace, and obtains supreme felicity." — *Vishnu Purana*, p. 650.

The result of these views is the awakening of an unquench-

able desire to "break from the fetters of existence," to be "delivered from the whirlpool of transmigration." Both Brahmanism and Buddhism are in essence nothing else than methods of securing release from the chain of incarnated lives, and attaining to identification with the Infinite. The testimony of all who have investigated the subject agrees with the following assertion by Professor Wilson: "The common end of every system studied by the Hindoos is the ascertainment of the means by which perpetual exemption from the necessity of repeated births may be won." * In comparison with this aim, everything else is utterly insignificant. Prahláda, on being offered by Vishnu any boon he might ask, exclaimed, "Wealth, virtue, love, are as nothing, for even liberation is in his reach whose faith is firm in thee." And Vishnu replied, "Thou shalt, therefore, obtain freedom from existence." † All true Orientals, however favored or persecuted by earthly fortune, still cry, night and day, upwards into the infinite, with outstretched arms and yearning voice:

> "O Lord! our separate lives destroy!
> Merge in thy gold our souls' alloy, —
> Pain is our own, and Thou art Joy!"

According to the system of Brahmanism, the creation is regularly called into being and again destroyed at the beginning and end of certain stupendous epochs called kalpas. Four thousand three hundred and twenty million years make a day of Brahma. At the end of this day, the lower worlds are consumed by fire; and Brahma sleeps on the abyss for a night as long as his day. During this night, the saints, who in high Jana-loka have survived the dissolution of the lower portions of the universe, contemplate the slumbering deity until he wakes, and restores the mutilated creation. Three hundred and sixty of these days and nights compose a year of Brahma; and a hundred such years measure his whole life. Then a complete destruction of all things takes place, everything merging back into the absolute One, until he shall rouse himself renewedly to manifest his energies.‡ Although cre-

* Sankhya Karika, Preface, p. 3. † Vishnu Purana, p. 144.
‡ Vishnu Purana, p. 25. Hardy's Manual of Buddhism, p. 33, note.

ated beings, who have not obtained emancipation, are destroyed in their individual forms at the periods of the general dissolution, yet, being affected by the good or evil acts of former existence, they are never exempted from their consequences, and when Brahma creates the world anew, they are the progeny of his will, in the fourfold condition of gods, men, animals, and inanimate things." * And Buddhism embodies virtually the same doctrine, declaring "the whole universe of sakwalas to be subject alternately to destruction and renovation, in a series of revolutions to which neither beginning nor end can be discovered."

What is the Brahmanic method of salvation, or secret of emancipation? Rightly apprehended in the depth and purity of the real doctrine, it is this. There is in reality but One Soul; everything else is error, illusion, misery. Whoever acquires the knowledge of this truth by personal perception is thereby liberated. He has won the absolute perfection of the unlimited Godhead, and shall never be born again. "Whosoever views the Supreme Soul as manifold, dies death after death. God is formless, but seems to assume form, as moonlight, impinging upon various objects, appears crooked or straight." † Bharata says to the king of Sauriva: "The great end of all is not union of self with the Supreme Soul, because one substance cannot become another. The true wisdom, the genuine aim of all, is to know that Soul is one, uniform, perfect, exempt from birth, omnipresent, undecaying, *made of true knowledge*, disassociated with unrealities." ‡ "It is ignorance alone which enables Maya to impress the mind with a sense of individuality; for as soon as that is dispelled, it is known that severalty exists not, and that there is nothing but one undivided Whole." § The Brahmanic scriptures say: "The Eternal Deity consists of true knowledge." "Brahma that is Supreme is produced of reflection." ‖ The logic runs thus. There is only One Soul, the absolute God. All beside is empty deception. That One Soul consists of

* Vishnu Purana, pp. 39, 116. † Colebrooke's Essays, Vol. I. p. 359.
‡ Vishnu Purana, p. 252.
§ Vans Kennedy's Ancient and Hindoo Mythology, p. 201.
‖ Vishnu Purana, pp. 546, 642.

true knowledge. Whoever attains to true knowledge, therefore, is absolute God, for ever freed from the sphere of semblances.

The foregoing exposition is philosophical and scriptural Brahmanism. But there are numerous schismatic sects which hold opinions diverging from it in regard to the nature and destiny of the human soul. They may be considered in two classes. First, there are some who defend the idea of the personal immortality of the soul. The Siva Gnána-Pótham "establishes the doctrine of the soul's eternal existence as an individual being."* The Saiva school teach that, when, at the close of every great period, all other developed existences are rendered back to their primordial state, souls are excepted. These, once developed and delivered from the thraldom of their merit and demerit, will ever remain, intimately united with Deity, and clothed in the resplendent wisdom.† Secondly, there are others — and probably at the present time they include a large majority of the Brahmans — who believe in the real being both of the Supreme Soul and of separate finite souls, conceiving the latter to be individualized parts of the former, and their true destiny to consist in securing absorption into it. The relation of the soul to God, they maintain, is not that of ruled and ruler, but that of part and whole. "As gold is one substance still, however diversified as bracelets, tiaras, ear-rings, or other things, so Vishnu is one and the same, although modified in the forms of gods, animals, and men. As the drops of water raised from the earth by the wind sink into the earth again when the wind subsides, so the variety of gods, men, and animals, which have been detached by the agitation of the qualities, are reunited, when the disturbance ceases, with the eternal."‡ "The whole obtains its destruction in God, like bubbles in water." The Mâdhava sect believe that there is a personal All-Soul distinct from the human soul. Their proofs are detailed in one of the Mâha-Upanishads.§ These two groups of sects, how-

* Journal of the American Oriental Society, Vol. II. p. 141.

† Ibid., Vol. IV. p. 15.

‡ Vishnu Purana, p. 287.

§ Weber's Akademische Vorlesungen über Indische Literaturgeschichte, s. 160. Berlin. 1852.

ever, agree perfectly with the ancient orthodox Brahmans in accepting the fundamental dogma of a judicial metempsychosis, wherein each one is fastened by his acts, and compelled to experience the uttermost consequences of his merit or demerit. They all coincide in one common aspiration as regards the highest end, namely, emancipation from the necessity of repeated births. The difference between the three is, that those of the one class of dissenters expect the fruition of that deliverance to be a finite personal immortality in heaven; those of the other interpret it as an unwalled absorption in the Over-Soul, like a breath in the air; while the more orthodox believers regard it as the entire identity of the soul with the Infinite One.

Against the opinion that there is only one Soul for all bodies, as one string supports all the gems of a necklace, some Hindoo philosophers argue that the plurality of souls is proved by the consideration, that, if there were but one soul, then when any one was born, or died, or was lame, or deaf, or occupied, or idle, all would at once be born, die, be lame, deaf, occupied, or idle. But Professor Wilson says: —

"This doctrine of the multitudinous existence or individual incorporation of Soul clearly contradicts the Vedas. They affirm one only existent soul to be distributed in all beings. It is beheld collectively or dispersedly, like the reflection of the moon in still or troubled water. Soul, eternal, omnipresent, undisturbed, pure, one, is multiplied by the power of delusion, not of its own nature." — *Sankhya Karika*, p. 70.

All the Brahmanic sects unite in thinking that liberation from the net of births is to be obtained, and the goal of their wishes to be reached, by one means only, and that is knowledge, real wisdom, an adequate sight of the truth. Without this knowledge there is no possible emancipation; but there are three ways of seeking the needed knowledge. Some strive by direct intellectual abstraction and effort, by metaphysical speculation, to grasp the true principles of being. Others try, by voluntary penance, self-abnegation, and pain, to accumulate such a degree of merit, or to bring the soul into such a state of preparedness, as will compel the truth to reveal itself. And still others devote themselves to the worship of some chosen Deity, by ritual acts and fervid contem-

plation, to obtain from his favor the needed wisdom. A few quotations may serve to illustrate the Brahmanic attempts at winning this one thing needful, the knowledge which yields exemption from all incarnate lives.

The Sankhya philosophy is a regular system of metaphysics, to be studied as one would study algebra. It presents to its disciples an exhaustive statement of the forms of being, in twenty-five categories, and declares: —

"He who knows the twenty-five principles, whatever order of life he may have entered, and whether he wear braided hair, a top-knot only, or be shaven, he is liberated." "This discriminative wisdom releases for ever from worldly bondage." — *Sankhya Karika*, pp. 1, 16.

"The virtuous is born again in heaven, the wicked is born again in hell; the fool wanders in error, the wise man is set free." "By ignorance is bondage, by knowledge is deliverance." "When Nature finds that soul has discovered that it is to her the distress of migration is owing, she is put to shame by the detection, and will suffer herself to be seen no more." — *Ibid.*, pp. 48, 142, 174.

"Through knowledge the sage is absorbed into Supreme Spirit." — *Vishnu Purana*, p. 57.

"The Supreme Spirit attracts to itself him who meditates upon it, as the loadstone attracts the iron." — *Ibid.*, p. 651.

"He who seeks to obtain a knowledge of the Soul is gifted with it, the Soul rendering itself conspicuous to him." "Man, having known that Nature which is without a beginning or an end, is delivered from the grasp of death." "Souls are absorbed in the Supreme Soul as the reflection of the sun in water returns to him on the removal of the water." — *Translations from the Veds*, by Rammohun Roy, (2d ed., London, 1832,) pp. 69, 39, 10.

The thought underlying the last statement is that there is only one Soul, every individual consciousness being but an illusory semblance; and that the knowledge of this fact constitutes the all-coveted emancipation. As one diffusive air, passing through the perforations of a flute, is distinguished as the several notes of the scale, so the Supreme Spirit is single, though, in consequence of acts, it seems manifold. As every placid lakelet holds an unreal image of the one real moon sailing above, so each human soul is but a deceptive reflection of the one veritable Soul, or God. It may be worth

while to observe that Plotinus, as is well known, taught this doctrine of the absolute identity of each soul with the entire and indistinguishable entity of God.

> "Though God extends beyond creation's rim,
> Yet every being holds the whole of him."

It belongs to an unextended substance, an immateriality, to be everywhere by totality, not by portions. If God be omnipresent, he cannot be so dividedly, a part of him here and a part of him there; but the whole of him must be in every particle of matter, in every point of space, in all infinitude.

The Brahmanic religion is a philosophy, and it keeps an incomparably strong hold on the minds of its devotees. Its most vital and comprehensive principle is expressed in the following sentence: "The soul itself is not susceptible of pain, or decay, or death; the site of these things is nature; but nature is unconscious; the consciousness that pain exists is restricted to the soul, although the soul is not the actual seat of pain." This is the reason why every Hindoo yearns so deeply to be freed from the meshes of nature, why he so anxiously follows the light of faith and penance, or the clew of speculation, through all mazes of mystery. It is that he may at last gaze on the central Truth, and through that sight seize the fruition of the supreme and eternal good of man in the unity of his self-hood with the Infinite; and so be born no more, and experience no more trouble. It is very striking to contrast with this profound and gorgeous dream of the East, in whatever form it assumes, the more practical and definite thought of the West, as expressed in these lines of Tennyson's "In Memoriam": —

> "That each, who seems a separate whole,
> Should move his rounds, and fusing all
> The skirts of self again, should fall
> Remerging in the general Soul,
>
> "Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside,
> And I shall know him when we meet."

But is it not still more significant to notice how, in the

lines which immediately succeed, the love-inspired and deep-musing genius of the English thinker can find ultimate repose only by recurring to the very faith of the Hindoo theosophist? —

> "And we shall sit at endless feast,
> Enjoying each the other's good;
> What vaster dream can hit the mood
> Of Love on earth? He seeks at least
>
> "*Upon the last and sharpest height,*
> *Before the spirits fade away,*
> *Some landing-place, to clasp and say,*
> *Farewell! we lose ourselves in light!*"

We turn now to the Buddhist doctrine of a future life, as distinguished from the Brahmanic. The "Four Sublime Truths" of Buddhism, as they are called, are these: — first, that there is sorrow; secondly, that every living person necessarily feels it; thirdly, that it is desirable to be freed from it; fourthly, that the only deliverance from it is by that pure knowledge which destroys all cleaving to existence. A Buddha is a being who, in consequence of having reached the Buddhaship, — which implies the possession of infinite goodness, infinite power, and infinite wisdom, — is able to teach men that true knowledge which secures emancipation.

The Buddhaship — that is, the possession of Supreme Godhead — is open to every one, though few ever acquire it. Most wonderful and tremendous is the process of its attainment. Upon a time, some being, perhaps then incarnate as a mosquito, alighting on a muddy leaf in some swamp, pauses for a while to muse. Looking up through infinite stellar systems, with hungry love and boundless ambition, to the throne and sceptre of absolute immensity, he vows within himself, "I will become a Buddha." The total influences of his past, the forces of destiny, conspiring with his purpose, omnipotence is in that resolution. Nothing shall ever turn him aside from it. He might soon acquire for himself deliverance from the dreadful vortex of births, but, determined to achieve the power of delivering others from their miseries as sentient beings, he voluntarily throws himself into the stream of successive existences, and with divine patience and fortitude undergoes everything.

From that moment, no matter in what form he is successively born, whether as a disgusting bug, a white elephant, a monarch, or a god, he is a Bodhisat, that is, a candidate pressing towards the Buddhaship. He at once begins practising the ten primary virtues called paramitas, necessary for the securing of his aim. The period required for the full exercise of one of these virtues is a bhumi. Its duration is thus illustrated. Were a Bodhisat once in a thousand births to shed a single drop of blood, he would in the space of a bhumi shed more blood than there is water in a thousand oceans. On account of his merit he might always be born amidst the pleasures of the heavens; but since he could there make no progress towards his goal, he prefers being born in the world of men. During his gradual advance, there is no good he does not perform, no hardship he does not undertake, no evil he does not willingly suffer, and all for the benefit of others, to obtain the means of emancipating those he sees fastened by ignorance in the afflictive circle of acts. Wherever born, acting or suffering, his eye is still turned towards that Empty Throne, at the apex of the universe, from which the last Buddha has vaulted into Nirwána. The Buddhists have many scriptures, especially one called the "Book of the Five Hundred and Fifty Births," detailing the marvellous adventures of the Bodhisat during his numerous transmigrations, wherein he exhibits for each species of being to which he belongs a model character and life.

At length the momentous day dawns when the unweariable Bodhisat enters on his well-earned Buddhaship. From that time, during the rest of his life, he goes about preaching discourses, teaching every prepared creature he meets the method of securing eternal deliverance. Leaving behind in these discourses a body of wisdom sufficient to guide to salvation all who will give attentive ear and heart, the Buddha then — his sublime work of disinterested love being completed — receives the fruition of his toil, the super-essential prize of the universe, the Infinite Good. In a word, he dies, and enters Nirwána. There is no more evil of any sort for him at all for ever. The final fading echo of sorrow has ceased in the silence of perfect blessedness; the last undulation of the wave of change has rolled upon the shore of immutability.

The only historic Buddha is Sakya Muni, or Gótama, who was born at Kapila about six centuries before Christ. His teachings contain many principles in common with those of the Brahmans. But he revolted against their insufferable conceit and cruelty. He protested against their claim that no one could obtain emancipation until after being born as a Brahman and passing through the various rites and degrees of their order. In the face of the most powerful and arrogant priesthood in the world, he preached the perfect equality of all mankind, and the consequent abolition of castes. Whoever acquires a total detachment of affection from all existence is thereby released from birth and misery; and the means of acquiring that detachment are freely offered to all in his doctrine. Thus did Gótama preach. He took the monopoly of religion out of the hands of a caste, and proclaimed emancipation to every creature that breathes. He established his system in the valley of the Ganges near the middle of the sixth century before Christ. It soon overran the whole country, and held sway until about eight hundred years after Christ, when an awful persecution and slaughter on the part of the uprising Brahmans drove it out of the land with sword and fire. "The colossal figure which for fourteen centuries had bestridden the Indian continent vanished suddenly, like a rainbow at sunset." *

Gótama's philosophy, in its ontological profundity, is of a subtilty and vastness that would rack the brain of a Fichte or a Schelling; but popularly stated, so far as our present purpose demands, it is this. Existence is the one all-inclusive evil; cessation of existence, or Nirwána, is the infinite good. The cause of existence is ignorance, which leads one to cleave to existing objects, and this cleaving leads to reproduction. If one would escape from the chain of existence, he must destroy the cause of his confinement in it, that is, evil desire, or the cleaving to existing objects. The method of salvation in Gótama's system is to vanquish and annihilate all desire for existing things. How is this to be done? By acquiring

* The Bhilsa Topes, or Buddhist Monuments of Central India, by Major Alexander Cunningham, p. 168.

an intense perception of the miseries of existence, on the one hand, and an intense perception, on the other hand, of the contrasted desirableness of the state of emancipation, or Nirwána. Accordingly, the discourses of Gótama, and the sacred books of the Buddhists, are filled with vivid accounts of everything disgusting and horrible connected with existence, and with vivid descriptions, consciously faltering with inadequacy, of everything supremely fascinating in connection with Nirwána. "The three reflections on the impermanency, suffering, and unreality of the body, are three gates leading to the city of Nirwána." The constant claim is, that whosoever by adequate moral discipline and philosophical contemplation attains to a certain degree of wisdom, a certain degree of intellectual insight, instead of any longer cleaving to existence, will shudder at the thought of it, and, instead of shrinking from death, will be ravished with unfathomable ecstasy by the prospect of Nirwána. Then, when he dies, he is free from all liability to a return.

When Gótama, early in life, had accidentally seen, in succession, a wretchedly decrepit old man, a loathsomely diseased man, and a decomposing dead man, then the three worlds of passion, matter, and spirit seemed to him like a house on fire, and he longed to be extricated from the dizzy whirl of existence, and to reach the still haven of Nirwána. Finding erelong that he had now, as the reward of his incalculable endurances through untold æons past, become Buddha, he said to himself, "You have borne the misery of the whole round of transmigrations, and have arrived at infinite wisdom, which is the highway to Nirwána, the city of peace. On that road you are the guide of all beings. Begin your work and pursue it with fidelity." From that time until the day of his death he preached "the three laws of mortality, misery, and mutability." Every morning he looked through the world to see who should be caught that day in the net of truth, and took his measures accordingly to preach in the hearing of men the truths by which alone they could climb into Nirwána. When he was expiring, invisible gods, with huge and splendid bodies, came and stood, as thick as they could be packed, for a hundred and twenty miles around the banyan-

tree under which he awaited Nirwána, to gaze on him who had broken the circle of transmigration.*

The system of Gótama distinguishes seven grades of being; six, subject to repeated death and birth; one, the condition of the rahats and the Buddhaship, exempt therefrom. "Who wins this, has reached the shore of the stormy ocean of vicissitudes, and is in safety for ever." Baur says: "The aim of Buddhism is that all may obtain unity with the original empty Space, so as to unpeople the worlds."† This end it seeks by purification from all modes of cleaving to existing objects, and by contemplative discrimination, but never by the fanatical and austere methods of Brahmanism. Edward Upham, in his History of Buddhism, declares this earth to be the only ford to Nirwána. Others also make the same representation: —

> "For all that live and breathe have once been men,
> And in succession will be such again."

But the Buddhist authors do not always adhere to this statement. We sometimes read of men's entering the paths to Nirwána in some of the heavens, likewise of their entering the final fruition through a decease in a dewa-loka. Still it is the common view, that emancipation from all existence can be secured only by a human being on earth. The last birth must be in that form. The emblem of Buddha, engraved on most of his monuments, is a wheel, denoting that he has finished and escaped from the circle of existences. Henceforth he is named Tathágata, — he who has gone.

Let us notice a little more minutely what the Buddhists say of Nirwána; for herein to them hides all the power of their philosophy and lies the absorbing charm of their religion.

"The state that is peaceful, free from body, from passion, and from fear, where birth or death is not, — that is Nirwána." "Nirwána puts an end to coming and going, and there is no other happiness." "It is a calm wherein no wind blows." "There is no difference in Nirwána." "It is the annihilation of all the principles of existence." "Nirwána is the completion and opposite shore of existence, free from decay, tranquil, knowing no restraint, and of great blessedness." "Nirwána

* Life of Gótama in Journal of the American Oriental Society, Vol. III.

† Symbolik und Mythologie, 2er Theil, 2er Abtheilung, s. 407.

is unmixed satisfaction, entirely free from sorrow." "The wind cannot be squeezed in the hand, nor can its color be told. Yet the wind *is*. Even so Nirwána *is*, but its properties cannot be told." "Nirwána, like space, is causeless, does not live nor die, and has no locality. It is the abode of those liberated from existence." "Nirwána is not, except to the being who attains it." *

Some scholars maintain that the Buddhist Nirwána is nothing but the atheistic Annihilation. The subject is confessedly a most difficult one. But it seems to us that the opinion just stated is the very antithesis of the true interpretation of Nirwána. In the first place, we should remember that there are various sects of Buddhists. Now the word Nirwána may be used in different senses by different schools.† A few persons — a small party, represented perhaps by able writers — may believe in annihilation in our sense of the term, just as has happened in Christendom, while the common doctrine of the people is the opposite of that. In the second place, with the Oriental horror of individuated existence, and a highly poetical style of writing, nothing could be more natural than that, in depicting their ideas of the most desirable state of being, they should carry their metaphors, expressive of repose, freedom from action and emotion, to a pitch conveying, to our cold and literal thought, the conceptions of blank unconsciousness and absolute nothingness.

Colebrooke says: "Nirwána is not annihilation, but unceasing apathy. The notion of it as a happy state seems derived from the experience of ecstasies; or else the pleasant, refreshed feeling with which one wakes from profound repose is referred to the period of actual sleep." ‡ A Buddhist author speculates thus: "That the soul feels not during profound trance, is not for want of sensibility, but for want of sensible objects." Wilson, Hodgson, and Vans Kennedy, three able thinkers, as well as scholars, in this field, agree that Nirwána is not annihilation, as we understand that word. Mr. Hodg-

* For these quotations, and others similar, see Hardy's valuable work, "Eastern Monachism," Chap. XXII., on "Nirwána, its Paths and Fruition."

† Burnouf's Introduction à l'Histoire du Buddhisme Indien. Appendice No. I., Du mot Nirvâna.

‡ Colebrooke's Essays, Vol. I. p. 353.

son believes that the Buddhists expect to be "conscious in Nirwána of the eternal bliss of rest, as they are in this world of the ceaseless pain of activity." Forbes also argues against the nihilistic explanation of the Buddhist doctrine of futurity, and says he is compelled to conclude that Nirwána denotes imperishable being in a blissful quietude.* Many additional authorities in favor of this view might be adduced, — enough to balance, at least, the names on the other side. Koeppen, in his very fresh, vigorous, and lucid work, just published, entitled, "The Religion of Buddha, and its Origin," says: "Nirwána is the blessed Nothing. Buddhism is the Gospel of Annihilation." But he forgets that the motto on the title-page of his volume is the following sentence quoted from Sakya Muni himself: "To those who know the concatenation of causes and effects, *there is neither being nor nothing*." To them Nirwána is. Considering it, then, as an open question, unsettled by any authoritative assertion, we will weigh the probabilities of the case.

No definition of Nirwána is more frequent than the one given by the Kalpa Sútra,† namely, "cessation from action and freedom from desire." But this, like many of the other representations, — such, for instance, as the excluding of succession, — very plainly is not a denial of all being, but only of our present modes of experience. The dying Gótama is said to have "passed through the several states, one after another, until he arrived at the state where there is no pain. He then continued to enter the other higher states, and from the highest entered Nirwána." Can literal annihilation, the naked emptiness of nonentity, be better than the highest state of being? It can be so only when we view Nothing on the positive side as identical with All, make annihilating deprivation equivalent to universal bestowment, regard negation as affirmation, and, in the last synthesis of contradictions, see the abysmal Vacuum as a Plenum of fruition. As Oken says: "The ideal zero is absolute unity; not a singularity, as the number one, but an indivisibility, a numberlessness, a homogeneity, a translucency, a pure identity. It

* Eleven Years in Ceylon, Vol. II. Chap. IX.

† Translation by Dr. Stevenson, p. 23.

is neither great nor small, quiescent nor moved; but it is, and it is not, all this." *

Furthermore, if some of the Buddhist representations would lead us to believe that Nirwána is utter nothingness, others apparently imply the opposite. "The discourses of Buddha are a charm to cure the poison of evil desire; a succession of fruit-bearing trees placed here and there to enable the traveller to cross the desert of existence; a power by which every sorrow may be appeased; a door of entrance to the eternal city of Nirwána." "The mind of the rahat" (one who has obtained assurance of emancipation and is only waiting for it to arrive) "knows no disturbance, because it is filled with the pleasure of Nirwána." "The sight of Nirwána bestows perfect happiness." "The rahat is emancipated from existence in Nirwána, as the lotus is separated from the mud out of which it springs." "Fire may be produced by rubbing together two sticks, though previously it had no locality; it is the same with Nirwána." "Nirwána is free from danger, peaceful, refreshing, happy. When a man who has been broiled before a huge fire is released, and goes quickly into some open space, he feels the most agreeable sensation. All the evils of existence are that fire, and Nirwána is that open space." These passages indicate the cessation in Nirwána of all sufferings, perhaps of all present modes of existence, but not the total end of being. It may be said that these are but figurative expressions. The reply is, so are the contrasted statements metaphors, too, and it is probable that the expressions which denote the survival of pure being in Nirwána are closer approximations to the intent of their authors than those which hint at an unconscious vacancy.

There is a scheme of doctrine held by some Buddhist philosophers which may be thus stated. There are five constituent elements of sentient existence. They are called *khandas*, and are as follows: the organized body, sensation, perception, discrimination, and consciousness. Death is the dissolution and entire destruction of these khandas, and apart from them there is no synthetical unit, soul, or personality.

* Elements of Physiophilosophy, Tulk's translation, p. 9.

Yet in a certain sense death is not the absolute annihilation of a human existence, because it leaves a potentiality inherent in that existence. There is no identical *ego* to survive and be born again; but *karma* — that is, the sum of a man's action, his entire merit and demerit — produces at his death a new being, and so on in continued series until Nirwána is attained. Thus the succession of being is kept up with transmitted responsibility, as a flame is transferred from one wick to another. It is evident enough, as is justly claimed by Hardy and others, that the limitation of existence to the five khandas, excluding the idea of any independent individuality, makes death annihilation, and renders the very conception of a future life for those now living an absurdity. But we are convinced that this view is the speculative peculiarity of a sect, and by no means the common belief of the Buddhist populace or the teaching of Gótama himself. This appears at the outset from the fact that Gótama is represented as having lived through millions of existences, in different states and worlds, with preserved identity and memory. The history of his concatenated advance towards the Buddhaship is the supporting basis and the saturating spirit of documentary Buddhism. And the same idea pervades the whole range of narratives relating to the repeated births and deaths of the innumerable Buddhist heroes and saints who, after so many residences on earth, in the hells, in the dewa-lokas, have at last reached emancipation. They recollect their adventures; they recount copious portions of their experience stretching through many lives.

Again, the arguments cited from Buddha seem aimed to prove, not that there is absolutely no self in man, but that the five khandas are not the self, — that the real self is something distinct from all that is exposed to misery and change, something deep, wondrous, divine, infinite. For instance, the report of a debate on this subject between Buddha and Sachaka closes with these words: "Thus was Sachaka forced to confess that the five khandas are impermanent, connected with sorrow, unreal, not the self."* These terms appear to

* Hardy's Manual, p. 427.

imply the reality of a self, only that it is not to be confounded with the apprehensible elements of existence. Besides, the attainment of Nirwána is held up as a prize to be laboriously sought by personal effort. To secure it is a positive triumph quite distinct from the fated dissolution of the khandas in death. Now, if there be in man no personal entity, *what is it* that with so much joy attains Nirwána? The genuine Buddhist notion, as seems most probable, is that the conscious essence of the rahat, when the exterior elements of existence fall from around him, passes by a transcendent climax and discrete leap beyond the outermost limits of appreciable being, and becomes that INFINITE which knows no changes, and is susceptible of no definitions.*

Still further, it deserves notice that, according to the unanimous affirmation of Buddhist authors, if any Buddhist were offered the alternative of an existence as king of a dewaloka, keeping his personality for a hundred million years in the uninterrupted enjoyment of perfect happiness, or of translation into Nirwána, he would spurn the former as defilement, and would with unutterable avidity choose the latter. We must therefore suppose that by Nirwána he understands, not naked destruction, but some mysterious good, too vast for logical comprehension, too obscure to Occidental thought to find expression in Occidental language. At the moment when Gótama entered upon the Buddhaship, like a vessel overflowing with honey, his mind overflowed with the nectar of oral instruction, and he uttered these stanzas: —

> "Through many different births
> I have run, vainly seeking
> The architect of the desire-resembling house.
> Painful are repeated births.
> O house-builder! I have seen thee.
> Again a house thou canst not build for me.

---

* In the Kâ-gyur collection of Tibetan sacred books, comprising a hundred volumes, and now belonging to the Cabinet of Manuscripts in the Royal Library of Paris, there are two volumes exclusively occupied by a treatise on Nirwána. It is a significant fact that the title of these volumes is, "Nirwána, or Deliverance from Pain." If Nirwána be simply annihilation, why is it not so stated? Why should recourse be had to a phrase partially descriptive of one feature, instead of comprehensively announcing or implying the whole case?

I have broken thy rafters and ridge-pole;
I have arrived at the extinction of evil desire,
My mind is gone to Nirwâna."

Hardy, who stoutly maintains that the genuine doctrine of Buddha's philosophy is that there is no transmigrating individuality in man, but that the karma creates a new person on the dissolution of the former one, confesses the difficulties of this dogma to be so great that "it is almost universally repudiated." M. Obry published at Paris, in 1856, a small volume entirely devoted to this subject, under the title of "The Indian Nirwâna, or the Enfranchisement of the Soul after Death." His conclusion, after a careful and candid discussion, is, that Nirwâna had different meanings to the minds of the ancient Arya priests, the orthodox Brahmans, the Sankhya Brahmans, and the Buddhists, but had not to any of them, excepting possibly a few atheists, the sense of strict annihilation. He thinks that Burnouf and Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire themselves would have accepted this view if they had paid particular attention to the definite inquiry, instead of merely touching upon it in the course of their more comprehensive studies.

What Spinoza declares in the following sentence, — "God is one, simple, infinite; his modes of being are diverse, complex, finite," — strongly resembles what the Buddhists say of Nirwâna and the contrasted vicissitudes of existence, and may perhaps throw light on their meaning. The supposition of immaterial, unlimited, absolutely unalterable being — the scholastic *ens sine qualitate* — answers to the descriptions of it much more satisfactorily than the idea of unqualified nothingness does. "Nirwâna is real, all else is phenomenal." The Sankhyas, who do not hold to the nonentity nor to the annihilation of the soul, but to its eternal identification with the Infinite One, yet use nearly the same phrases in describing it that the Buddhists do. For example, they say: "The soul is neither a production nor productive, neither matter nor form."* The Vishnu Purana says: "The mundane egg, containing the whole creation, was surrounded by seven envelopes, water, air, fire, ether, egotism, intelligence, and finally

* Sankhya Karika, pp. 16 – 18.

the indiscrete principle."* Is not this Indiscrete Principle of the Brahmans the same as the Nirwána of the Buddhists? The latter explicitly claim that "man is capable of enlarging his faculties to infinity."

Nágaséna says to the king of Ságal: "Neither does Nirwána exist previously to its reception, nor is that which was not, brought into existence; still, to the being who attains it, there is Nirwána." According to this statement, taken in connection with the hundreds similar to it, Nirwána seems to be *a simple mental perception*, most difficult of acquirement, and, when acquired, assimilating the whole conscious being perfectly to itself. The Asangkrata-Sútra, as translated by Mr. Hardy, says: "From the joyful exclamations of those who have seen Nirwána, its character may be known by those who have not made the same attainment." The superficial thinker, carelessly scanning the recorded sayings of Gótama and his expositors in relation to Nirwána, is aware only of a confused mass of metaphysical hieroglyphs and poetical metaphors; but the Buddhist sages avow, that whoso, by concentrated study and training of his faculties, pursues the inquiry with adequate perseverance, will at last elicit and behold the real meaning of Nirwána, the achieved insight and revelation forming the widest horizon of rapturous truth ever contemplated by the human mind. The memorable remark of Sir William Hamilton, that "the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence," should show the error of those who so unjustifiably affirm that, since Nirwána is said to be neither corporeal nor incorporeal, nor at all describable, it is therefore absolutely nothing. A like remark is also to be addressed to those who draw the same unwarrantable conclusion of the nothingness of Nirwána from the fact that it has no locality, or from the fact that it is sometimes said to exclude consciousness. Plato, in the Timæus, stigmatizes as a vulgar error the notion that what is not in any place is a nonentity. Many a weighty philosopher has followed him in this opinion. The denial of place is by no means necessarily the denial of being. So, too, with consciousness. It is con-

* Sankhya Karika, p. 19.

ceivable that there is a being superior to all the modes of consciousness now known to us. We are, indeed, unable to define this, yet it may be. The profoundest analysis shows that consciousness consists of co-ordinated changes.* "Consciousness is a succession of changes combined and arranged in special ways." Now, in contrast to the Occidental thinker, who covets alternation because in his cold climate action is the means of enjoyment, the Hindoo, in the languid East, where repose is the condition of enjoyment, conceives the highest blessedness to consist in exemption from every disturbance, in an unruffled unity excluding all changes. Therefore, while in some of its forms his dream of Nirwána admits not consciousness, still it is not inconsistent with a homogeneous state of being, which he, in his metaphysical and theosophic soarings, apprehends as the grandest and most ecstatic of all.

The etymological force of the word Nirwána is extinction, as when the sun has set, a fire has burned out, or a lamp is extinguished. The fair laws of interpretation do not compel us, in cases like this, to receive the severest literal significance of a word, as conveying the meaning which a popular doctrine holds in the minds of its believers. There is almost always looseness, vagueness, metaphor, accommodation. But take the term before us in its strictest sense, and mark the result. When a fire is extinguished, it is obvious that, while the flame has disappeared, the substance of the flame, whatever it was, has not ceased to be, has not been actually annihilated. It has only ceased to be in a certain visible form in which it existed before, but it still survives under altered conditions. Now, to compare the putting out of a lamp to the death of a man, extinction is not actual destruction, but a transition of the flame into another state of being. That other state, in the case of the soul, is Nirwána.

There is a final consideration, possibly of some worth in dealing with this obscure theme. We will approach it through a preliminary query and quotation. That nothing can extend beyond its limits is an identical proposition. How vast, then, must be the soul of man in form or in power!

* Herbert Spencer's Principles of Psychology, Chap. XXV.

"If souls be substances corporeal,
Be they as big just as the body is?
Or shoot they out to the height ethereal?
Doth it not seem the impression of a seal
Can be no larger than the wax?
The soul with that vast latitude must move
Which measures the objects that it doth descry.
So must it be upstretched unto the sky,
And rub against the stars."

Cousin asserts that man is conscious of infinity, that "the unconditional, the absolute, the infinite, is immediately known in consciousness by difference, plurality, and relation." Now does not the consciousness of infinity imply the infinity of consciousness? If not, we are compelled into the contradiction that a certain entity or force reaches outside of its outermost boundary. The Buddhist ideal is not self-annihilation, but self-universalization. It is not the absorption of a drop into the sea, but the dilatation of a drop to the sea. Each drop swells to the whole ocean, each soul becomes the Boundless One, each rahat is identified with the total Nirwána. The rivers of emancipated men neither disembogue into the ocean of spirit, nor evaporate into the abyss of nonentity, but are blended with infinitude as an ontological integer. Nirwána is unexposed and illimitable space. Buddhism is the gospel of everlasting emancipation for all. It cannot be that a deliberate suicide of soul is the ideal holding the deepest desire of four hundred millions of people.

It should be noticed, before we close this article, that some of the Hindoos give a spiritual interpretation to all the gross physical details of their so highly colored and extravagant mythology. One of their sacred books says: "Pleasure and pain are states of the mind. Heaven is that which delights the mind, hell is that which gives it pain. Hence vice is called hell, and virtue is called heaven." Another author says: "The fire of the angry mind produces the fire of hell, and consumes its possessor. A wicked person causes his evil deeds to impinge upon himself, and that is hell." The various sects of mystics allied in faith and feeling to the Sufis, which are quite numerous in the East, agree in a deep metaphorical explanation of the vulgar notions pertaining to Deity, judgment, heaven, and hell.

In conclusion, the most remarkable fact in this whole field of inquiry is the contrast of the Eastern horror of individuality and longing for absorption, with the Western clinging to personality and hatred of dissolution.* The true Orientalist, whether Brahman, Buddhist, or Sufi, is in love with death. Through this gate he expects to quit his frail and pitiable consciousness, losing himself, with all evil, to be born anew, and find himself, with all good, in God. All sense, passion, care, and grief shall cease with deliverance from the spectral semblances of this false life. All pure contemplation, perfect repose, unsullied and unrippled joy shall begin with entrance upon the true life beyond. Thus thinking, he feels that death is the avenue to infinite expansion, freedom, peace, bliss, and he longs for it with an intensity not dreamed of by more frigid natures. He often compares himself, in this world aspiring towards another, to an enamored moth drawn towards the fire; and he exclaims, with a sigh and a thrill, —

"Highest nature wills the capture,
'Light to light,' the instinct cries;
And in agonizing rapture
Falls the moth, and bravely dies.
Think not what thou art, Believer!
Think but what thou may'st become;
For the World is thy deceiver,
And the Light thy only home."

* Le Bhâgavata Purâna. Par M. Eugene Burnouf. Tome première, Livre troisième, Chapitre XXVIII. Acquisition de la Delivrance; Chapitre XXXI. Marche de l'âme individuelle.

ART. VII. — *A Course of Lectures on the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States; delivered annually in Columbia College, New York.* By WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, LL. D., late President of that Institution. The Second Edition, revised, enlarged, and adapted to Professional as well as General Use. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. xxii, 545.

THE author of this book, and his brother, Hon. John Duer, LL. D., to whom it is dedicated, are sons of the late Colonel William Duer, an influential delegate to the Continental Congress from the State of New York during the Revolution, and afterwards Secretary to the Board of Treasury of the United States, which office he filled until the Confederation was superseded by the present Federal Constitution. About that period there was much rash speculation in the public securities of the several States, in anticipation of their being assumed by the general government; and when this took place, as it eventually did upon the establishment of the "Funding System," it led to the realization of fortunes by many, and to the ruin of a still larger number. Among the latter was Colonel Duer, whose ardent spirit and sanguine temperament had involved him beyond the hope of extrication. He survived this catastrophe but a few years, and at his death left his widow and a large family of children wholly unprovided for. The mother, who was a daughter of the Revolutionary general, Lord Stirling, opened a boarding-school for young ladies. The sons, though the oldest of the family, were both of them several years under age, and were still at school; but now left it, one to enter the navy, the other the army, in which respectively they served during the *quasi* war with the French Republic.

Upon the reduction of these establishments they commenced the study of the law, and in due course were admitted to the bar. They continued to practise in different parts of their native State for many years, until both attained judicial stations, — the elder as a Circuit Judge and Vice-Chancellor, the younger as a Judge of the Superior

Court of the City of New York, of which he is now the Chief Justice. While at the bar, he had found time to engage, under an appointment from the State, in the revision of its statutes, and took the leading part in digesting and arranging them in a systematic code, and simplifying their language, with the design of rendering them intelligible to common readers, as well as to lawyers. He is also the author of a Treatise on Marine Insurance, which has become a standard work upon the subject; and since his elevation to the bench, he has published several volumes of Reports of Cases decided in his Court, of which the series is to be continued.

In the interval between his career at the bar and his service upon the bench, the elder brother was for several consecutive years a member of the Legislature of New York. As chairman of a committee he was the first to take ground against the validity of the exclusive grant of steam navigation upon the waters of that State to Messrs. Livingston and Fulton. He also reported a bill, which became a law, rendering the tax for the support of the common school system compulsory, it having previously depended upon voluntary contributions. At a subsequent session he introduced, with the same success, a bill prohibiting lotteries, the provisions of which are incorporated in the present Constitution of the State. While he was upon the bench he was elected to the Presidency of Columbia College,* and on entering upon its duties he induced the trustees to add the study of our constitutional jurisprudence to the sub-graduate course, and to charge him with its instruction. For this purpose he prepared and delivered the "Course of Lectures" of which the present publication is the ultimate issue. Engaged in this duty, and the discharge of those more general functions appertaining to his office, he continued upwards of twelve years, when his health became so materially affected by its labors and anxi-

* It will doubtless seem strange to some of our readers that one who had not enjoyed the privileges of a collegiate education should have been selected to preside over a literary institution of the character of Columbia College; but although our author and his brother were taken from their books at an early age, their classical education was interrupted only while they continued in the public service. It was renewed when they left it, and pursued contemporaneously with their professional studies, without any other than their mutual assistance.

eties as to compel him, under the advice of his physicians, to resign it and seek for restoration in the hill-country of New Jersey. His removal was attended by the desired result, and he was soon enabled to revise and enlarge his Lectures, and prepare them for the press. The first edition being exhausted, he has reproduced the work in its present form, in which, among many other additions and improvements, it includes the decisions of the supreme federal tribunal, down to the time of its republication.

This book, of which unavoidable hinderances prevented our taking an earlier notice, is a neat volume of more than four hundred pages, exclusive of the Questions and Appendix. The Questions are added in order to make the work more useful as a text-book for schools and colleges. The Appendix, comprising nearly a hundred pages, contains a variety of important and interesting documents; such as the Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, Constitution of the United States, President Jackson's Proclamation against Nullification, the Ordinance of 1787, &c. The main body of the work, as the author himself tells us, "consists substantially of the Course of Lectures on the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States, delivered annually to the Senior Class in Columbia College, while the author had the honor of presiding in that venerable and noble institution." It was his intention, not only to make the book useful to the classes of students to whom the lectures were originally delivered, but also to the general reader, and "especially to foreigners. For it will hardly be denied, that more accurate information in regard to the organization and powers both of Federal and State governments is desirable in European statesmen, ministers, and lawyers, while their want of it is not only mortifying to our national pride, but prejudicial to our national interests." The style is simple and dignified, eminently suited to the subject. The propositions are plainly stated, the arguments clear and convincing, and the doctrines for the most part unquestionably orthodox, although perhaps inclining too much towards Federalism to please, in all cases, an ultra Democrat. Yet the author is not too much of a Federalist to make the admission contained in the following quotation,

which seems sufficient to satisfy the demands of any modern advocate of State rights: —

"Besides a general delegation of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial powers to distinct departments, so far as was necessary to effect the purposes of National Union, the Constitution specially defines the powers and duties of each of those branches of the government. This was essential to peace and safety in a Government invested with specific powers for national objects, and formed from the union of several independent States, as well as of the individuals composing them; each of the former yielding for that purpose the requisite portion of its sovereignty, while it retained the exclusive control of its local concerns." — pp. 43, 44.

In the course of his work the author cites freely the opinions of the Supreme Court of the United States, on questions which have been adjudicated, and strengthens his various positions by frequent reference to authoritative writers, such as the authors of the Federalist, Chief Justice Marshall, Chancellor Kent, Mr. Justice Story, and Mr. Rawle.

The book contains twelve Lectures. The first is introductory, and presents an historical sketch of the various associations and confederacies of the different Colonies, beginning with the league offensive and defensive entered into by the New England Colonies in 1643, its causes, duration, and results, and noticing in turn the assembly at Albany in 1722, the more general convention of the Colonies at the same place in 1754, with a synopsis of Dr. Franklin's plan of union, adopted by the convention, but unanimously rejected by the Provincial Legislatures and by the government of the mother country; the congress of deputies from the Colonial Assemblies called together by the Stamp Act, which met in New York in 1763; the meeting of the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia, on the 10th of September, 1774, with the manner of electing its members, the powers with which they were clothed, and the measures they adopted; the immortal Congress which met at Philadelphia in May, 1775, enunciated the Declaration of Independence, and drew up the Articles of Confederation; the difficulties experienced in obtaining the assent of all the Colonies to these Articles, and their inherent defects, as practically evinced both during and after the war

of the Revolution; the considerations that urged, and the circumstances that favored, the organization of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, May 14, 1787, which formed and gave to the States the Federal Constitution; and the arguments which were arrayed for and against the adoption of that instrument.

Thus is passed in review by far the most important and interesting period of our political history. This historical introduction, together with the more particular examination of the fundamental principles of our political institutions in the second Lecture, prepares the student intelligently, and with increased profit and interest, to engage in the study of the Constitution itself. He approaches our American Acropolis no longer like a barbarian, to gaze in simple wonder at its gigantic proportions and splendid exterior. He has traced the process by which the rubbish of ages was cleared away, and a basis of eternal truth laid bare; upon this basis he has seen the foundations laid and cemented by the self-sacrificing patriotism of a community of States, and the edifice growing under the hands of the most adroit architects; he recognizes the wisdom, integrity, and skill of the builders, the soundness, durability, and value of the materials, the sublime beauty, boundless capacity, and impregnable strength of the perfect structure; and, filled with admiration, reverence, and trust, he reposes in security beneath its protecting arches.

Passing from the examination of the fundamental principles of the Constitution, the author proceeds, in the third and succeeding Lectures, to the consideration of the various topics embraced in that instrument. It is impossible for us to notice all the discussions upon these different topics in a manner commensurate with their importance, or adapted to do justice to the merits of the work. We must, therefore, content ourselves by selecting those portions likely to prove most interesting at the present time.

It is not long since the whole country was stirred by a debate in Congress, in which the exclusive right of the lower house to originate all money bills, and the importance of strictly observing the boundary lines placed by the Constitution between the several departments of the government, were

extensively discussed. The more conservative branch of the national legislature was charged with wishing to encroach upon the rights of the more popular body; the public attention was aroused, and the subject assumed an extraordinary interest. We do not wish to renew or review that discussion, but merely to present some short extracts upon the subject of the proper separation of the powers of government, which has always been considered a matter of vital importance in organizing a republic.

"In the wise distribution of these powers, and the application of proper aids and checks to each, consists the *optima constituta Respublica*, contemplated by the Roman orator as an object of desire and admiration, rather than of hope. Should these powers be injudiciously blended, — for instance, should the Legislative and Executive, or the Legislative and Judicial branches be united in the same hands, the combination would be dangerous to public liberty, and the evils to be apprehended would be the same, whether the powers in question were devolved on a single magistrate, or vested in a numerous body." — p. 29.

"The great security against a gradual concentration of the several powers of government in the same hands, consists in giving to the persons who administer them in one department the necessary constitutional means and personal motives to resist encroachments from the others. A dependence on the people is, no doubt, the primary control over the Government; but experience had shown to the framers of our Constitution the necessity of auxiliary precautions; and the remedy they adopted for the natural predominance of the Legislative authority was the division of the Legislative body into two branches, and rendering them, by different modes of election and principles of action, as little connected with each other as the nature of their common functions and their dependence on the people would admit." — p. 49.

The views here briefly expressed are enforced at some length, with much cogency of argument.

In connection with this admirable exposition of our policy in this particular, we may be pardoned for introducing short extracts from a book written by Colonel John Taylor of Caroline County, Virginia, and published in 1814. This work, entitled "An Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government of the United States," comes to us with Mr. Jefferson's indorsement, as "the most logical retraction of our govern-

ments to the original and true principles of the Constitution creating them, which has appeared since the adoption of that instrument." Colonel Taylor enjoyed some peculiar advantages for writing such a book. Actively engaged during the Revolutionary struggle, he found at its close that military expenses and a depreciated currency had ruined his fortune. He engaged in the practice of law to repair his losses, and for some time was a member of the Virginia Legislature. His maturer years were given to literary pursuits and the promotion of educational interests. The work from which we quote was written in the ease and quiet of private life, after partisan aims and prejudices had faded from his mind. The quotations shall speak for themselves.

"The United States have arrived at a policy professing a capacity for regulating public as well as private duties; considering that government as weak, which can only regulate the latter; and that as strong, which is able to regulate both. For this purpose they are cautious to bestow on each officer and department of government only that portion of power necessary to fulfil the annexed functions; to make the officers and departments all dependent upon the nation, or a section of it; and to enable the government to enforce the law upon individuals of the society. A policy by which the nation is considered as the executive of political law, and the avenger of violations of public duties; and the government as the executive of municipal law, and the avenger of violations of private duties." — p. 161.

"It has been our policy so to divide power and diminish the excitements of avarice and ambition as to wring out of its soul the poison arising from the evil qualities of monopoly." — p. 311.

The importance of rigidly confining each department of the government to its original boundaries would seem too obvious to be enforced by argument, were it not for the instances which from time to time evince a disregard of this principle. When a river once passes its bounds, accidental circumstances or obstacles alone check the overflow and limit the devastation.

Recent discussions and events have made the relation of the Territories to the federal government a subject of unusual interest. The question is naturally examined in treating of the Territorial courts; and the following extracts from what is said by President Duer, while speaking of these courts, will indicate his views.

"These *Territories* — as they are politically as well as geographically termed — are not, in either case, considered distinct political societies known to the Constitution as *States;* but Congress has always assumed to exercise over them supreme powers of sovereignty, and has generally adopted for that purpose the principle of the Ordinance established under the Confederation in 1787, for governing the territory Northwest of the River Ohio, which now contains the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, and the Minnesota and Northwest *Territories.* This Ordinance was formed upon sound and enlightened principles of civil jurisprudence, and the Judges appointed in that original *Territory* held their offices during good behavior." — p. 176.

"The '*Superior* Courts' in these Territories have exclusive cognizance of all capital offences, and the trial by Jury is secured, together with many other great fundamental principles of civil liberty. They have, within their limits, the same jurisdiction, in all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, which is vested in the District Courts of the United States in those Districts in which the latter have the powers of a Circuit Court; and writs of error and appeals from their decisions may be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, in the same cases and under the same regulations as from the Circuit Courts of the Union." — p. 177.

"From these various regulations it appears that Congress possesses supreme power in regard to all these Territories, — depending solely on the exercise of its sound discretion. A Territory, no more than the District of Columbia, is a *State* within the meaning of the Constitution, or entitled to claim the privileges secured to the members of the Union. Nor will a writ of error or an appeal lie from a Territorial Court to the Supreme Court of the United States, unless there be a special statutory provision for the purpose." — p. 178.

Again, while discussing the power vested in Congress to "dispose of and make all needful regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," the author says: —

"It is under this power that Congress claims authority to legislate for the *Territories,* erected in provinces, acquired, like Louisiana and the Floridas, since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. But if the Federal Government possessed authority to purchase them, there seems no necessity for resting the right of legislation in regard to them on such narrow and insufficient grounds, for the power of governing a territory is the inevitable consequence of the right to acquire and hold it." — p. 339.

One would think the doctrine of the last quotation too plain to be controverted. Yet eminent statesmen, occupying posts of high honor and influence, have advocated a contrary opinion, and marshalled all their forces day after day and night after night to secure the adoption of their views, and to make them the basis of most important legislation.

The discussions of the question, whether Congress has plenary power to legislate for the Territories, have been unnecessarily complicated and confused by an indiscriminate mixture of political considerations with constitutional principles. Men have clung tenaciously to a given interpretation of the Constitution, as if it were identical with their policy, so that both must necessarily stand or fall together. This we deem an unfortunate error. There is but one sound construction of the Constitution, while the means of bringing into operation a desirable policy are various. The policy of every government not administered by fools or madmen, is what that government, upon mature deliberation, has decided to be expedient. Whether a proposed measure be expedient, is one question; whether the proposed means of enforcing that measure be lawful or constitutional, is another; — the first is purely political, the second purely legal. A man's politics are his opinions as to national policy. Two persons may agree that the wishes of the people in the Territories should prevail in determining the character of the Territorial laws, but may disagree as to the right of the inhabitants of the Territory to legislate for themselves independently of Congress. They may agree as politicians, but disagree as lawyers. They may agree in thinking any proposed result desirable, but disagree as to the manner of bringing about that result. If Congress possesses the exclusive power of legislation for the Territories, it is none the less at liberty to consult the wishes of the people of a Territory in the enactment of their municipal laws. We shall confine ourselves to the question of constitutional law, and leave that of Territorial policy to be discussed and decided by others.

It may fairly be assumed, without fear of contradiction at this time, that the government of the United States may acquire territory either by conquest or by purchase. By this acquisition the general government becomes possessed of all the

rights, of whatever nature, which are vested in a sovereign power on receiving a cession of territory. If the soil of the ceded territory be unoccupied, the subject-matter of the transfer may be divided into two parts; the title to the soil, which is the only property in land capable of passing to a private person, and those rights which can never be vested in a private person, but which are exclusively the attributes of sovereignty, such as the right of eminent domain, the right to exact revenue for the support of government, to command the services of the inhabitants for its own preservation, and to control and govern the territory by its own laws. Land cannot be granted to a private person exonerated from the burden of these rights. Neither can these rights be granted to, or transferred by, a private person. When invested with them, the person is no longer a private citizen or subject. These rights, when belonging to an individual, are sovereignty, and constitute the difference between Cincinnatus Arator and Cincinnatus Dictator. These rights are mutually dependent; the right of eminent domain, and the right to exact revenue, are valueless without the right to make laws for their enforcement. These attributes of sovereignty are the only estate or property in territory that can be transferred by one government to another, if the title to the soil, or the whole estate which can be vested in a private person, be owned by the inhabitants. If anything more is ceded, it must be the title to the soil, of which no free government can arbitrarily divest the owners; and if this were ceded with the sovereign rights over the territory, the cession would necessarily involve the repurchase of the lands, or their abandonment by the former possessors. The rights of government, and not the fee simple in the soil, must be the chief material of a cession by one government to another; else the transfer by treaty of a large city or a populous country, in which the soil was all held by the inhabitants, would be sheer mockery. The fee simple in the soil, when unoccupied, would pass as an incident to the cession. It seems needless to multiply arguments or illustrations. From what has been said, it must sufficiently appear that, when territory is acquired by a sovereign power, the only acquisition of real importance is the right to govern the

inhabitants of such territory, and that this right cannot be yielded up to the people of the territory without severing the relations between them and the government, and creating them an independent and sovereign nation. The government of the United States must come within the application of this principle, unless it be excepted by its peculiar character.

It is said that, in this country, the sovereignty resides in the people; that they cannot be divested of their sovereign rights by passing from a State to a Territory; and, consequently, that in a Territory they have an unquestionable title to exercise all the rights of self-government independently of the general government, at least so far as appertains to the regulation of their domestic institutions. It is said further, that Congress has no authority to legislate for the Territories, because no such authority is conferred by the Constitution; and consequently the inhabitants must legislate for themselves, as it is evident that no State could claim to make laws for them. These statements rest on the assumption that the sovereignty of the people belongs to them in their individual capacity. On this assumption the people of the Territories cannot, as a community, possess the right, entirely or in part, to legislate for the whole Territory; but only the right as individuals to be independent sovereigns upon their several estates. If the sovereign rights which were vested in the general government by the acquisition of the territory do not remain thus vested after the sale of the lands, they must have been transferred with the lands to the land-owners; and the people do not own the lands as a community. The absurdities to which this assumption must lead are too manifest to be enumerated.

The sovereignty of the people in this country cannot be questioned. But they are sovereign in their collective capacity as a nation. Individuals are not sovereign at home, much less abroad, when separated from the body of the nation and out of its jurisdiction. Colonel Taylor, in the book from which we have already quoted, says: —

"The people, by our policy, are considered as possessing two capacities, political and civil. Under one, they are susceptible of the rights which nations can exercise; such as those of forming, reforming, and supervising governments. Under the other, they are susceptible, indi-

vidually, of such rights and duties as an individual may hold or owe. As an individual cannot hold or exercise the first class of rights, a nation must be considered in the light of an associated, political, and moral being, or these rights can neither exist nor be exercised." — pp. 497, 498.

Wherever the nation remains, there must remain the sovereign power. No one man or body of men going out from the national domain can carry that national sovereignty with him or them. It cannot be divided between the nation, considered as one political being, and any man or number of men forming a component part of the nation. The nation is the only sovereign within its jurisdiction, and there can be but one. True, this national sovereignty is exercised through individuals. But they can exercise it only in the manner which the nation has seen fit to prescribe, namely, according to the regulation of the Federal and State Constitutions. At least this is the case while they reside within the several States; and surely there is nothing in this fact from which to infer an implied permission to enjoy these rights in territory belonging to the nation in its collective capacity, with none of the regulations and restrictions established in the States. Were it true that the people of a Territory enjoyed these rights, as they would be free from local restrictions, they would possess greater freedom, and more political power and privilege, than the inhabitants of the States; and admission into the Union, instead of increasing their privileges, would be a surrender of a portion of their "inalienable rights." Territory belongs to the people of the States in their collective capacity as a nation, and not to them as individuals. The nation holds the jurisdiction and all that appertains to sovereign rights. As in all other acts of sovereignty, the majority of the nation may exercise these rights. The fact that a few persons have gone out from their State organizations, which were purposely constituted and recognized in order to give the inhabitants the power of enjoying in common with others the privileges of republican citizens, into a Territory where no such regulations exist, does not, at any rate, give them the power to overrule the national majorities in regard to the exercise of any sovereign right in such Territory.

If, as is said, the inhabitants of a Territory carry their sovereign rights with them, they can carry no greater rights than are retained by those who remain behind; and at best they should exercise concurrent power in regard to the government and interests of the Territories, instead of claiming the exclusive right to legislate for them, independently of the rest of the nation. If their claim to legislate for themselves rests upon the fact that they carry with them the rights which they had enjoyed as citizens of the States, only those who have been citizens of States, with the full rights of citizenship, can have a share in directing the Territorial policy; and if a Territory should be entirely peopled by persons who, for want of property qualifications, or any other cause, had never possessed a share in the government, or by foreigners never naturalized, the Territory must be absolutely without government, unless the general government possess the right, which is denied, or unless the inhabitants, instantly, by the simple act of immigration, obtain all the privileges of American citizens.

It is said that the fundamental principle of universal equality and the spirit of our institutions will not permit a person to subject himself to political disabilities by removing from a State to a Territory. But this equality is rather theoretical than actual. Many native-born persons are deprived of an active participation in the government; and the disabilities of citizens going abroad or residing in the District of Columbia, are sufficient proof that disabilities in certain respects may result from a removal into the Territories of the United States consistently with the practical operation of our institutions.

We have proceeded thus far with our reasoning upon the hypothesis that our government is a pure democracy, and that the people exercise all governmental power immediately, according to the most approved definition of a democracy, — "a nation legislating, judging, and sometimes executing in person," — "a government administered by the people." Our argument must apply with greater force to a representative government. The principle of representation is fundamental in our political theory, and pervades every part. This fact often seems to be ignored. Many appear to confine their notion of representation solely to the law-making power, and

do not consider that the people are equally represented in the judicial and executive departments. To its representatives is committed the sovereign power of the nation; and to the nation they are responsible for the manner in which it is administered. Consequently, they are to exercise for the people all the rights of sovereignty which are vested in a government by the fact of ownership. In them, as the supreme power, and not in the people immediately, is lodged, in its largest sense, the jurisdiction over territory acquired by the act of government.

And not only have they the right, but they are bound to govern the Territories. The purpose for which territory is acquired is that the numerical strength of the nation may be increased, its revenues enlarged, its wealth and power augmented. To accomplish this purpose, the new territory must be under good laws well administered, so that life, liberty, and property may be secure, and that immigrants may indulge a reasonable hope of enjoying the protection and support of a vigorous government. The very essence of the governmental contract is, that for what is surrendered by the people they shall receive the protection of law.

Bearing distinctly in mind the fact that, in the legislative, judicial, and executive departments alike, the sovereignty of the people is exercised through representatives, let us glance at the nature of the admissions made by those who deny that Congress has plenary power to legislate for the Territories. The general government appoints the executive and judicial officers of a Territory. Its right to do so is unquestioned. What greater right has it to deprive the people of their representation in the executive and judicial, than in the legislative department? There is nothing either in our organic laws or in the spirit of our institutions which implies a greater inherent right in the people of a Territory to choose repres ntatives for their local legislature than for their executive department. There is nothing which permits the general government to exercise the executive and judicial powers, but which forbids it to exercise the legislative. There is nothing in reason, the spirit of our institutions, or the Federal Constitution, to show that, if Congress may legally perform one act of government in

a Territory, it has not plenary power to legislate for that Territory, checked only by the general restrictions of the Constitution in favor of personal liberty and security.

As the result of our reasoning, we must conclude that the general government of the United States may legally make and administer laws for any territory which it may lawfully acquire, until such territory shall be admitted as a State into the Union or declared independent; and that the power to do this is an attribute of sovereignty incident to the possession of territory by a sovereign power, and therefore to be exercised as a matter of course, independently of any express authority in the Constitution.

Purposely avoiding the political questions intimately connected with this discussion of governmental rights, we desire to express no opinion as to Territorial policy.

The Constitution provides that Congress shall have power "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization," and also that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." These two provisions necessarily give Congress the exclusive right to determine the conditions upon which foreigners may become citizens. By the very nature of the grant, the power is prohibited to the States; otherwise the rules of naturalization might be as various as the States, and no stringency of legislation in any one State would suffice to prevent persons who could not be naturalized under its laws, but who had acquired the rights of citizenship in a neighboring State under more lax regulations, from sharing all the "privileges and immunities" of its citizens.

President Duer is disposed to admit that the present laws on this subject are defective, and concedes the difficulty of making any very essential changes; but suggests that

> "There are two improvements, however, that seem equally practicable and desirable, and would go far to remedy the existing evils of the system; the one is to render, by an amendment of the Constitution, the naturalized citizen incapable of holding any office of trust or profit; the second, to vest, by an amendment of the statutes, the jurisdiction in cases of naturalization exclusively in the Federal Courts."—p. 306.

The discussion of this subject naturally leads the author to speak of citizenship in the United States.

"No definition of the character of a citizen is contained in the Constitution of the United States. The term is used with a plain indication that its meaning must have been generally understood, by reference to that system of national jurisprudence which, as I had occasion to observe in a former Lecture, is justly regarded as *the means or instrument* of exercising the jurisdiction conferred by the Constitution. At the time of its adoption the citizens of the several States collectively constituted the citizens of the United States. They were either *native citizens*, or those born within the States, or *naturalized citizens*, or persons born elsewhere, but who, upon assuming the allegiance, became entitled to the privileges of native citizens. All who were resident citizens at the time of the Declaration of Independence, or deliberately yielded to that measure an express or implied assent, became parties to it, and are considered as natives, their social tie being coeval with the nation itself." — p. 297.

"It seems, moreover, that no person can be deemed a citizen of a State, under the Article of the Federal Constitution, who is not entitled, on the terms prescribed by the institutions of the State, to all the rights and privileges conferred by those institutions upon the highest classes of society. Thus free negroes and mulattoes are held not to be such citizens as were contemplated by the Article in question, inasmuch as, before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, each State had a right to make citizens of such persons as it pleased, but as the Constitution does not authorize any but WHITE persons to become citizens of the United States, it creates a presumption that no State had made citizens of persons of any other color; and this presumption will stand until repelled by positive testimony." — p. 298.

If the language of the last quotation be understood according to its most obvious meaning, it conveys the notion that there is an express provision in the Constitution to the effect that none but white persons can become citizens of the United States. If this notion be correct, the question whether persons of any other color are citizens or not, can never arise. The very act which creates citizens for ever separates all persons of color from their number. However numerous this unfortunate class might have been in the States, even if no distinction were known between them and the whites, and they had enjoyed in their utmost fulness the rights and priv-

ileges of State citizenship up to the time when the Federal Constitution was adopted, from the very instant of its adoption, and by virtue of that act, they would have forfeited all claims to the rights of citizenship of the United States. But is the obvious meaning of the passage consonant with the fact? Is such a provision to be found in the Constitution? Our author could not but be aware that the only regulation which the Constitution establishes, in regard to citizenship of the United States, is contained in the words which authorize Congress "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization," and in those which provide that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Nor could it have escaped his notice, that neither "white," nor "black," nor any designation of color, is to be found from the beginning to the end of that instrument. There is evidently a want of care in regard to the language used in this passage and the impression likely to be conveyed. We miss that clearness and accuracy so characteristic of other parts of the book, and can understand the author's meaning only by supposing him to have confounded the laws passed in regard to naturalization by Congress, under the authority of the Constitution, with the Constitution itself. If the whole passage quoted above be taken together, there is an evident confusion of ideas, not to say contradiction, which cannot be explained by any other hypothesis.

As early as 1790 Congress passed a naturalization law which provided that "any alien, being a free white person," might become a citizen of the United States, upon complying with certain specified conditions. The same formula, limiting the privilege of naturalization to those aliens who are "free white persons," has, we believe, without exception, been introduced into all the laws in regard to this subject which have since been enacted. Evidently, then, no colored person can become a citizen of the United States unless it be by birth. The author admits that, if such persons were citizens of a State at the time the Constitution was adopted, they became citizens of the United States, when he says that, at that time, "the citizens of the several States collectively con-

stituted the citizens of the United States." But he thinks there is a presumption, requiring positive testimony to repel it, that none but whites were citizens of the States, because, as he says, "the Constitution does not authorize any but 'WHITE' persons to become citizens of the United States." We have seen that there is no language in the Constitution which can be made to bear this meaning. The "presumption" must consequently vanish. But if the Constitution contained such a regulation in express words, it would seem that, instead of creating a presumption that there were no colored citizens in the States, it would create one of a directly opposite character.

The laws regulating naturalization assume additional importance every year. Immigration flows no longer from Christianized Europe alone. Thousands of Pagan Asiatics are already on our Western border, and the golden gates of our paradise are flung wide open to the oppressed, restless, and enterprising inhabitants of the Oriental world. Consistent policy would seem to dictate that time should be allowed for foreigners to be Christianized before they are naturalized, if, as is confidently believed and asserted, Christianity is the foundation and support of free governments.

The Constitution says that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States"; and the first amendment declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." If unlimited licentiousness or cold-blooded assassination be the outward manifestation of a religion, and necessary to its free exercise, and the protection of the Constitution be claimed by its advocates, competent authority must decide what is meant by religion in the Constitution, and what is its free exercise. Evidently the spirit of these provisions demands that no constraint be put upon a man's religious sentiments. He may believe or disbelieve what he pleases; and he may practise according to his belief, so long as his practice involves no act contrary to law, or, which amounts to the same thing, injurious to the rights of others. But a dividing line must be drawn between what is and what is not lawful, as an act of religion,

under the Constitution. No act contrary to the common law of the land can be admitted as necessary to the free exercise of such a religion as is recognized in the Constitution, and thus be put beyond the reach of legal punishment; for by this common law the Constitution itself is interpreted. This rule may seem very general; but it is tenable, and is a safe point of departure.

The principle and application of the prohibition which forbids the States to pass any "law impairing the obligation of contracts," is discussed by President Duer in a very able and interesting argument. Commencing with the first appearance of this clause of the Constitution before a judicial tribunal in the year 1795, the author reviews, briefly, the principal cases in which it has been examined. The first case arose in Georgia, from an act of the Legislature declaring a land-grant, made under an act of the previous year, "to be null and void on the ground of fraud and corruption in obtaining it." Since that time various cases have arisen, none of which has excited more interest, elicited a greater display of forensic eloquence and judicial knowledge and ability, or become more famous, than the *Dartmouth College Case*, decided in the Supreme Court of the United States in the year 1819. After the decision of that case there seemed to be a tendency in the courts to apply the doctrine of contracts to every act of a legislature which might bear any resemblance to a bargain. This tendency to press a sound doctrine to an extreme, was first arrested by the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, in a cause decided in 1839. In the decision of this case a distinction is taken between those acts of a legislature which are in the nature of a stipulation, or covenant, and those which are laws. The laws may be repealed by any subsequent legislature; the stipulations, or contracts, cannot be rescinded. Another important distinction is laid down between the power of a legislature to resume a previous grant by a repeal of the act creating the grant, and the power to resume the same grant by an exercise of the right of eminent domain. The legislative body has no power to rescind the contract by a repeal of the law making the grant; but it may resume the grant by virtue of the right of eminent domain, rendering there-

for a fair compensation. Another distinction equally important is made between the proper subject-matter of a contract, and that which it is not in the power of a legislature to grant, without express authority from the people, in whom all sovereign rights are vested. Thus, a right pertaining exclusively to sovereignty cannot be the subject-matter of a contract, and consequently cannot be sold or granted away, except by authority from the people expressly given, either in the State Constitution or in some other competent manner.

The legitimate result of this doctrine, which at once commends itself to the reason, would seem to be, that a legislature may forbear to exercise any sovereign right, or by law render it inoperative, at its discretion; that any subsequent legislature may at any time repeal such law, and thus bring the right again into full exercise; and that no legislature can, of itself, sell, give, lend, or in any way, for ever so short a time, part with, any attribute of sovereignty. A further result would appear to be, that, if such sovereign right were granted by covenant, without express authority from the people, the contract thus made would be void from the beginning. In this case there could be no violation of the contract by a repeal of the act, because no contract was created, and no rights could be vested, by an unauthorized act.

In delivering the opinion of the court in the case above mentioned, Chief Justice Parker says: —

"The power of taxation is essentially a power of sovereignty, or eminent domain, and it may well deserve consideration whether this power is not inherent in the people, under a republican government, and so far inalienable that no legislature can make a contract by which it shall be surrendered, without express authority for that purpose in the Constitution, or in some other way directly from the people themselves."

After admitting as a settled doctrine, "that legislatures may make grants of some kinds which come properly within the denomination of contracts, and such contracts, when made, are as inviolable as the contracts of an individual," and that such contracts cannot be abrogated or impaired, he says: —

"But there is a material difference between the right of a legislature

to grant lands, or corporate powers, or money, and the right to grant away the essential attributes of sovereignty, or rights of eminent domain. These do not seem to furnish the subject-matter of a contract."

This same subject came up for discussion in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in June of the last year. The decision was made in accordance with the principles above stated. Chief Justice Lowrie, in delivering the opinion of the Court, uses the following language: —

"But has the Constitution conferred upon the Legislature the authority to extinguish *for ever*, by bargain and sale, the power to raise revenue for the support of the government? All free governments are established by the people for their benefit, and the powers delegated are to be exercised for their common good, and not, under any circumstances, to be sold or destroyed, so long as the nations establishing them have physical power to maintain their independence."

His Honor goes on to argue that government cannot exist without means; that it has no right to commit political suicide by depriving itself of the means of subsistence; and that, "if the power to raise revenue may be sold to-day, the power to punish crimes may be sold to-morrow, and the power to pass laws for the redress of civil rights may be sold the next day. If the legislative power may be sold, the executive and judicial powers may be put in the market with equal propriety." The court proceed to review several of the most important cases, beginning with that of *New Jersey against Wilson*, which arose from a grant of lands, by the colonial government, to a tribe of Indians, free from taxation; and concluding with the case from the New Hampshire Reports to which reference has been made, quoting and adopting the doctrines of Chief Justice Parker. The court also say: —

"There is no constitutional objection to the repeal of the tonnage tax, or any other tax, whenever the Legislature, in the exercise of their discretion, shall think proper to pass such a law. The objection is to the sale of the taxing power in such a way as to put the resources of the State out of the reach of future Legislatures, should the public necessities require a resort to them."

It may be said that the power to impose taxes is only suspended, and not surrendered, and that it is suspended only

as to a few specified subjects. But if we apply the obviously correct reasoning of the court of Pennsylvania, it will appear that the number of subjects exempted by contract from taxation may be indefinitely increased, until no source of revenue remains. A similar course of reasoning would be manifestly applicable to the case of a surrender of any right of sovereignty by covenant, and must lead to similar conclusions. The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States as to this question have been maintained on the ground of the validity of the grant, as held by the State courts. If the validity of the grant be admitted, it must follow that to rescind that grant subsequently by a legislative act would be to "impair the obligation of contracts."

We heartily wish our space would allow us to quote the admirable argument of our author on the application of this constitutional restriction to the insolvency laws. Especially would we like to quote his argument from the Constitution against nullification and secession. But we must bring these remarks to a close; and we cannot better do this than by transcribing the concluding paragraphs of the book, which we have read with so much pleasure and profit.

"I have now completed the proposed examination of the *powers* vested in the General Government, as well as of its fundamental principles and *organization*. And I trust it has abundantly and satisfactorily appeared,— . That all the powers requisite to secure the objects of National Union are vested in the Federal Government, while those only which are not essential to that object are reserved to the States or to the People. 2. That this National Government, though limited in its powers to national objects, is *supreme* in the exercise of those powers, whether exclusive or concurrent, express or implied; and that, whenever any of these powers come into collision with the concurrent or independent powers of the States, the State authority, which is subordinate, must yield to that of the nation, which is supreme. 3. That this Constitution, the laws made in pursuance of it, and treaties made under the authority of the United States, whether before or after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, are the *supreme law of the land*, and that, both from the nature of the case and the provisions of the Constitution, the National Legislature must judge of, and interpret, the supreme law, as often as it exercises its Legislative functions; that the Chief Executive Magistrate of the Union, in like manner, possesses

the right of judging of the nature and extent of his political authority; and that, in all cases assuming the character of a suit in law or equity, the supreme Judicial tribunal of the Union is the final interpreter of the Constitution. 4. That no State authority has power to dissolve the relations between the Government of the United States and the People of the several States, and that, consequently, no State has a right to secede from the Union, except under such circumstances as would justify a revolution; and that an attempt by any State to abrogate or annul an Act of the National Legislature is a direct usurpation of the powers of the General Government, an infringement of the rights of all the other States, and a violation of the paramount obligation of its members to support and obey the Federal Constitution.

"In this exposition, it has, I trust, been rendered also manifest, that, unless such were the nature and principles of that Constitution, it would never have accomplished, as it has most effectually and happily, the great ends for which it was ordained, nor delivered the People of this country from the evils they had experienced under the Confederation. I trust, too, that, in reviewing this system of Government in its practical operation and results, you will have perceived that we have abundant cause of gratitude to Heaven, not only for defending us from those former evils which must necessarily have increased under a mere alliance between the States, but for bestowing on us, in their stead, those blessings of liberty, law, order, peace, and prosperity, which, under Providence, the present Constitution has secured to the present generation, and promises to posterity.

"And finally, I trust most confidently that you will not hesitate to join with me in earnest and devout prayer to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, that our National Government, as established by this Constitution, and the happiness hitherto enjoyed under it, may stand fast, and endure as long as the vast continent over which it seems destined to extend its influence or its sway." — pp. 424 – 426.

Art. VIII. — 1. *History of British India.* By Hugh Murray. London. 1857.

2. *Delhi, or the City of the Great Mogul.* By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. London. 1857.

3. *L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise.* Par le Baron de Pencheon. Paris. 1854.

4. *Histoire Générale de l'Inde, Ancienne et Moderne.* Par M. de Marles. Paris. 1848.

The British empire in India has been shaken to its centre; nor is it yet out of danger. Often enough, it is true, we read glowing accounts of "brilliant successes" on the part of the British, — "great victories" gained over the Sepoys. Time after time we have been told that the rebellion has been crushed, and that all that remains to be done on the part of the rulers of India is to adopt suitable measures for the prevention of future mutinies. When the press of India, English as well as native, was shackled by the Governor-General, statements of this kind were to have been expected. It was clearly the intention of "His Excellency in Council," when he thus declared free discussion a crime, that the truth should not be told. It would be idle to pretend, and credulous to believe, that the English journals in Hindostan would excite the Hindoos to rebellion, and encourage them to attempt the expulsion of the British. Of course no such absurd fear was entertained. The real apprehension was that they would let Europe and the civilized world know the facts, and, above all, the causes, not only of the war, but also of the intense and deadly hatred of the insurgents to all foreigners who speak the English language. The odium which this information would entail was to be guarded against as far as possible; and there was no more effectual means than to see that the papers should publish nothing except what was found creditable, at least not discreditable, to the government. In addition to this, let us bear in mind that the India correspondents of the English papers are, with one or two exceptions, either British officers in the Company's service, or political functionaries, who have a still greater interest in

concealing the dark side of the picture; and we shall then be able to estimate, with the aid of the trustworthy testimony found in several works on British India, how much truth there is in such accounts, and how much reason in such theories, as those above alluded to.

The breaking out of the present rebellion should not have surprised any one acquainted with English literature, even if he had never read a French or German work on British domination in Hindostan. The wonder was, and is, that it had not broken out fifty, or at least twenty-five, years earlier; for what great English statesman or general since the time of Warren Hastings's trial, who has paid any attention to the subject, has failed to warn England against the consequences of the East India Company's despotic rule, and its oppressive and cruel exactions? But no fear of retribution could restrain that rapacious oligarchy, always sustained as they have been by the English nobility, whose junior sons they enabled to accumulate fortunes in a few years, and whose ill-gotten treasure — the money wrung by fraud and torture from rich and poor — has continually been pouring into England. It was this division of the spoils that rendered the trial of Hastings nothing more than a solemn mockery. All the important evidence against him, even his own letters and those of his agents and accomplices, were excluded by the Lords. Their lordships would not, of course, cast odium on their own sons and nephews. Far from acting as impartial judges, disposed to discover guilt and punish its author as a warning to others, they afforded the accused every opportunity of seeming innocent. In not a few instances they abused the eminent orators and fearless men selected by the House of Commons to carry on the prosecution. Even among the bishops this feeling was but too plainly evinced. Thus when, as Mr. Mill tells us,* Burke was cross-examining Mr. Auriol, the Archbishop of York, whose son, Mr. Markham, had been in high employments in India under Hastings, started up, and, with much feeling, said "that the illiberality and the inhumanity of the managers could not be exceeded by Marat and Robespierre,

* Mill's British India, Vol. V. p. 198.

had the conduct of the trial been committed to them." To this Burke replied: "I have not heard one word of what has been spoken; and I shall act as if I had not." "Upon reading the printed minutes of the evidence," says the historian, "with due care, I perceive that Mr. Burke treated the witness as an unwilling witness, which he evidently was; as a witness who, though incapable of perjury, was yet desirous of keeping back whatever was unfavorable to Mr. Hastings, and from whom information unfavorable to Mr. Hastings, if he possessed it, must be extorted by that sort of coercion which it is of the nature and to the very purpose of cross-examination to apply." It was vain to expect that a man shielded in this manner by interested judges would be convicted. Few, if any, supposed that he would be, after the evidence had begun to be excluded, or when it was seen that the accused could give the lie to his prosecutors with impunity.

And what was the character of the crimes which the spiritual as well as the temporal peers thus effectually screened from justice? Nero, Caligula, or any other tyrant of ancient or modern times, could hardly have been guilty of worse. He shrank from no excess or outrage by which money was to be made. His treatment of the Begums of Oude alone — two widows, one of them eighty years of age — deserved the severest punishment. First the son, Asoff ul Dowlah, is compelled to aid in robbing his mother and grandmother. The unfortunate princesses themselves are blockaded in their dwelling by British troops, in order to compel them to surrender their treasures and jewelry. Bribery and torture are brought to bear on their servants for the same purpose; the women and children are kept without food and drink until they cry with hunger on the house-tops, and are forced to sell their clothes to save themselves from starvation. Even after the treasures are surrendered, — after the Begums are despoiled of all, as if by common highway robbers, — they are still kept in confinement, still abused and subjected to every indignity, in the belief that they have more treasure which they can be forced to part with; and all this under pretence of their having aided Cheyte Sing in his rebellion. The Rajah Nuncomar accuses Hastings of bribery and fraud. Soon after, the

accuser is arrested on a trumped-up charge of forgery, tried by a jury of Hastings's creatures, convicted in defiance of the evidence, and executed amid the tears and shrieks of his countrymen. This was nothing less than murder; yet it was not as bad as the infamous bargain made with a Mahratta chief for the extermination of the Rohillas. Forty lacs of rupees was the price agreed upon for this service. It might well seem incredible that the armies of a civilized nation would take part in so diabolical a project; but no sooner was an instalment of the blood-money paid, than the combined forces — the British under Colonel Champion — entered the doomed territory to spread desolation and death among its peaceful hamlets. "Never, probably," says Mr. Mill,* "were the rights of conquest more savagely abused; *man, woman, and child* were given up to the destroying sword, and the country was reduced to a desert." These were but a portion of the atrocities well known to have been perpetrated by Hastings; but instead of being punished for slaughtering for hire the people whom he pretended to govern or protect, selling the honor of their wives and daughters, robbing helpless females of their jewels, and causing the execution of innocent men to prevent them from bearing testimony to his infamy, he was rewarded with an enormous pension! Such was the result of a trial which lasted nearly eight years, and the developments of which startled the civilized world, showing that, bad as Hastings was, the cruel, inhuman tyranny which he had practised to gratify his insatiable rapacity was little, if at all, worse than that of his predecessor Clive.

This was the time to adopt measures for the prevention of mutiny. Not only the British government, but the whole world, was made aware sixty-five years ago that no people on earth were worse treated than the Hindoos, and it was impossible that they could continue to submit to so hard a fate. Yet what was done to relieve them? Was not the same policy pursued by Hastings's successors; — the policy of exciting the native princes against one another; fighting on the side that promised to afford the richest spoils; making

* History of British India, Vol. III. p. 509.

the "ally" pay exorbitant sums for the aid rendered him in butchering his neighbors; taking the lion's share of the conquered territory; finally, despoiling the ally himself, and reducing him to the condition of a pensioner on British bounty? What else caused the continuance of the war with Hyder Ali, and subsequently with his son, Tippoo Saib? Neither went to war until treaty after treaty had been violated by the Governor-General. In these wars the scenes of carnage, rapine, and desolation were, if possible, still more frightful than in that which exterminated the Rohillas. Hyder Ali, above all others, was found a formidable enemy. Three times he defeated the British and their allies. Once the city of Madras, with all its mercantile wealth, was entirely at his mercy. He could have loaded his officers with treasure, and destroyed all the beautiful villas in the suburbs belonging to the British traders. But although the Company had repeatedly proved perfidious to him, he contented himself with dictating a treaty to his enemies, the terms of which were, under all the circumstances, quite moderate. Even this treaty was violated as soon as it was found inconvenient to observe its provisions, and this led to the terrible irruption into the Carnatic which has been described by Burke as "a storm of universal fire, blasting every field, consuming every house, destroying every temple."

Those who wish to trace the causes of the present rebellion must look back even thus far at British domination in India. Nor must they overlook the Sikh or Afghan war, much less the annexation of Oude, or the opium monopoly. With data such as history furnishes in connection with each of these subjects to found an opinion upon, he would be hopelessly stupid indeed who could not see that there was reason enough for even the most revolting scenes that have lately been witnessed in Hindostan. We do not mean that anything could justify the atrocities of the monster Nena Sahib; let that fiend's name be ever execrable, as that of the cold-blooded and cowardly butcher of helpless women and children. Every person of feeling or humanity mourns the fate of the victims, and heartily sympathizes with their bereaved friends. But in our indignation against Nena Sahib we must not forget that cruel atrocities had been perpetrated

on the Hindoos under British rule before he was born, — atrocities which, if we are to believe the testimony of English historians and English statesmen, were hardly less inhuman than those committed by the infamous hero of Cawnpore. Women and children have not, we trust, been wantonly mutilated in the open streets, or torn in pieces by the British in India; but that women have been flogged by them, that their persons have been violated in the presence of their husbands and parents,* that they have been tortured in a manner to emulate the Inquisition in its worst days, — their children not unfrequently sharing their sufferings, — are facts as well attested as any others to be found in history. Are the Sepoys, then, so much more to blame for their tiger-like ferocity than their English masters, who had set them such examples? Is it more astonishing to find Hindoos committing even unnatural murders while smarting under oppression and scorn, than to find Christians — the citizens of one of the most enlightened nations in the world — robbing and plundering the poor to gratify their avarice, and outraging the wives and daughters of their victims to gratify their lusts? †

The truth is, that the Hindoos have been treated, not like men, but like wild animals, by their English masters. We assert this in no unkind spirit, and under the influence of no hostile feeling towards England, for we entertain none such, but as representing a state of things which we deplore in common with all unprejudiced men, whether English, American,

---

* See *Hastings's Trial, — Minutes of Evidence*, &c.; M. de Courcy's *Tableau de l'Inde, passim*, &c.

† It is a favorite theory at present, that the Hindoos are incorrigibly treacherous and bloodthirsty. But it is one which is by no means borne out by history. There is no more authentic work on Hindostan, especially so far as relates to the disposition and character of the inhabitants, than Rickards's *India*. In this work Mr. Rickards says: "Having lived twenty years in India, and passed much of that time in intimate intercourse with various natives, I have a different opinion of their character to that given in several printed works. I have constantly seen in their acts and conduct the *practice of the most amiable virtues*. I have experienced from many *the most grateful attachment*. I believe them capable of all *the qualities that adorn the human mind*, and though I allow many of their imputed faults, (where is the individual or nation without them?) I must still ascribe those faults more to the despotisms under which they have so long groaned, *than to natural depravity of disposition, or to any institutions peculiar to themselves*." — p. 3.

French, or German, and which, for the credit of Christianity and of our civilization, we should be glad to see reversed in the future. It is easy to declaim against the excesses of the Sepoys, — easy to be pathetic on their barbarities. But we do not see their side of the question. We cannot hear their voice, in a strange language, over the broad ocean. But English historians honestly and faithfully give us accounts of their sufferings, which make our blood run cold. We read in the daily journals of Sepoys being blown in scores from the cannon's mouth. The details are sickening. Eyewitnesses describe the scene as "showers of muscle and blood." We ask ourselves whether it can be possible that humanity is thus outraged in the nineteenth century, in the sacred name of justice, under the semblance of law. "Oh!" say the organs of the power that seeks to maintain its authority in this manner, "see what they have done! Why should savages who have acted like those at Cawnpore be treated like men?" This satisfies the consciences of many, though at best such butcheries can only be regarded as "the wild justice of revenge," in one of its most revolting manifestations. But the plausible argument, "See what they have done at Cawnpore," is a fallacy; for the British authorities in India did not wait for outrages such as those committed by Nena Sahib, to blow Sepoys from the cannon's mouth. There is nothing new in this mode of destruction as practised under British rule. Indeed, it was one of the first inventions of the servants of the East India Company, for the benefit of Hindostan; for we find that so early as 1763 Sir Hector Munro caused twenty-four Sepoys to be blown from the cannon's mouth "as a caution to others." It was not pretended that these twenty-four men had murdered either women or children, or that they had murdered any one. All that was alleged against them was, that they had "a mutinous spirit" among them!

We may here remark, parenthetically, that even these executions scarcely reflect as much disgrace on British rule as the course pursued towards the sons and nephews of the king of Delhi. Both French and English accounts of the capture of Delhi agree in stating that the king and the princes were not arrested, but that all surrendered on certain conditions,

one of which was that their lives should be spared. Yet the princes, — the king's two sons and his nephew, — whose only crime was that they were heirs to the Mogul throne, were immediately shot; and, if we are to believe the government despatches and the London newspapers, their dead bodies were dragged through the public streets and exhibited in the market-place as trophies.* This news was accompanied by accounts of the exploits of companies of British troops, that went about the captured city murdering all the natives they could find, without regard to age, circumstances, or condition, — the men often cutting the throats of their wives and daughters to prevent their falling alive into the hands of their enemies; and by a subsequent mail the world was informed, in a few brief sentences, that "twenty-two inferior members of the royal family had been arrested and executed." We would fain hope that the latter statements (we mean those relative to the taking of Delhi, for all others of which we have taken any notice in this rapid glance are founded on historical testimony, the truth of which cannot be gainsaid) may prove to have at least been exaggerated, although, bad as the deeds are which they represent, they are not one whit worse than many others perpetrated under the express sanction or secret connivance of the same power.

We pass over the Indian administrations of Lord Mornington, the Marquis Cornwallis, Lord Amherst, and Lord William

---

* If an Æneas had beheld that sight, well might he have sighed, as Virgil so finely tells us the hero did when the body of Hector was treated with similar barbarity. And may there not have been also an Hecuba and an Andromache, — the former to mourn for the captive gray-haired king, the latter for his son, not slain as Hector was, in battle, but shot down in cold blood after having received a solemn promise that his life should be spared?

> "Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
> Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
> Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo:
> Ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici,
> Tendentem manus Priamum conspexit inermis."

The same excess of *Christian* vengeance, notwithstanding the boast of sparing the old man of eighty, — the descendant of the good Acbar, — reminds one of that touching passage where the gentle Hecuba asks the unhappy king,

> "Quæ mens tam dira, miserrime conjux,
> Impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis?"

Bentinck. Not that there were no usurpations or spoliations committed under their auspicies; but, however sorely the people continued to be oppressed during their terms of office, and however much the native princes had to complain of in the wars fomented and supported against them, the administrations of these noblemen were mild and liberal in comparison with those of their predecessors. And they are entitled to the same distinction when compared with those who succeeded them. Hastings himself was scarcely more ready to violate treaties, or more greedy for annexation and plunder, than Lord Auckland, who projected the first invasion of Afghanistan by English troops. This was one of the most wanton wars ever waged. The plan adopted was to involve Dost Mohammed, the reigning sovereign, in hostilities with Runjeet Singh, a Hindoo prince of the Punjaub, with whom the British were in nominal alliance. This afforded a pretext for marching an army of twenty-eight thousand men, aided by a contingent of six thousand Sikhs, into the heart of the country. So utterly unprepared were the Afghans for this unprovoked and treacherous invasion, that their principal cities were taken in detail, being incapable of efficient resistance, — though the people fought like heroes in defence of their homes and their liberties. Dost Mohammed, having had no time to concentrate his forces, was easily overpowered. The usual promises of British friendship, protection, and support were made to him, on condition that he would cede the greater part of his kingdom to the invaders, or at least pay a large yearly tribute to the East India Company in addition to the expenses of the war; the alternative being, that he should be immediately deposed from the sovereignty. Without any hesitation, he preferred the latter alternative, scornfully telling his enemies that he would rather be without a crown for ever than sell his country to such masters. This was enough. He was immediately deposed in favor of Shah Soojah, who was ready to receive his orders from Calcutta, or, in other words, of whom it was known that he would prove a facile tool in the hands of the Company. In order to support the sovereign thus appointed, and that the tribute might be secure, garrisons of British troops were left in the principal towns. But while

the Governor-General was congratulating his employers on what he regarded as the approaching annexation of Afghanistan, the Afghans rose simultaneously in insurrection, put Sir William McNaghten, the British Resident, Sir Alexander Burnes, and several officers, to death, and expelled the British troops from the country with terrible slaughter. Of 4,500 soldiers who left Cabul for Jelalabad on their way to Delhi, with more than three times that number of camp-followers, only one European (Dr. Brydon, a military surgeon) reached the first-named destination.* That the British soldiers fought bravely and well no one could deny. Sir Robert Sale's defence of Jelalabad was an example of heroism worthy of a better cause; but it is not the less true, that in the records of invasions there is scarcely one that entailed such disaster and disgrace on all who took an active part in it. Had the Governor-General and his rapacious advisers been among the victims, few impartial men acquainted with the circumstances would deny that they deserved their fate. Another army was sent the following year, with the avowed purpose of revenge. On this occasion numerous deeds of incredible barbarity were committed, as a punishment to the Afghans for having annihilated the British invading army in defence of their own rights and liberties. Several of the principal cities and towns, including Cabul, the capital, were set on fire, and property, private as well as public, was destroyed to a large amount. But it was of no use: the Afghans refused to bow their necks; the invaders had to withdraw a second time; and Afghanistan enjoys its independence of British domination to the present day.

All this was of course well known throughout India; and it was not without its effect on the Sepoys. If they had

---

* It is a singular commentary on the disinterestedness and sincerity of England in her interventions in the affairs of other states, that her avowed object in her recent invasion of Persia was to protect the rights and liberties of these very Afghans and their king. She did her best herself to appropriate all Afghanistan. Then, in a few years after her inglorious failure, the Shah takes possession of Herat, which had once formed an integral part of his kingdom, and the independence of which Persia had never recognized. Great Britain goes to war, however, as the champion, forsooth, of freedom and right!

never thought of a general mutiny before, is it not reasonable to believe that they began to think of it now? They were aware that Afghanistan was a small country compared with Hindostan, — a mere province. Yet they saw that the Afghans cut to pieces the flower of the English army, together with the Sikh auxiliaries; that the British were utterly unable, with a very large force, to hold possession of that small territory; that, in short, they had to make a precipitate flight from the country, first leaving some of their women as hostages, and reluctantly to acknowledge its independence. This was something for an enslaved people to ponder upon; and they have never since been the same subservient slaves which they had previously been. A mutinous spirit soon became apparent among the Sepoys. They began to evince more sympathy with one another; the different regiments became more intimate; and all showed less cheerful willingness to obey their European officers. We have abundant testimony on these points, and England was warned to beware. But she would not believe there was any danger. The journals of the day ridiculed the idea. The East India Company would not admit that any treatment could arouse the Hindoos to assert their rights. To prove that these opinions were correct, and that those who looked into the future were mere alarmists, the Sepoys were represented as the most helpless and timid of men when left to themselves, or when not guided and encouraged by Europeans. As for the people generally, they were, forsooth, all cowards. One sailor landing from a ship and brandishing a stick over his head was sufficient to cause fifty Hindoos to run away in terror of their lives. Such were the wisdom and foresight of men who, consistently enough, are still at a loss to discover any rational cause for the mutinies.

The Sepoys were, at all events, not left much time to form extensive conspiracies after the Afghan war was over. It was necessary to perform striking exploits to wipe out the disgrace incurred in Afghanistan. The British prestige being greatly damaged, it was necessary to repair it as soon as possible. Besides, Scinde was a beautiful country; and the Ameers, its rulers, had the reputation of being very rich. As for a pre-

text for invading the country, that was easily found. It was necessary merely to pretend that the Ameers were tyrants, and horribly oppressed their subjects, who consequently ought to have the blessings of British rule extended over them. The Governor-General issues his decree accordingly. A large army is mustered, and, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, it proceeds with due despatch to butcher the Scindians for their own good. They, however, viewing the matter in a different light, offered all the opposition in their power. They fought bravely in defence of their princes and themselves; but after several battles their country was formally annexed, as many others had been before it. Thanks to Sir Charles Napier's humanity and sense of honor, this war was much less one of plunder and rapine than any previous forays on the part of the Honorable Company. But if no blood had been shed, and no dwelling burned, — in short, had nothing been done but to force on the people rulers whom they did not want, and whose avarice and rapacity were proverbial, — would not sufficient injustice have been perpetrated by the usurpers?

The annexation of Scinde did not seem to have much effect on the Sepoys, or on the Hindoo people in general. It did not restore the former prestige of the British arms. This was evident. The Sepoys commented on it freely; talked of Scinde as "a small place with a handful of people," — a people not so able or willing to fight as the Afghans. No notice was taken of these sarcastic comments at the time, any more than of the idle, harmless gossip of children. They were as little thought of as the mysterious cakes which began to be circulated about the same time from station to station, from one end of Bengal to the other. Indeed, the authorities were too intent on spoliation to find leisure to pay much attention to anything else.

If Scinde was a comparatively small country, the Punjaub was a large one. The owners of the former had the navigation of the most important part of the Indus to themselves; but by annexing the Punjaub they would have its whole course south of the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains, with all its tributaries. This project was formed before the Scindian war

was quite over. There were, however, serious difficulties in the way. The Sikhs were known from experience to be a very different people from their nearest southern neighbors. In short, it was necessary to make extensive preparations before attempting to attack them. This task was reserved for Sir Henry Hardinge, who in 1844 was sent to succeed Lord Ellenborough. Runjeet Singh, the sovereign of the Punjaub, having died, his "faithful allies," the British, managed to foment a quarrel among his heirs, so that two of them were put out of the way rather mysteriously. The succession was then contested by several claimants; and this afforded an excellent opportunity for the wonted paternal interference of the British. They of course were actuated by no selfish interest. Their only concern, as usual, was for the welfare of the Sikhs, who were in danger of being unhappy under their own princes; and the only way to save them was to force them at the cannon's mouth and bayonet's point to become liege subjects of the Honorable Company. Accordingly, all the instruments of destruction that could be spared throughout the Peninsula were in due time brought to bear upon them. Several sanguinary battles were fought, in some of which the British were totally defeated and routed. One memorable instance is the battle of Chillianwallah, fought on the 14th of January, 1849, (exactly one year after the arrival of Dalhousie as Governor-General,) in which the British, according to their own accounts, lost nearly three thousand men, and had to make a very undignified retreat from the field. This was new, and pretty conclusive, proof to the Sepoys that British invincibility was as much a fable as British disinterestedness; and there is no doubt but they pondered on it accordingly. The invaders were forced to suspend hostilities. They made a virtue of necessity, as usual, telling the Sikhs that they would not interfere any further. In the mean time, they were collecting troops from all parts of Eastern Hindostan; and as soon as they had an army which they knew could not be resisted with any serious effect, they suddenly renewed the war. Some two or three battles were fought, in which the British were victorious; so that the heroic Sikhs, who had so often performed such prodigies of valor against superior numbers and

discipline, on the fields of Ferozepore, Aliwal, Sobraon, and Moultan, were compelled at last to submit their necks to the yoke of the Company, their country having been formally incorporated with the British dominions on the 29th of March, 1849.

Before passing on to the wholesale spoliations of Lord Dalhousie, which culminated in the annexation of Oude, we will here pause to make a few observations on the modes adopted by the Indian government to convince the people on whom it thus forced its paternal services that it was for their interest to be governed by Englishmen. The paid champions of the Company tell us that, in every instance, the people "annexed" have been benefited by the change; but they forget to show how. This indeed were impossible; as any respectable history of British domination in India abundantly proves.* The truth is, that Hindostan has retrograded in intelligence and civilization under English rule. Education, far from being encouraged, has had all kinds of obstacles thrown in its way. Even the Bramins of the present day do not know the use of the astronomical instruments which remain in those of their observatories that escaped the bombardments by the Company's forces, nor can they understand many of their ancient books; and this increasing ignorance on the part of the Hindoos is gravely put forward as a proof that the domination which caused it is essential for their well-being. No one acquainted with ethnological science or ancient history can deny that the Hindoos were among the earliest cultivators of the arts and sciences, and it will ever be a problem whether science is not more indebted to them than to the ancient Egyptians. Be this as it may, it is beyond question, that while our ancestors, whether we call them Saxons or Celts, were painting their naked bodies, and were as ignorant of letters as the rudest tribes of negroes discovered by Dr. Livingstone in his African travels, the Hindoos were in the enjoyment of a high state of civilization. Even the Greek philosophers, especially Pythagoras, derived much of their

* "La ruine, la misère, l'anéantissement des anciennes institutions, *voilà ce qui n'a cessé de marcher sur la trace des Anglais.*" — *L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise*, par le Baron de Pencheon, Vol. II. p. 226.

knowledge from the Hindoos. But we are told that all this had passed away before British rule was inaugurated in India, — a statement which, however, is not correct. The admirable university * and school systems, revived by the good Acbar, the Louis XIV. of the Mogul empire, were still in active operation. But what remains of them now? And what systems have been established in their stead?

The apologists for the Company's rule assign as another reason for keeping the Hindoos in a state of servitude, that they are heathens, whom it is the mission of England to Christianize. This is plausible; but nothing more. Far from taking any pains to induce the people to embrace Christianity, and eschew idol-worship, the British government has actually encouraged idolatry in the most effectual and decided manner. Thirty-nine years ago, a Sepoy who became a Christian was dismissed at once from the Bengal army for having abjured his native faith. The evidence that he had been baptized by the Rev. Mr. Fisher was conclusive; and the delinquent was sentenced accordingly, by a "special court" held by order of Sir John Martindell, although there was no soldier in the regiment to which he belonged who bore a more excellent character. All who know anything about India are aware that large annual grants have been allowed by the Christian government of India for the support of Hindoo and Mohammedan temples. It was not until 1852 that a grant of land was substituted for the previous yearly tribute to the priests of Juggernaut. Indeed, it is incredible what vast sums are expended in this way; and the priests are obliged to furnish certificates that their respective idols have been properly attended to, before the money is paid by the local functionary of the government, whose duty it is to take care of such matters. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie tells us that an annual Mohammedan festival had long been held in Delhi in honor of a Mohammedan saint, over whom the government had built a

---

* See Sir William Jones's *Asiatic Researches*, Vol. II. p. 115 *et seq.* The University of Benares was so late as 1520 the largest in the world. In an observatory in the same city the Danes found an orrery representing the solar system almost exactly as it is now regarded.

magnificent tomb, as a means of drawing pilgrims, and consequently money, to the city.

Simple as their English masters had hitherto supposed the Hindoos to be, they have long been fully alive to the shameful injustice of the opium monopoly, — a monopoly that has not a single redeeming feature. All who cultivate the poppy are obliged, under ruinous penalties, to furnish every particle of the opium which it yields to the government, at its own price. Not only is any reserve seized upon and confiscated, but the party in whose possession it is found is ever after debarred from cultivating the poppy. The drug thus obtained by force is sold at auction at Calcutta by the government, and in recent years has brought a clear annual profit of not less than $ 25,000,000.

Every one is aware what has been done to swell up the opium revenue to this amount. Every one remebers the war waged against China to compel the Chinese government to permit the use of the poisonous drug. For fifty years the importation of opium had been prohibited under severe penalties in China. But the East India Company did not care for this; for it kept a fleet in the Chinese Seas for the express purpose of smuggling the contraband article into all the sea-ports. The Emperor remonstrated, protested, and warned against the continuance of the practice, in vain. The merchants, both native and foreign, were cautioned against purchasing the opium on pain of confiscation. All these efforts were made by the Chinese government, not because its own revenue was diminished, or in any way endangered, by the traffic, but because it was found that the drug entailed incalculable evil on the people; in short, that it was corrupting their morals and destroying their lives. At length, the Emperor made a desperate effort to save his people. Commissioner Lin caused the seizure of 20,283 chests, valued at $ 10,000,000. Does any one believe that, if the Chinese had systematically set the laws of England at defiance in a similar manner in her own ports, after numerous solemn warnings, that confiscation would have been the only punishment inflicted upon them? But this did not save Canton from being bombarded, nor prevent the British from butchering the Chinese and destroying their property

on as extensive a scale as possible, until the Emperor consented to bribe his enemies in order to prevent further loss of life and destruction of property.

This, too, had its effect in India. It did much towards restoring the prestige of the British arms. Those who, owing to the recent reverses of the English in wars with some of the Hindoo princes, had begun, as already intimated, to calculate the chances of success in a well-planned insurrection, now grew diffident again. They knew very well that China was a large and populous empire; and their English masters spared no pains to make them understand that they had accomplished wonderful exploits in the opium war. In the mean time the unfortunate Hindoo people were oppressed to the utmost verge of endurance by the ruthless tax-gatherers of the Company, who, if resisted, had only to call on the troops or the nearest station to aid them in their exactions.

Were we to assume that the government is actuated, as its interested champions pretend, by an honest solicitude for the welfare of the people, in compelling them to surrender their opium crop for about one third of its market value, will the same reasoning apply to the salt monopoly? Is the salt so heavily taxed only for fear the people might injure themselves by eating it to excess? Is East Indian salt intoxicating or poisonous? Would there be danger that its free use would ruin the moral and physical health of the Hindoos? Is it not one of the commonest necessaries of life? Undoubtedly; and this is precisely the reason why it is so heavily taxed. The people are so wretchedly poor, that a tax on mere luxuries would hardly affect them at all, and it would put but little into the coffers of the Company; whereas those who can afford anything will try to procure salt. Hence it is that from this one article the government of India derives, according to its own admission, an annual revenue of over twelve million dollars. It is not too much to say, that nine tenths of this sum comes from the miserable, half-naked, half-starved cultivators of the soil. It were needless to add anything, even if we had space, on this branch of the subject. Suffice it to direct the attention of the reader to the mode of levying and

collecting the land tax, as described by Sir Hector Munro.* The government arrogates to itself the right of doing as it likes with the ryots, — letting land to them and evicting them from the same at pleasure, as if they had no claim on their own soil. Nay, its commonest bailiffs or sub-collectors have the power of turning industrious, honest families out of their little holdings and tents, and forcing them to seek shelter in the jungles among the wild beasts; and this is often done for reasons altogether independent of the non-payment of the land tax.

Who forgets what rejoicings there were less than two years ago for all that Lord Dalhousie had done for England? No praise was too high for his lordship then, — no honor too great. There were those, however, — the honest and generous, — who raised their voice against his spoliations, and who did not hesitate to say that there would be a day of reckoning. Exceptions of a similar character were to be found among the daily and periodical press of Great Britain, — journals and quarterlies which earnestly denounced the annexation policy. It is worthy of remark how different was the tone of the publications north from those south of the Tweed on this subject; and the same difference has been maintained to the present day. The London papers and periodicals which were most in favor of annexation rather avoided dwelling on "the successes" of Dalhousie. It was easy to see that they were ashamed of the business. But to the praises by the Edinburgh press there were no bounds. Those in Blackwood's Magazine may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole. In the number for August, 1856, there is an article entitled "India under Lord Dalhousie," which, even at the time of its publication, was a curiosity in literature. According to the writer, whatever his lordship did in the spoliation of the Punjaub, Pegu, Nagpore, and Oude, was great, masterly, noble. Thus we were told that "No Indian Viceroyalty, *brilliant* as many of them have been, will bear comparison with that of Lord Dalhousie. He has won himself *a foremost place, not only among British*

* See also Capper's *Three Presidencies of India*, p. 260 *et seq.*

statesmen, but among the true rulers of mankind in all ages. The bread which he cast on the waters '*in patient confidence*' *has been* '*found again.*'" So it has been found with a vengeance. In short, according to the writer, he was a second Alexander, — a greater genius than Julius Cæsar or Napoleon. But being human he had one fault, — he was too generous! In the December number for the same year there is a similar article, entitled "Our Indian Empire," not to mention the very unmanly attack in the October number, entitled "A New Una," on the queen of Oude, who had crossed the seas in the vain hope of obtaining justice from Queen Victoria and her Parliament. The world was informed, in the paper styled "Our Indian Empire," that "a grave error" might be committed for want of due discrimination, inasmuch as native princes were still allowed to rule over fifty millions of people, while Great Britain was at the trouble and expense of "protecting" all. But this was not the only "grave error" which the Company was warned against. It was also cautioned against pensions. "It will hardly be credited," says the writer, "by the English public, that a million and a half sterling is annually due from the sore-pressed Indian treasury to a dozen deposed Nawabs and Rajahs and their families, or to the descendants of the same, for ever, *unless by good fortune they become extinct.*" This, we hardly need say, simply means that all should be annexed, and that the plundered native princes should be thrown on the world to starve (as, indeed, several of them have been), like the poor cultivators of the soil.

Assuming this to be the voice of Scotland, who would infer from it, we may ask in passing, that she herself had ever felt the iron heel of England, — that there were such fields within her borders as Bannockburn and Culloden, that there had been such a massacre as that of Glencoe, that almost in our own time her hardy, industrious sons have been slaughtered like wild beasts by the Duke of Cumberland (the son of the king of England), who has received from English historians the well-merited title of "royal butcher,"* or that

* Macaulay's History of England; History of England by Lord Mahon.

her patriots and poets had with so much feeling and eloquence denounced her English oppressors?* It is the privilege of Scotland to be content with her position as an English province, or an appendage to the British crown. We have no right to complain if she chooses to pay millions to England for ruling her, and to send the money to London that ought to be spent in Edinburgh; but gravely to argue that Great Britain should annex every country she can seize, and despoil its rulers and people, is quite another matter.

What is called the conservative press in Ireland not unfrequently displays a zeal somewhat similar to that of Blackwood. The Dublin University Magazine is quite patriotic in the British sense, and very much concerned for "our Indian empire," though it does not go so far as to counsel wholesale robbery, with its Northern contemporary. But the London Quarterly, the British Quarterly, and the Westminster Review, to their honor be it said, are much fairer and more liberal in discussing the relations between the oppressor and the oppressed, the reason of which probably is, that the English publications are not afraid of being suspected of

---

* Smollett, although in the British service as surgeon's mate, was so much incensed at the barbarities of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, that he wrote as follows, in his heart-stirring poem entitled "The Tears of Scotland," in 1746: —

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy vanished peace, thy laurels torn.'"

Still more earnest and bitter, if possible, is Robert Burns, nearly fifty years later: —

"By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

"Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!"

sympathy with the Hindoos, while those of Scotland and Ireland that wish to stand well with the stronger side must avoid all appearance of "disaffection." Even the Times, which has never been much distinguished for scrupulousness, has ceased to defend the spoliations of Lord Dalhousie. Those who knew most of India, and whose opinions were of most value, have always been opposed to the annexation policy. Among them we may name such men as Wellington, Wellesley (his brother), Munro, Malcolm, Metcalfe, Napier, D'Israeli, Elphinstone, and Lord John Russell. The prevailing sentiment of the British people has been equally adverse to the same policy. Scarcely a public meeting has been held in London within the last sixty years for the purpose of discussing the condition of India, without Englishmen coming forward to denounce the rapacious tyranny and iniquitous spoliations of the East India Company. Nor have they ceased to do so since the breaking out of the present rebellion. We find that at a large and respectable meeting held at the London Tavern on the 9th of December last, for the advocacy of Indian reform, Mr. Philmore, one of the principal speakers, used the following language: —

"The Company had openly and in the most immoral manner carried on what by a species of euphemism was called the policy of annexation, — in other words, seized upon everything they found it convenient to seize, — and by so doing they had made us the object of suspicion and distrust to every native of India. Oude, it was said, was misgoverned. The people did not think so; and Wilson, the great authority in history, and in the pay of the Company itself, thought with them."

The same usurpations have been a common theme with English clergymen. The writer of this paper has often heard them denounced from the pulpit, with solemn warnings of the retribution which sooner or later they would be sure to bring. We find in the London Daily News a portion of a sermon delivered at Northampton, England, on the 11th of October, in which the following remarks occur: —

"The late unjust annexation of the Punjaub, Berar, and Pegu, by Lord Dalhousie, were deeds at which Christian men stood aghast; and the nefarious grasp of the remaining portion of the kingdom of Oude seemed to fill up the measure of our iniquities. Fifty years of faithful

alliance, of stanch adherence to the British power, through every fluctuation of its fortune, did not suffice to save Oude from *the midnight attack on her capital, which was the death-blow of her independence. This late act it was which precipitated Indian resentment and turned against us the arms of our Sepoy soldiers.*"

Every word of this is emphatically true. Malcolm Lewis, Esq., in his pamphlet entitled, "Has Oude been worse governed by its native Princes than our Indian Territory by Leadenhall Street?" says: — "Whether considered as a measure of political expediency, or as one founded on the 'holy' object of interference for the benefit of the people, in either case a justification is sought in vain." Such is the candid admission of a man who had lately occupied the position of second judge of the Sudder Court of Madras. The British Quarterly for January last speaks of the modern Christian depredator as follows: —

"Lord Dalhousie left India in October, 1856, and of most of the disasters that have since occurred he was a proximate, if not indeed the promoting cause. He had done *the harshest things that had ever been consummated by any Governor-General of India*, and had stooped, as Mr. Mead says, to the pettiest reprisals upon personal enemies. . . . . Yet the man so self-indulgent in his own regard could be positively dishonest, not merely in his aggressive and ambitious, but in his financial policy. When he found the game of annexation did not pay, he turned on the fund-holder with a view to fresh predatory achievements, and descended to the dishonesty of robbing government creditors of one per cent of the interest they were entitled to by a Jesuitical offer of repayment, which he well knew the East India Company was not in a position to discharge."

To these honest and fearlessly expressed opinions of Englishmen on the subject of Lord Dalhousie's "magnificent conquests," as the Times and Blackwood's Magazine used so grandiloquently to style his Lordship's depredations on his neighbors' property, we add the following extract from an English paper which has always manfully and nobly vindicated the cause of the oppressed: —

"Not only did Lord Dalhousie seize upon the territories of Indian princes, but he could not keep his hands off the *shawls and trinkets of their women.* His subordinate instruments were permitted to carry out

the annexations in a spirit of paltry plunder, and with *a vulgar brutality that would have disgraced a sheriff's officer.* Even the very sheep and cattle and household furniture were sold for the benefit of government. We will cite one instance. Some three years ago a visitor to the shop of Messrs. Hamilton & Co. of Calcutta might have been startled at the appearance of the usually neat and trim place. It wore the aspect of a pawnbroker's window. Littered about were shawls and scarfs that had been worn, gold and silver plate that had been used, second-hand jewelry, gold and silver pipes that had been smoked. A stranger would have thought that some burglar had entered the house of an Indian nobleman, had plundered his Zenena, and had cajoled these respectable tradesmen into purchasing the stolen goods. He would not have been far wrong, but the thief was a very distinguished one. England, that mighty nation upon whose dominion the sun never sets, the wealthiest nation in the world, — England in the person of her viceroy, the Marquis of Dalhousie, had passed by the dwelling-place of the royal widows of Nagpore, — had peeped in, and seeing that their scarfs were interwoven with threads of silver and threads of gold, seeing that their pipes and platters were formed of the same precious metals, and that their jewels, if rudely set, were of great value, England had slily whipt the precious toys from their shelf and put them in her pocket! The disgraceful litter defiling the shop of Hamilton & Co. was — we can use no worthier word — Lord Dalhousie's swag from Nagpore.

"The annexation of Nagpore was founded upon failure of heirs. Therefore we not only took the kingdom, but the trinkets of the queens. All was sold, down to their sheep and bullocks. The case of Oude was worse. Let Sir James Hogg say what he will, there was a breach of a distinct, unmistakable treaty. Yet the same game of petty peculation was played over again. Horses, sheep, cows, tigers, elephants, and armory went to the hammer. The people marked their indignation by refusing to buy, and the things went for a song. The complaints of 30,000 Sepoys of the country were disregarded, and Lord Dalhousie, in his Minute, ventured to hope that the results of his rule would not be thought 'unprofitable or disappointing.' The result, however, has been the rebellion."

No rebukes were ever more richly merited. The comparison of Satan reproving sin was never more in point, than when Great Britain was shedding her crocodile tears for "the down-trodden Neapolitans." Well she knew that the Neapolitan dungeons were no worse than those of Austria, or than the French penal settlements in South America or Africa;

nay, she was well aware that not one of the three was guilty of such enormities as she was herself. The king of Naples was singled out for correction, not because he was worse than the Emperor of the French or the Emperor of Austria, for he was not as bad as either, but because he was not so strong, — because he was weak, it was thought he could be bullied, like King Otho of Greece. It would have been well for England had she taken the advice she got then, given as it was with reproach and scorn. But she was too hardened in iniquity. Had it been otherwise, the new disclosures just then made of the barbarous tortures still carried on in India would have induced her to adopt some measures for the relief of the Hindoos, — they would at least have constrained her to put an end for ever to the torture system; for the journals throughout Europe were filled with the sworn testimony of its victims, — testimony corroborated by Englishmen. The evidence thus taken filled two large volumes. And with these proofs of her iniquities before the world, — showing that the most cruel, most disgusting, and most unnatural modes of punishment, used for the purpose of wringing money from the poor, were identically the same as those so eloquently described by Burke sixty-three years previously, with the exception that some new instruments of torture had been since invented by British genius, — with this undeniable testimony of human suffering without a name, inflicted wantonly under her authority, — she "remonstrates" in defence of the assassins and lazzaroni of Italy, and at the same time is very much concerned to send the Gospel to the heathen! Could the arch-fiend himself, as described by Dante or Milton, play the hypocrite with more consummate impudence? And yet it was nothing new on the part of the British government and its worthy representatives in India,

> "Who armed at once with prayer-books and with whips,
> Blood on their hands and Scripture on their lips,
> Tyrants by creed and torturers by text,
> Make *this* life hell in honor of the *next!*"

It is needless to examine into the causes of the present rebellion at further length. They are as obvious as those of the explosion which takes place when the match is applied to the

loaded cannon. As already remarked, it is vain to affect surprise at the insurrection. What is strange is that the Sepoys refrained so long from turning their arms against the oppressors and plunderers of their country. There is not one impartial historian of British India who has not been astonished at the patient endurance of the Hindoos under the rule whose character we have here but imperfectly sketched. Nor is there any especial credit due to those who have predicted that the day of retribution would come, if the Hindoos continued to be treated thus worse than slaves. The most ordinary foresight — nay, common sense — was a sufficient qualification for a prophecy like this. It did not require so great a mind as that of Burke, Fox, or Wellington. But the insatiable love of gold on the part of the British, and the remarkably submissive character of the Hindoos, rendered warnings, no matter whence they came, ineffectual. Some fourteen years ago the Baron de Pencheon wrote a valuable work on India, in two volumes, which attracted much attention in Europe at the time for its bold, though sensible and moderate, views on the condition of Hindostan under English rule, but which was, nevertheless, much abused by the London press because it told unpalatable truths. It is interesting now to examine the statements of the clear-headed Baron. After having graphically described the oppressive and cruel conduct of the government, and indicated the bitter, implacable resentment of its victims, the author says: —

"La soumission *apparente*, avec lequelle l'Inde *supporte le joug de l'Angleterre* peut, sans doute, *paraître en contradiction* avec ce qui precede. *L'insurrection est la dernière des peuples opprimés, comme le canon celle des rois absolus. Mais ces protestations sanglantes et armées elles-mêmes* n'ont pas manqué contre le pouvre dominateur de l'Inde." — *L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise*, Vol. II. p. 227.

The same writer draws a parallel between the condition of India and that of Ireland under British rule. In doing so, he proves that he well understands the grievances and wrongs of both countries. The parallel is singularly correct, — only too true.

"En revanche il est un autre pais qui se prête *complètement à cette comparison ; c'est l'Irlande.* Rien ne saurait être plus curieux que

d'examiner comment *une situation sociale*, pour ainsi dire, *identique*, se manifeste dans ces deux contrées situées à trois milles lieues l'une de l'autre, appertenant à des religions, à des races, à des climats si différents, séparées par les abîmes de l'océan, en quelque sort par le monde entire, qui ne se touchent que par un point, *un seul, leur sujetion à l'Angleterre.*"—Vol. II. pp. 404, 405.

There is, perhaps, this difference between the two English dependencies, — that for the last quarter of a century the Irish have not been openly subjected to physical torture, — that is, further than to pull down the houses over their heads, or the like, when they have been unable to furnish the required amount of money; but to counterbalance this, the Hindoos have not been forced to die of hunger on so large a scale as their Hibernian fellow-sufferers.

We should not have deemed it necessary, even if we had space, to enter into details as to the incidents of the war, since, so far as the facts have been allowed to transpire, if facts we may call them, they are already familiar to our readers from the daily journals. Although without the performance of actual miracles, — which are not common in our day, — it would have been impossible for the Sepoys to be so often annihilated as has been currently reported, and still to continue to fight bloody battles, — sometimes remaining undisputed masters of the field, — we think there is little doubt that, with the large, well-disciplined forces now in the country, England will ultimately succeed in restoring her rule in India. But the Hindoos will never again submit so tamely to her yoke as they have in times past. This, by itself, will be a beneficial result of the rebellion, because it will teach England that, if she wishes her power to endure, she must relax her tyranny; she must not allow princes and people alike to be robbed and outraged as they have hitherto been; she must, in fact, treat even the despised ryots as men endowed with human rights and privileges. An amelioration of the political condition of the people must certainly be effected without delay, if Hindostan is to remain a British dependency. Then the rebellion, with all its enormities, will not have been in vain, — nay, it will have done incalculable good. It will be a warning to the oppressor that human endurance and submission have their

limits, — no matter who the sufferers are, what race they belong to, what latitude and longitude they live in, or what is the hue of their complexion.

Let us hope that there will be no more of those butcheries still threatened for the purpose of revenge against such of the Sepoys as may fall into the hands of their masters. No outrages on the part of the former, not even those at Cawnpore, would justify such revenge. It is much better for England herself to adopt a mild policy. This she ought to understand by this time. In every instance, executions under circumstances of peculiar barbarity have exasperated to recklessness those whom they were intended to intimidate. Nor will the opinion of the world, or of posterity, justify any harsh treatment of the unfortunate princes who are now in British custody, and whose only crime has been the wish to regain the thrones of their ancestors, with the consent of the people, who have the best right to say who shall or shall not occupy them. Too much, indeed, has already been done in this way. Deeper stains have been left by the murder of the young princes at Delhi than can be effaced in a century. Yet it is gravely discussed by the English journals whether the king of Delhi himself — a man upwards of eighty years of age, scarcely able to rise from his couch — ought not also to be executed! It is impossible to believe that any civilized nation — even England, chargeable as she is with many crimes against the weak — would be guilty of so barbarous a deed, — a deed which would have disgraced Attila, or Alaric, in his worst days, — although the old man is still talked of as if his doom were sealed, and it were desirable to prepare the public mind for his death. Judging from the treatment given to the princes, and the outrages committed even on their dead bodies, it is not to be supposed that the ex-king has at best been very gently handled. If he has been allowed to re-enter his own dwelling after being bereaved in so summary a manner of those most dear to him on earth, we fear it was too much in the spirit of Orestes in the Electra of Sophocles, when forcing Ægisthus into the palace in order to kill him in the same apartment in which he had murdered Agamemnon; —

> Χωροῖς ἂν εἴσω σὺν τάχει. Λόγων γὰρ οὐ
> Νῦν ἐστιν ἀγὼν ἀλλὰ σῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

It is much wiser for England to talk about general amnesties than general executions. There have been quite enough of the latter. Moreover, threats of vengeance will no longer divert public attention from what the people of India suffered before the rebellion; indeed, they should have had no such effect from the beginning. But it is always well for those who would gain sympathy to make loud complaints, showing how wantonly and barbarously they have been assailed. The outrages at Cawnpore, revolting as they were in themselves, have been turned to good account in this way. Ever since they became generally known, England has been looked upon as the injured party, while the Hindoos have been regarded as no better than a race of demons. Few have paused to inquire what were the circumstances of the case; or what provocations the Sepoys, or the Hindoo people, had received, to prompt them to such deeds. Still fewer have recognized the position of England as that of a robber; while the Hindoos were the parties robbed. In this view, the question arises, Are robbers to be treated like ordinary people? Is it sufficient to talk to them, or to throw tufts of grass at them, as the farmer at the apple-stealing boy in the fable? When they become formidable, and are daily committing greater and greater depredations, setting their victims at defiance, are they still entitled to be treated according to the laws of civilized warfare? In short, who, on finding a robber breaking into his house, — the same burglar who perhaps had often despoiled him before, and who, he knows, is as ready to take his life as his money, — who, in a case of this kind, will be very scrupulous as to the means by which he tries to rid himself of the intruder, and to let his accomplices see that it is better for them to follow some honest business? It is, indeed, unutterably sad, that innocent women and children should have been butchered as they were at Cawnpore; but their blood, after all, is on the heads of their own countrymen, who by their systematic oppression and cruelty had excited intense and deadly hatred against all who speak their language. This is undoubtedly the light in which the future historian must view the whole matter.

Russia has not been a careless spectator of all that has been

passing in India; nor will she be slow to take advantage of any opportunity that may present itself of superseding England on the Indus and the Ganges. But to say that it was she that caused the present war is absurd. Whole armies of "Russian emissaries" could not have excited such implacable internecine hatred; in short, nothing could have done so but the tears and blood which were so long wrung from the people with their hard-earned money. There are those who say, Let the British government rule India itself, and all will be right; as if the East India Company, so far as governing is concerned, were aught more than a cloak of darkness for the British ministry wherein to hide its Eastern iniquities. It has been very convenient to throw the blame of all unjustifiable acts, all glaring robberies, on the Court of Directors; although not a single province has been annexed, not a single prince deposed, not a single wrong of any magnitude committed, at least since 1830, which had not the previous sanction of the same power that rules "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

ART. IX. — *Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* By the late REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A., the Incumbent. First Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 372.

WHEN this volume first appeared, we expressed our high appreciation of its merits, as the memorial of a vigorous, earnest, and efficient mind, energized by profound religious faith, yet wholly free from the restraints of ecclesiasticism and dogmatism. We then referred, with emphatic commendation, to the "Advent Lectures" on "The Grecian" and "The Roman" elements in the culture of the ancient world, considered in their relation to Christianity, in the preparation which they furnished for its reception, and in their deficiences, which could be supplemented only by a Teacher from heaven. In the treatment of the topics for inquiry thus opened, Mr. Robertson

accords much more nearly with the most enlightened of the Christian Fathers than with the generality of modern divines. Such men as Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen occupied, with regard to the Pagan philosophies and religions, a position as catholic and generous as that of more recent Christian believers has been narrow and prejudiced. They maintained, with St. Paul, that "God left not himself without witness" on the earth; that the same divine spirit which spake through the Hebrew prophets breathed upon the universal heart of man; and that the classic beliefs and rituals, no less than the God-given law of Moses, had their assigned office in preparing the human race for the coming of the Messiah, both by the half-truths which they embodied, and by the inquiries and wants which they awakened, but could not satisfy.

We propose, in the following paper, to consider the classical mythologies in the aspect in which they are presented by Mr. Robertson; and while we pursue our own independent line of thought, we shall freely avail ourselves of such subsidiary arguments or illustrations as may be suggested by his discourses.

The Greek and Roman mythologies, often identified and confounded in the popular mind, and not always distinguished from each other by those who ought to know better, have many points of resemblance, but full as many striking contrasts. They were probably of common origin, though Niebuhr discredits the long current belief that the Etruscans, from whom Rome derived her gods and ritual, were of Greek descent. Certainly the parallelism between the two religions, and their respective clusters of myths, is close enough to designate them as offshoots from one stalk, while they present all the diversities which might be anticipated from the wide difference of soil, climate, and national genius. They are the noblest of all forms of idolatry, and their whole character shows that, if mankind started with a knowledge of the one God, the degeneracy was arrested in Greece and Italy at an earlier stage than elsewhere. Indeed, the Scriptural narrative, which attributes a pure faith and worship to the infancy of our race, is strikingly confirmed by the fact that classic fable goes back to

the theogony, — the birth of the gods, — thus implying a time when they were not.

There are certain records in the introductory portion of the book of Genesis, which throw light on the modes in which polytheism superseded primitive monotheism. The author of that book carefully designates the inventors of the various arts, such as music, metallurgy, tent-making, cattle-breeding, wine-manufacturing, and it is with an evident relish that he traces most of these arts to the despised posterity of Cain, and, as to the last-named, commemorates the sin and shame it brought upon one worthily descended, and in all other transactions honored and revered. He also defines with the utmost minuteness the parentage of the world's fathers, and takes especial care to tell the precise number of years that each lived, and then to say in express words that he died. The writer's manifest purpose in these details was to preclude man-worship by affixing the stamp of humanity, and, when possible, the stigma of its worst types, on the very men who otherwise could not have failed to become objects of worship. Where no record of this sort existed, the earliest inventors, discoverers, heads of families, and planters of colonies, naturally grew into gods. Their deeds — marvellous at the outset, and often appearing supernatural, because the like had not been seen before — became more and more wonderful as they passed from mouth to mouth, and from father to son. The slow stages by which an invention took shape were forgotten, and the century which its development may have occupied was foreshortened into a day or a moment, thus betokening an achievement beyond human genius, and possible only for a god. The exploit due to the prowess of an entire tribe was attached by tradition to its leader, and of course implied in him superhuman strength and endurance. Of a race or a colony, the name of the ancestor or the founder alone survived, and around his sole memory clustered in exaggerated forms all the strange experiences, and daring deeds, and fierce conflicts, and triumphs over rude nature and savage beasts, which belonged to the whole primitive history of the race or colony, thus crowning the single head with attributes which could not be less than divine. Meanwhile the statistics of

personal history — the dates which would have stood stubbornly in the way of apotheosis — were lost. There was no register of the birth of the hero, the inventor, or the ancestor, and the inference was obvious to minds of omnivorous credulity that he had no mortal father, but sprang from the soil, or rose from the sea, or came down from the heavens, or was the joint offspring of a god and a human maiden. The circumstances of his death, too, were forgotten, and the conclusion was that he did not die, but that, when his work was finished, he vanished among the stars, and became thenceforth a presiding deity over the fortunes of men. Gradually these human forms usurped the whole realm of the Divine providence; and, at first worshipped as subordinate divinities, they thrust the idea of the one Creator to an ever-greater distance from the familiar thought of men, till at length he became the mere Father of the gods, superior to them in years alone, and less than they in all else, inasmuch as what might have been his distinguishing attributes had all been monopolized by the crowding ranks of his posterity.

This was undoubtedly the earliest form of false worship. From this, religion pursued two separate routes. Where the arts of design were cultivated, man-worship became idolatry, — was crystallized in forms of strength and beauty, enshrined in massive and elaborate temples, and endowed with a fixed and efficient power over successive generations. The images that became the centres of devotion preserved the names of the deified mortals, and grouped around them in perpetuity the several clusters of myths belonging to them respectively. Thus mythologies like those of Greece and Rome were consolidated. On the other hand, where man-worship failed of the early ministry of art, the myths that had sustained it grew more and more vague and shadowy, vast and grotesque, till at length human names could no longer be their nucleus. They then attached themselves to the occult forces of nature, to the stars and the elements, to the mysterious instincts of animals, to whatever excited wonder, awe, terror, or even disgust. Thus with the imaginative and dreamy Asiatics the sun and the celestial luminaries, fire and air, became gods; the more grovelling Egyptians bowed in religious homage

before the intractable crocodile, adored the intelligence whose workings they could not trace or baffle in the domestic animals around them, and were subdued into worship by the seemingly self-created life and self-urged growth of the leek and the onion; while nations of still lower culture grouped fragments of myths into incongruous and often terrible combinations of attributes, to which they ultimately gave the mockery of form in rude and misshapen images of wood or stone.

We see, then, that the classic mythologies represent the earliest departure from primitive theism. And they retained within them the germ of the very truth of which Christianity is the full development. Theirs was the worship of humanity; and there can be intelligent worship only of what is human, — of attributes of which we are conscious in ourselves. Christian devotion is the worship of God in Christ, — of God as incarnate and manifest in sinless, perfected, glorified humanity. The classical mythology, on the other hand, was the worship of man as he is, mingled good and evil; now benign, now rapacious; now pure, now lustful or inebriate; now just and covenant-keeping, now treacherous and false. It deified alike every noble virtue and foul appetite and vile passion. Yet a purer worship of a personal God could not have supplanted this piebald man-worship, till "the Word was made flesh," till the God-man appeared; and his office, in representing a divine personality which can be adored without degradation and detriment to the worshipper, is in itself of sufficient magnitude to account for the entire apparatus of prophecy and miracle, and is the antecedent condition of his functions as Reformer, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

The Grecian religion was pre-eminently the worship of beauty, first in the human form, then and thence in the whole realm of nature and art. The well-proportioned (*τὸ σύμμετρον*), harmonious (*τὸ ἁρμόνιον*), and becoming (*τὸ πρέπον*), constituted ideal excellence according to the standard of the Greeks. Their highest epithet for a good and noble act was *beautiful* (*καλός*); and the very name they used to denote the universe (*κόσμος*) means primarily *symmetry* of form and

parts, — thus indicating that the Grecian mind recoiled from those sublime, thought-transcending conceptions of the creation in which other races rejoiced, and would admit into its system only such spaces as it could measure with the eye, globe in the fancy, and contemplate as it might some work of human art. There was indeed everything in Greece to nourish this love of beauty. The Ægean, studded with vine-clad islands; the sinuous coast, now towering into promontories that bathe their heads in the clouds and their feet in the deep, now thrusting peninsulas of verdure into arms of the sea that almost meet behind them; the rivers stealing their way with trembling haste, like wood-nymphs chased by fauns; the numerous fountains, in whose leaping waters the stars danced in circles and the trees waved and rustled; the hills decked with fillets and streamers of azure mist; the atmosphere, clear and bracing, inviting life in the open air, and wooing man as the intermediary between him and nature, — all wrought upon the national mind, rendering it sensuous in its conceptions, giving it archetypes in outward forms for whatever appertained to the inward life, and moulding traditions and ideas into shapes of peerless loveliness.

To this tendency we are to ascribe the precedence of goddesses over the sterner sex in Grecian fable and poetry. Almost every city had a goddess for its tutelar divinity. Thus Athens was sacred to Pallas; Argos and Mycenæ to Hera; Aphrodite had more cities and islands under her protection than she had associates in the Olympian banquet-hall; while in Ephesus, which was but a Greek city transplanted across the Ægean, the worship of Artemis surpassed in magnificence all the religions of Asia beside, and her temple yielded only to the Parthenon in beauty, — to no shrine on earth in costliness and splendor.

This beauty-loving mythology was of incalculable benefit as a civilizing agent for Greece, and through Greece for all Western Asia and Southern Europe. True, man makes gods after his own image; but it is equally true that those gods, once made, mould successive generations of worshippers after their own image. In ages of faith (and these every religion has witnessed) there is a perpetual self-shaping of

the moral nature in the form which it adores; and when faith degenerates into formalism, still the unintermitted ritual groups around itself whatever remains of profound thought, or high aim, or strenuous endeavor, while the mere headway gained during religious eras insures continued progress, even when the moving force works with diminished activity.

The entire apparatus of Grecian worship, and almost all its ceremonials, demanded a high standard of artistical excellence. To paint or sculpture gods that were symmetry and grace idealized, and goddesses whose charms were only faintly typified by the lustrous eyes and glowing cheeks of Athenian maidens, was an ambition which could wake all an artist's soul, and stir up whatever of the divine gift there was in him. To produce a masterpiece that should hold its place while the shrine stood, was an aim worthy the culture and effort of a lifetime.

The Grecian deities, too, could be worthily worshipped only "in temples made with hands," and with whatever cost and skill human hands could bestow. In one important point of view, the dominant mythology aided, beyond what was possible for any other, the progress of the arts requisite to give elegance and refinement to the homes of the people. The divinities were deified men and women; — not therefore to be enshrined in massive, tomb-like structures, such as befitted the coarse objects of Egyptian idolatry; nor yet in edifices with heaven-pointing towers, and vast aerial spaces, and vaulted ceilings poised in dizzy, shadowy heights, such as under Christian culture made the Gothic architecture man's least finite copy of the infinite. Their appropriate temples were human homes idealized. Thus the Grecian sacred architecture is strictly and emphatically domestic architecture. Its elements are precisely those of the log-cabin, man's primitive dwelling-place; its accessory ornaments are those which naturally group themselves around and within that dwelling-place with the growth of art, refinement, and luxury. Thus the very same forms which devotion first hallowed were copied in men's homes, and in structures designed for social and public assemblies and amusements.

Art and song, too, are twin sisters; the ear is trained

concurrently with the eye; and music and poetry have their haunts wherever columns tower, and friezes grow, and porticos spread their shelter, and the pencil and chisel multiply their counterfeits of life. And here again verse and song react on the more enduring works of the hand. While Amphion sweeps the strings, walls rise in still fairer proportions to the rhythm of his lyre; where Tyrtæus sings, the spirit of beauty rests on handicraft and daily life. Under the multiform reign of art the last vestiges of barbarism disappear. The popular mind is moulded into grace by the omnipresence of the Muses. The senses which have grown familiar with all that is exquisite and lovely in the temple and the theatre, shrink from rude forms and savage sounds. Even language owns the influence. Gutturals and harshly wedded consonants, unmanageable diphthongs and successions of uncongenial vowels, are softened down. Euphonic changes and insertions smooth the else rugged line, and give continuity to the else broken flow of oratory. Thus the Greek becomes the most flexible and graceful of all languages, and lends itself by the choice or blending of its dialects to every mood of sentiment, epic or lyric, grave or gay, — the thunder of Demosthenes, the wine and love songs of Anacreon.

The Greek states, and especially the Athenian, with a rapid natural growth and very limited room and resources for an expanding population, — planted too on the borders of a sea whose thickly sown islands multiplied landmarks and harbors, so essential before the mystic needle pointed the ship's way, — early sent forth numerous colonies. The Asiatic and Italian continents, the shores of the Euxine and the northern coast of Africa, swarmed with Greek settlers, whose arts went with them, and shone around them, and diffused themselves among nations previously uncultured. And when the glory of Greece waned, and Athens became the capital of a Roman province, philosophers and sophists, rhetoricians and grammarians, architects and artists, manufacturers and artisans, — produced beyond any possible scope for their genius by the over-ripe civilization of their native soil, — sought the bread of strangers by carrying their culture wherever there was wealth to purchase its offices, or mind or hand

which they could train. Thus Greeks filled, in Rome and in all her principal dependencies, places deemed inferior and often menial, yet the true seats of extended sway and posts of controlling influence. They became the educators and civilizers of the world. Their language even was well-nigh universal. While Rome wielded the sceptre, conquered, degraded Athens was the mightier power behind the throne, creating where Rome only governed, giving models more potent than laws, moulding mind and manners, song and literature, — in fine, all except the counsels of state and of war.

Meanwhile, the Grecian intellect had outgrown the faith which had been its inspiration in every form, and through the culminating eras, of its culture. The popular mythology had relaxed its grasp upon the religious nature. Its oracles had become almost voiceless; its temples were no longer the haunts of implicitly credulous multitudes. Philosophy and state-craft still paid a decent reverence to the religious institutes of earlier days; but their prestige was gone. Platonism had diffused among the sounder portion of cultivated minds in part monotheistic, in part pantheistic notions, while the dogmas of other schools of philosophy verged toward atheism; and it may be fairly doubted whether even the populace were not influenced, in their conservatism of the old idolatry, less by religious feeling than by a patriotic attachment to this remnant of their distinctive nationality.

In the decline of faith thus manifest there was an open field for the seed of the God-given religion, when, after its Founder's ascension, his apostles "went forth to sow." An open field, we say, but by no means unprepared; for the ascendency of the Grecian mind and art held no mean place among the elements of the fulness of time for the Messiah's advent. Christianity has no so sure ally as civilization. It is fitly apprehended only by the well-developed intellect. It enters into graceful and harmonious relations with art and taste and beauty, and baptizes the whole sisterhood of the Muses, now truly the "Sacred Nine," into its service. Its most congenial shrine is the well-ordered home, whose refinements it consecrates as fountains of benediction,

whose elegant culture it crowns with amaranthine garlands, whose unions and loves, interwoven by the strongest of perishing earth-bonds, it makes indestructible and eternal. The new religion found a language in which its records could circulate throughout the world; arts that lent their early ministry to its beauty of holiness; schools of learning, many of which speedily became seminaries of piety; industrial pursuits, whose operatives were much more hopeful subjects of evangelical discipline and instruction than hordes of nomads or restless tribes of warriors could have been; and domestic institutions and habits, which lacked only, though they sadly lacked, the elevating and sanctifying agency of Him in whom alone "all the families of the earth are blessed." Thus had the Greek mythology in its palmy days nourished the very civilization which, when it became effete, furnished the most genial matrix for Christian institutions and ordinances.

We pass now to the distinguishing features of the Roman mythology. As the soul of the Grecian worship was beauty, that of the Roman was order, law, obedience. *Religio*, that which binds, was a Roman word and idea. The corresponding Greek word (*θρησκεία*) means merely ceremony. The chief Roman divinities were masculine. Foremost among them were Mars, whose fatherhood of Romulus and Remus typified not alone the warlike temper of the infant state, but its pervading spirit of stern control and strict subordination; and Jupiter, whose majestic form, enthroned on the Capitoline Hill, represented the sovereign sway of relentless justice over the fortunes of men. Rome's most revered goddess was Vesta, the protectress of the home and hearth, the patroness of chastity and purity, worshipped by a perpetual fire served by virgin priestesses. For the wanton Aphrodite of the Greeks she had her Venus Verticordia, who presided over the sanctity of domestic morals, and whose statue the most virtuous woman in the city was chosen to dedicate. Among her temples were those consecrated to Concord, Faith, Modesty, Constancy, and Hope. The myth of the nymph Egeria dictating the statutes of her earliest legislator prefigured the reverence paid to law, as less human than divine, throughout

the better days of the Commonwealth. Religious rites preceded every assembly. No election was held unless the augurs announced favoring auspices from the gods. The induction of consuls and of generals was attended by solemn rites. Sacrifices hallowed the march of armies; sacred oaths bound them to their always consecrated standards; and the very name for the most honorable reception that could await their victorious return, *supplicatio*, indissolubly connects thanksgiving and religious ceremony with military triumph.

Under this severe religion were nurtured uncorrupt magistrates, self-governed leaders in war, soldiers whose loyalty and temperance were invincible as their valor, — noble women, too, who held virtue dearer than life, whose glory was a chaste and pure home, whose jewels were their children. It was this moral superiority, in contrast with the lax discipline and dissolute manners of surrounding states, that made Rome first the mistress of Italy, and then the sovereign of the civilized world. Her self-conquest heralded her career as conqueror. Her early history swarms with instances of patriotic self-devotion and martyrdom, which have no parallel in human records except in the blood-written annals of Christian heroism. It is hard to over-estimate the sum of public virtue, of severe simplicity and integrity, of domestic purity, of fidelity in all the relations of home and society, which constituted the glory of republican Rome; which made her a nation, as the Gauls deemed her Senate a body, of kings; and which laid deep in solid foundations of personal excellence the basis of her national greatness.

But her conquests were the precursors of her decline. With the spoils, she took home the luxuries and the vices of subjugated nations. With their plundered wealth came in corruption and bribery. The government of the numerous provinces, with its opportunities for peculation and extortion, was a lure too strong for the integrity of retiring consuls and successful commanders. The armies, in their winter-quarters in the luxurious cities of the effeminate East, lost their hardihood and their manliness, their love of country and their sense of honor; and the soldiers became mere mercenaries, kept under their banners only by the prospect of booty or largess, and as

ready to bathe their swords in the blood of civil strife, as to wield them against the enemies of the state.

Coincident with this decay of manners and morals, and no doubt one of the most efficient among its producing causes, was a growing religious scepticism. The mythology, such as it was, had been in Rome's early days a faith, a *religion*, and therefore a force. At the Christian era it had degenerated into a state formalism. Augur could no longer look augur in the face without laughing. The Senate created gods by vote ; admitted into the crowded pantheon, without so much as the pretence of believing in them, the divinities of every nation they conquered ; and instituted under the auspices of the state whatever rites of worship (no matter how revolting in their character or how abhorrent from their ancestral faith) could help pacify and consolidate the empire. It may be that this ultra-liberalism of cunning state-craft, by enlarging the scope and varying the forms of national worship, had a prominent agency in unsettling the popular belief, which, if unintelligent, nay, because unintelligent, demanded stable and unchanging traditions and objects of reverence to keep it steadfast. However this may have been, it is certain that the Roman polytheism, while still preserved in form in the imperial city, had virtually become *Paganism*, village-worship, several centuries before it acquired that name.

There was thus in Rome, and in all her principal provinces and colonies, as in Greece and her colonies, unencumbered soil for the germination of Christian truth. And as Greece furnished a universal language for the dissemination of the Christian records, so Rome opened in her vast empire — compacted as it was by the still surviving spirit of law and order — modes of transit and communication, avenues for the transmission of opinions, a common, pervading vitality, which, as fast as it became imbued at its centre and heart with the new religion, sent the life-current to all its extremities, so that the Christianization of Constantine was virtually the conversion, at least in name and form, of the civilized world.

This rapid sketch of the germinal principles and the sources of influence of the two mythologies which held the chief place

among the religions of the ancient world, — inadequate in other regards, — may suffice to point out the essential deficiencies of all systems of belief not founded on supernatural revelation, and thus to indicate man's profound need of such interposition for his religious culture as has its record in the Christian Scriptures. In the first place, the tendency to polytheism seems inevitable in the absence of revelation. Man early and almost universally yielded to it, and it is believed that, except under Jewish or Christian auspices, no nation or community has escaped it. In the very nature of things, it was impossible for unaided reason, unless in the rare case of a Socrates, a Plato, or a Cicero, or in those who could become the intelligent and appreciating followers of such masters, to work its way to a conception of the Divine unity. The rays of divinity that are diffused over the creation converge only at a point beyond man's clear vision. Conflicting elements, the alternation of calm and tempest, the glad and the fearful experiences of humanity, ecstatic joy and desolating grief, suggest the idea of different systems, rival powers, deities both beneficent and malignant. A more than mortal hand must belt the universe, as in letters of flame, with the inscription, "God is one," before man can in its light harmonize discrepancies, trace good in seeming evil, behold the hand of love in the storm and on the leaping waves, and recognize the ministry of mercy in what it withholds or withdraws. The truth lies beyond human reach, and, revealed and received in faith, it could be verified only by the work of ages; for, almost down to our own times, the demonology of the Church has been, if not a polytheism, at least a virtual dualism, partitioning the empire of the world between the Supreme God and the semi-omnipotent foe of God and man. Now, polytheism at best can have only an imperfect, transient, and self-limited power over its adherents. A divided sceptre holds but a feeble sway. Deities of opposing counsels can furnish no stable ground of trust and hope. Hence the inherent weakness of the classic mythologies, their dependence on their newness and freshness for their influence on mind and character, and their tendency to decline and dissolution by the mere lapse of centuries.

These mythologies, also, failed of the true office of religion, inasmuch as they disjoined worship from personal goodness. In some of their divinities, indeed, they presented examples of single virtues; but in others, equally revered, they exhibited combinations of the vilest traits and traditions of the foulest deeds. Nor was any moral qualification necessary to constitute the acceptable worshipper. The sacrifice or oblation was of equal worth at the hands of Socrates and of Aspasia, of Cato and of Catiline. Indeed, Christianity is the only religion which has ever discriminated between ceremonial worship and heart-worship, — which has recognized none as its subjects except those who could bring clean hands, pure purposes, contrite souls, to the altar. In the Gospel alone, religion and morality are made one, root and branch of the same tree; — religion, as it strikes its sustaining fibres deep into the Rock of Ages; morality, as it spreads its shade and scatters its ripened fruit over the walks of busy life.

These mythologies, it is worthy of emphatic remark, embodied no adequate idea of retribution. True, Greeks and Romans in general believed in immortality; they had their Elysian fields, and their realms of woe and torment. But Elysium was a dreary tract of the under-world, where shadowy, attenuated forms — mockeries of the life that they had been — wandered in cheerless gloom, recounting their earthly experiences, and yearning for the summons to the Lethean draught which should send them back to the light of day and the scenes of their former pilgrimage; while Tartarus was reserved for unnatural and horrible crimes, and especially for blasphemy and sacrilege. There were thus no threads from the earthly life to be woven into the web of the eternal destiny, no measured proportion between character and doom, no inevitable projection of the past into the unending future, no powers of the world to come whose forecast lights and shadows could rest on the arena of moral discipline.

The classic mythologies were, above all, deficient in their making no provision for the reconciliation and pardon of the penitent. The sense of guilt and unworthiness can never have been silent or inactive. It is this which has piled the altars of Paganism with slaughtered hecatombs, which has

inspired horrible forms of self-torture, which has put the sacrificial knife into the father's hands to slay "the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul." Propitiation in some form has been a part, as of Christianity, so of all other religions; but in these it has been doubtful, empirical, with no certain response from the shrine of sacrifice. An inarticulate cry of need and misery has gone up from the burdened soul, but the heavens have been as brass in the crisis of its despair, and it has sought refuge again in the very sins that wrought the agony. Because it had no sure hope of forgiveness, no hand let down, no voice from the eternal silence, no father's arms and house open for its return, it could not repent.

In Moore's beautiful fable, the Peri, promised forgiveness and entrance to forfeited Paradise on condition of bringing to the eternal gate the gift most dear to Heaven, returns in vain with the last life-drop of the patriot's blood, and then, again, with the expiring sigh of the most faithful human love; but still the crystal bar moves not. Once more she seeks the earth, and bears back the tear of penitence that had fallen from an outcast, godless wretch, who has been melted into contrition by a child's prayer; and for this — for this alone — the golden hinges turn. The classic mythologies could boast in rich profusion the patriot's blood, could feed the torch of a love stronger than death; but they could not start the penitential tear, — they failed of the one gift of earth for which there is joy in heaven.

ART. X.—1. *Mœurs et Coutumes de l'Algerie.* Paris. 1855. 12mo. pp. 400. *Le Grand Desert du Sahara au Pays des Nègres.* Paris. 1856. 12mo. pp. 356. Par le Général E. DAUMAS, Conseiller d'État.

2. *La Chasse au Lion.* Par JULES GÉRARD. Paris. 1857. 12mo. pp. 252.

3. *Un Été dans le Sahara.* Par EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. Paris. 1857. 12mo. pp. 291.

4. *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, in the Years* 1849–1855. In three volumes. By HENRY BARTH, P. D., D.C.L. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 657, 709.

5. *Adventures and Missionary Labors in several Countries in the Interior of Africa, from* 1849 *to* 1856. By T. J. BOWEN. Charleston. 1857. 12mo. pp. 359.

6. *Western Africa, its History, Condition, and Prospects.* By J. LEIGHTON WILSON, Eighteen Years a Missionary in Africa. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 527.

7. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda, on the West Coast; thence, across the Continent, down the River Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 754.

8. *Lake Ngami, or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 521.

9. *First Footsteps in East Africa.* By RICHARD F. BURTON. London. 1856. 8vo.

10. *Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan, Wanderings around the Birthplace of the Prophet and across the Ethiopian Desert, from Sawakin to Chartum.* By JAMES HAMILTON, Author of "Wanderings in North Africa." London: Bentley. 1857. 8vo. pp. 430.

THE list of new works upon Africa which we have given above does not exhaust the catalogue of recent issues; but it

comprises the most valuable, and fairly represents the various classes of persons who have made the perilous venture of African discovery. We have in this list a soldier and an ambassador, a scientific scholar and a sentimental artist, professional travellers, mighty hunters, and peaceful missionaries; only the merchant is wanting to make the list complete. In style and literary finish the books here mentioned are very unequal. In only two of them, the volumes of M. Fromentin and of Mr. Hamilton, are the periods turned with the grace of practised writing. We could not expect that lion-hunters would be masters of elegant sentences, nor can we ask unexceptionable English from men accustomed for years to think and speak in Negro dialects. A German "Doctor of Philosophy" has a natural right to be prolix, ponderous, and tedious in exhibiting his facts and measurements, and relating his experiences; yet we are not prepared to echo the cruel criticisms of the English press, and to insist that the value of Dr. Barth's treatise would be increased threefold were it reduced to one third of its present bulk. It contains very little irrelevant or superfluous matter. And when we consider the circumstances under which this material was gathered, the fatigues, privations, losses, illnesses, dangers of every kind, which this traveller was called to encounter, his elaborate and accurate journal becomes one of the marvels of literature.

It is not our purpose, in this article, to take special notice of any of these works, either in the way of praise or of fault-finding. The chief value and the common merit of all of them is that they give information concerning Africa, — information on which we can rely, and which in every case we can understand. The stories of these travellers are not of things which they heard, so much as of things that they saw. They correct many of the absurd legends, which have been handed down from the days of Herodotus, about the rivers and the lakes, the wild men and wild beasts, of the mysterious continent. There is an admirable moderation in the descriptions of adventure, quite in contrast with the not unusual accounts of travels in South America, Mexico, and India. For genuine modesty Dr. Livingstone's narrative is worthy to be associated with the Reports of Dr. Kane and Colonel Fremont. General

Daumas writes like a true soldier, in an honest, straightforward, *unconscious* style, — as unlike as possible to that of De Saulcy or of Lamartine. And even Jules Gérard, that terrible "lion-slayer," does not stretch his prowess beyond measure in the relation of his thrilling battles. There is no work on our list from which any abatement must be made on account of lively fancy or rhetorical exaggeration. All of them bear unquestionable marks of frankness and truthfulness. M. Fromentin is a poet, and sees sometimes in the sky of the Sahara a "light that never was on sea or land," but he sees nothing on the sand itself but what is really there. Messrs. Wilson and Bowen are missionaries, but missionary zeal has not made them such blind enthusiasts as to expect a speedy regeneration of the African races from the unaided preaching of prevalent Christian creeds.

The explorations of these writers open before us those parts of the African continent of which, heretofore, very little has been known or told. They touch nearly all of the geographical and ethnological problems which the very mention of the word "Africa" suggests. They go around the continent and across it, — horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, from its southernmost point northward, and from its northernmost point southward, from east to west, and from west to east, — and reveal to us the natural features of nearly all the land. Only a few degrees of *terra incognita* remain, and these the boldest of all the adventurers is now actively exploring. When the "Hadji Abdallah," alias Richard F. Burton, comes back from his journey along the equatorial lines, the map of Africa will be as complete as that of any other grand division of the globe, and the desire of twenty centuries will have been fulfilled. A few years ago the map of Africa represented to the eye only a huge triangle, of which the corners and the connecting sides were defined, but all the interior was left vacant. Within that enclosure one had entire freedom to insert the signs of mountains and rivers and cities, according to his own will and pleasure. The designations of countries and tribes were like the predictions of the weather in the "Farmer's Almanac," — as straggling and as trustworthy. One might affirm anything about the interior region, — that it was green

or dry, hilly or level, populous or a desert waste; none could contradict, no negative could be proved. The theory might be broached that the connecting link between the race of man and that of monkeys would be found in the centre, and no one could dispute it by appeal to facts. Children in the schools were distressed by the puzzle of rivers which seemed to rise nowhere and empty nowhere, and of chains of mountains which seemed to have no regularity, connection, or basis. Of the northern half of the continent the general notion was that it was a great sand-plain, and of the southern half there was no notion at all. Egypt, the Barbary States, the groups of Madeira and Cape Verd Islands, Sierra Leone and Liberia, the Portuguese slave stations on the western coast, the Cape Colony for a few miles inland, two or three trading-ports on the Indian Ocean, — these were substantially the whole of known Africa at the beginning of this century; the rest was hardly more than the shadow of a name. Not one in a hundred of the Dutch or English or Portuguese mariners knew anything about the land around which their ships had sailed for ages. The African continent only vexed the European world as an obstacle to commerce.

The principal reason, no doubt, of this long ignorance concerning the interior of Africa, is to be found in the unwillingness of adventurers to expose themselves to the fatal influences of the climate. Scores of travellers, who would have been attracted rather than hindered by other hazards, have been deterred by the fear of malaria and fever, which experience has proved to be so deadly to foreigners. The strongest constitutions have been found inadequate to struggle with this enemy. One after another, the few who have dared to penetrate this forbidden region have been stricken down, and the best kindness of savage men has not prevailed to save them. The partial successes have been purchased at the price of severe physical sufferings and ultimate death. Of one thing we are always sure, when we take up a narrative of African travel, — that it will be a story of pain, disease, and continual bodily prostration. Of an organized company one or two may escape with life, but they bring back shattered frames and premature old age. The expedition of which Dr. Barth gives

the journal lost its chief, Mr. Richardson, in less than a year from the time it fairly set out; and before the close of the succeeding year Dr. Barth was called to bury his remaining companion, Dr. Overweg. The process of acclimation in Africa is incomparably more trying than in any other region of the earth. Constitutions hardened by exposure in the military service of India will break in a voyage up the Niger, and bronzed faces will rapidly grow pale when the airs from those forests breathe upon them.

Whatever other prejudices concerning Africa recent discoveries have been able to set aside, they have not, we must think, contradicted this prejudice against the climate. There are, no doubt, healthy localities to be found, — settlements where, bating the extreme heat, there is no special discomfort to a European frame. But these localities are not numerous, and there are few of the actual African settlements in which a white man can keep his physical vigor. A missionary who goes to any tribe must make up his mind beforehand to steady physical misery, — to that condition of body in which it is as hard to think as it is to act, in which the brain and the hand sympathize in their weakness. This objection of the climate will in itself prevent Africa from becoming a dependency or a colonial possession of any European power. The "atmospheric influences" are against any foreign dominion on its soil. And even trade will feel this hinderance, though the navigation of the rivers should become easy and safe, and commercial stations should be established in the healthiest neighborhoods. As we regard it, it is safer to inhabit the Pontine Marshes or the Roman Campagna than any part of the African continent from the Desert of Sahara to the Desert of Kalahari. Mr. Bowen, who labors to make the slave lands of Yoruba and Abbeokuta an attractive field to Christian evangelists, candidly admits that "the climate is very dangerous."

We are gratified to notice that more than one of the writers we have catalogued confirm the views expressed in a recent issue of this Review concerning the sanitary value of *trees*. Mr. Bowen advises emphatically that every house should be surrounded by this kind of hygienic protection, and his advice

seems to be the result of experience. Dr. Livingstone testifies that the inland forests are much healthier than the margins of rivers, or the cleared land of settlements. And if the record of Dr. Barth's health is compared carefully with the record of the characteristic features of the country, which he notes from day to day, the same general conclusion will be reached.

Of the African problems, the largest, if not the hardest, is the Desert of Sahara. That immense tract has been crossed for more than a thousand years by caravans of pilgrims, and for twice that period by caravans of merchandise, yet we welcome as novel any information concerning it. The same sand-storms which efface the track of its roads, seem to destroy, from age to age, the memory of what travellers have seen and told. Few persons who read the journal of Dr. Barth will be aware how nearly it repeats the narrative of Denham and Clapperton, less than forty years ago. Those brave adventurers crossed the Desert almost in the very line which the recent expedition followed, and the incidents of their journey are as interesting, if not as minute and numerous, as those of the Prussian enthusiast. They visited also, in the regions south of the Desert, the great Negro kingdoms of Timbuktu, Sokoto, and Bornu; and Clapperton even accomplished, in a second expedition, the feat of reaching these kingdoms from the south, and so traversed the continent from Tripoli to the Gulf of Guinea.

The statements of Daumas and Barth confirm in the main the accounts of previous travellers concerning the Sahara. There is no correction of the idea that it is a barren waste, with scattered patches of fertile soil, picturesque chiefly in its desolation. The ferocity of its roving tribes, whose discordant shrieks have been the signal of terror since the days when Grecian traders heard them like bats by night, is fully proved by the incidents of Dr. Barth's journey. The whole passage from Murzuk to Asben, through the territory of the Imosagh and Tawarek is a series of alarms, escapes, and precautions. Day after day the company resign themselves to what seems the inevitable capture and the possible martyrdom. If the winds are not found deadly, like those of which Arrian tells, their discomfort is represented in sufficiently strong terms. On

one occasion at least Dr. Barth was privileged to assist in the slaughter of a monstrous serpent, which might suggest the reptiles, celebrated in Lucan's verse, that once stopped the march of a Roman army. Wild beasts Dr. Barth does not find in any considerable numbers. To the reader of sporting tastes his volumes will not prove entertaining.

The irregularities in the surface of the Sahara are better described by Dr. Barth than by any preceding traveller. He has a singular love for mountains, and never sees a peak in the distance without feeling his courage revive, and setting off to climb it. The numerous clusters of hills, sometimes regular, sometimes broken in the most fantastic forms, are quickly transferred to his sketch-book, and appear in the redundant woodcuts of his first volume. Whether any of these bear volcanic traces, he does not inform us; nor does he discuss the question if the Sahara was formerly the bed of an ocean, as some writers have conjectured. About half way across the Desert proper, a mountain chain divides the region of sand from the region of gravel, the region of barrenness from the region of comparative fertility. Beyond this range sculptured monuments rarely appear, and this is apparently the outpost and barrier of Roman civilization in Central Africa. Between Tripoli and Murzuk the signs of Roman power are frequent. Some of the ruined shafts and towers which Dr. Barth copies, are as beautiful and as highly finished as the monuments which line the Appian Way. On a cliff near the entrance to the mountain-pass figures are carved upon the stone which reveal at once the divinities and the customs of the ancient races, suggesting that the Egyptian mythology might have extended thus far, and confirming the statement of Augustine, that the Garamantine kings used bulls and oxen for beasts of burden, instead of camels, which are employed at the present day. No figure of a camel is to be found sculptured anywhere in the desert; a fact which sustains the opinion that the camel is not a native of this region, but was imported from Asia.

Dr. Barth is very careful to inspect the wells, and to taste the water of all the camping-grounds. It differs in quality in different places. In one place it has the taste and color of

ink, without any apparent injury to vegetation. Most of the wells are shallow. Occasionally he meets with great artificial pools, which are filled from the sides of the sand-hills, and are used for the irrigation of large gardens. Indeed, there seems to be little danger of dying by thirst in the Sahara, so long as a party carry with them the implements for digging a few feet below the surface.

In Dr. Barth's notice of the natural productions of the Sahara, some singular plants and trees are mentioned. There are the *Balanites*, or "hajilij," the roots of which, loosened by rains, cover the ground with a vast net-work; the *Capparis*, or "siwak," the fruit of which is to the natives what grapes and raisins are to Europeans, and the root of which is the favorite Moslem dentifrice; the "allwot," with succulent leaves and violet flowers, the favorite food of camels; the "ethel," rival of the palm in stateliness; the immense "baure," or fig-tree, one specimen of which measured twenty-six feet in circumference at eight feet from the ground, and lifted its spreading crown to the height of eighty feet; the "jangunna," a most bitter and deceitful counterfeit of a melon; and, most annoying of all, the *Pennisetum*, or "karengia," which, in the season of ripening, poisons every exposed part of the human body with the stings of its adhesive seeds. It is good food, and it makes a cool drink; but a pair of pincers is constantly required to extract the almost invisible points of its burs.

The chief towns in the Sahara which Dr. Barth describes are Murzuk, Tintellust, and Agades. The first of these has been often visited, and the account of the town and neighborhood adds nothing of importance to what was known before. It is from this point that the various caravan routes across the Desert diverge, one going southward to Lake Tsad, one eastward to Mecca, and one westward to Timbuktu. The route which Dr. Barth followed, through Asben and Agades, is an intermediate route, communicating with the great commercial mart of Kano. The region of Aïr or Asben, of which Tintellust is the largest town, he styles the "Switzerland of the Desert." It is a land of rocks and ravines, of torrents and cascades, of various climate, and of almost sublime scenery. Dr. Barth's patience is nowhere more fully exhibited

than in the chapter which describes the ethnographical relations of this land, the names of its tribes, and the varieties of its dialects. He corrects Leo Africanus, supplies the defects of Ebn Batuta, the Moslem traveller, and gives us the genealogies, the divisions and subdivisions of the tribes, illustrated by the most copious stores of Arabic philology.

In the town of Agades, the last large town in the southern portion of the Sahara, Dr. Barth was compelled to tarry longer than he liked. But he improved the time. His chapters on this place are as good as a directory. He gives a ground-plan of the town, (as, indeed, he does of all the towns where he made any stay,) a description of buildings, markets, streets, squares, ornaments, men, women, and children; and traces down the history of the settlement for some hundreds of years. Agades is in one respect an extraordinary town. It has a standard of value, but *no money* of any kind, and no substitute for money, — no shell currency, cloth currency, or paper currency. Those strips from the "Lawrence Mills, Lowell," which pass in the Bornu markets, the Agades shopkeepers refuse. "Cowries" are not a legal tender. "Gero," or millet, makes the standard, and calico is at a discount. Trade is therefore almost wholly barter. Judging by the list of prices which Mr. Barth furnishes, Agades is the Florence of Africa. A pair of common sandals may be bought for about four cents of our money, an ox for about three dollars, a young camel for seven dollars, a handsome mat for about twenty-five cents, and the pattern of fine cloth for a lady's dress costs from one to two dollars. Horses, however, are more expensive, and four hundred dollars is the price of superior animals.

In zeal for Mohammedanism the people of Agades do not yield to any Eastern tribe. Indeed, in all parts of the Desert which Dr. Barth traversed, the Moslem faith was found to be much more pure and earnest than on the seaboard. Along the Mediterranean coast, the religion of Islam seems to be falling away, both in doctrine and in practice. The people drink wine, forget to pray, and forsake the mosques for the markets. In the Desert, on the contrary, there are ascetic sects devoted to the revival of the ancient worship of Allah. The establishment of Mohammed el Medani, near Masrata, re-

sembles many of the great Christian foundations of the Middle Age. Pilgrims are fed from its charity; it is supported by the revenue of a landed estate; it has its passwords and ceremonies of initiation; and its creed abolishes the saint-worship which is hardly less common among the Arab Moslems than among the Roman Christians. In Agades Dr. Barth discussed with learned and pious merchants the differences between Christians and the followers of the Prophet, and was pleased to find such intelligent views of religion among a people so remote from Gospel light. Haj Mohammed Omar was surprised that Christians and Moslems should be "so fiercely opposed to one another, although their creeds, in essential principles, approximated so closely." The Prussian was enabled to enlighten the pilgrim by suggesting that Christianity was corrupted when Mohammed came, and that the exaggeration of trifling and external matters was the ground here, as everywhere else, of religious quarrels and hatreds.

A large number of the principal inhabitants of Agades have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and are accordingly styled "Hadji." Their principal mosque is a remarkable structure, both for the crypt-like architecture of its naves, and the tall, pyramidal leaning tower, at once the defence and the ornament of the whole city. This tower is strengthened and held in its place by thirteen tiers of cross-boards, laid lengthwise and breadthwise, the ends of which, projecting outside of the clay, give to the edifice a Venetian aspect, not disagreeable when viewed from a little distance. Within the mosque Dr. Barth found a solitary student, the old kadi, poring over the leaves of a torn manuscript.

The population of Agades is supposed to be about seven thousand. A considerable number of these are travelling merchants, who are hardly ever at home. The dimensions of the town prove that its population was once much greater. In the year 1515, when the Berbers were driven out from it by Mohammed Askia, it probably contained fifty thousand people. The ceremony of a great state is still kept up, in spite of the loss in numbers and position. The Sultan of Agades, with his handful of soldiers, is as important a character as the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt or of Saxe-

Weimar, and the aristocracy of his court is as proud and as well defined. The Sultan's revenue consists in a bullock's hide (half a dollar) from every family, a custom tax on foreign merchandise, fines from offenders, levies on subject tribes, and occasional plunder; the whole amounting to less than twenty thousand dollars.

The morals of Agades may be judged from the expedient to which Dr. Barth was obliged to resort, of shutting himself in his house for several days, to escape the pressing attentions of the ladies. He prudently preferred to their society the company of the red-necked finches, which build in the rooms of every house in the town. Education is mainly confined to the sons of parents in easy circumstances, but by these it is zealously prosecuted. The Doctor was often annoyed by the murmur of children learning their Koran by rote. His conclusion about Agades, taking all things into consideration, is, that it would be a good place for a European agent to open relations with Central Africa. It is comparatively healthy, and is easily accessible from the kingdoms in the interior. In an Appendix is given a careful outline of six different routes from Agades to other large places of resort, Sokoto, Bilma, &c.

After eight months spent in traversing the Desert, Dr. Barth came to that great belt of fertile land, sprinkled with kingdoms, which bears the general name of Sudan or Negroland. Nearly all of these kingdoms, with their principal towns, he was able to visit in the succeeding five years through which his travel extended, to learn their languages, and to ascertain the leading facts of their history. During most of this time he was without a European companion. The volumes of his Journal published at the time of our present writing bring the narrative down only to the autumn of 1852. On the map, however, which accompanies the first volume of the Harpers' edition, the whole route is marked out. Of this map we may observe, in passing, that it is miserably inadequate to the plan and character of Dr. Barth's work, being too small by far, and leaving out a hundred important names which ought to have been mentioned upon it.*

* The English edition is abundantly supplied with maps, and offers every assistance of this kind that the reader can wish.

The kingdoms described in the volumes thus far published are Hausa, Bornu, Bagirmi, Musgu, Adamawa, Mandara, and Kanem. A part of these countries were visited by Denham and Clapperton, and the description of "Kano" which Dr. Barth gives is not the first which has been written in English. But to our knowledge of these countries his narrative adds very much. The relation of their races and languages he discusses in a truly scientific manner. His account of the great Lake Tsad, though quite full, is less satisfactory than we might wish. Mr. Overweg had more especial charge of examining it, but his untimely death prevented him from arranging and writing out his fragmentary notes concerning that great inland sea. Dr. Barth several times visited its shores, and on one occasion made an excursion half-way around it. It lies to the north and east of the kingdom of Bornu, between the thirteenth and fifteenth parallels of latitude, and the thirteenth and fifteenth meridians of longitude. In shape it is nearly circular. Its waters, unlike the waters of the great lake of Utah and of the Caspian Sea, with which it is frequently compared, are fresh, and have a pleasant taste. Its margin, for miles inward, is a swampy, reedy jungle, inhabited by herds of antelopes and hippopotami. On its southern side it receives the waters of two considerable rivers. No outlet to its basin has yet been discovered. The islands in the lake, which are numerous, are "elevated sandy downs," and on some of them horses are found. The commerce of the different bordering tribes is carried on by means of canoes, made of "fogo" wood, low in the waist and sharp at the prow, usually about twenty feet long, though sometimes of much larger dimensions. With most of the bordering tribes the islanders are at war, and each island has its own tribe. Elephants in immense herds frequent the northern shores of the lake. Two species of the crocodile are found. Only the smaller part of the lake is clear, open water, and nowhere is it more than a few fathoms in depth. The larger portion is a shallow lagoon. The scenery is flat and tame, and there is no point from which the expanse of water and the outline of the shore can be conveniently viewed. The occupation of the tribes is chiefly fighting and cattle-breeding. Cotton is cultivated to some extent. Beans are raised instead

of grain. From the "méle" rush, which grows to a great height, is extracted an edible pulp of which the natives are fond. At different seasons the size of the lake greatly varies. Its shores sometimes sink, and a new tract is submerged; and the evaporation of a dry season uncovers thousands of acres which in the rainy season are included within the water circuit. To explore the lake carefully, except by continual swimming, seems almost impossible.

The first country into which Dr. Barth penetrated, after crossing the border region of the Desert, was the Hausa country, of which the chief towns are Katsena and Kano. Katsena was the ancient capital, but its younger rival has taken away its glories, and it is now to Kano only what Novogorod is to St. Petersburg, or Cordova to Madrid. The inhabited section is scarcely a fifth of the space included within the walls, which are more than thirteen miles in circumference. In the seventeenth century, when the prosperity of the town was at its height, it probably contained a hundred thousand souls; now, eight thousand is an ample estimate, and the shrunken population almost warrants the description of Leo Africanus of "piccoli casali fatti a guisa di capanne." Its glory is in its lists of powerful kings, its traditions of splendor, and its fame as the Athens of the region, the city where the manners were more polite and the language more refined than in any of the provinces around. Its downfall was owing to the Moslem Crusade, which was organized in 1807 in the neighboring nation of the Fúlbe, through the preaching of the reformer Othman dan Fodiye, in which rapacity and fanaticism were equally combined. The princes of the polished city were reduced to straits as severe as those of the Greek emperor of Byzantium, but made a resistance as obstinate before they yielded. The incidents of the seven years' war, and the final reduction by famine, resemble what is told of more than one European siege. After the reduction of the town, its importance rapidly declined; the people were dispersed throughout the province, and all the trade and power centred in Kano.

Kano is the Damascus of Central Africa, the synonyme throughout Negroland for all that is rich, luxurious, beautiful, and exciting. The most eloquent and glowing passage which

we recollect in Dr. Barth's volumes is that in which he describes the scenes of interior life in this great mart.

"Here a row of shops, filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion, and dress, yet all intent upon their little gain, endeavoring to cheat each other; there a large shed, like a hurdle, full of half-naked, half-starved slaves torn from their native homes, from their wives or husbands, from their children or parents, arranged in rows like cattle, and staring desperately upon the buyers, anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were to be seen all the necessaries of life; the wealthy buying the most palatable things for his table; the poor stopping and looking greedily upon a handful of grain; here a rich governor, dressed in silk and gaudy clothes, mounted upon a spirited and richly caparisoned horse, and followed by a host of idle, insolent slaves; there a poor blind man, groping his way through the multitude, and fearing at every step to be trodden down; here a yard neatly fenced with mats of reed, and provided with all the comforts which the country affords, — a clean, snug-looking cottage, the clay walls nicely polished, a shutter of reeds placed against the low, well-rounded door, and forbidding intrusion on the privacy of life, a cool shed for the daily household work, a fine spreading alléluba-tree, affording a pleasant shade during the hottest hours of the day, or a beautiful gónda or papaya unfolding its large, feather-like leaves above a slender, smooth, and undivided stem, or the tall date-tree, waving over the whole scene; the matron, in a clean black cotton gown, wound round her waist, her hair neatly dressed in 'chókoli' or 'bejáji,' busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, and, at the same time, urging the female slaves to pound the corn; the children, naked and merry, playing about in the sand at the 'urgi-n-dáwaki' or the 'da-n-chácha,' or chasing a straggling stubborn goat; earthenware pots and wooden bowls, all cleanly washed, standing in order. Farther on, a dashing Cyprian, homeless, comfortless, and childless, but affecting merriment or forcing a wanton laugh, gaudily ornamented with numerous strings of beads round her neck, her hair fancifully dressed, and bound with a diadem, her gown of various colors loosely fastened under her luxuriant breast, and trailing behind in the sand; near her a diseased wretch covered with ulcers or with elephantiasis.

"Now a busy 'máriná,' an open terrace of clay, with a number of dyeing-pots, and people busily employed in various processes of their handicraft; here a man stirring the juice, and mixing with the indigo

some coloring wood, in order to give it the desired tint; there another, drawing a shirt from the dye-pot, or hanging it up on a rope fastened to the trees; there two men beating a well-dyed shirt, singing the while, and keeping good time; farther on a blacksmith busy with his rude tools in making a dagger which will surprise, by the sharpness of its blade, those who feel disposed to laugh at the workman's instruments; a formidable barbed spear, or the more estimable and useful instruments of husbandry; in another place, men and women making use of an ill-frequented thoroughfare as a 'kaudi tseggenábe' to hang up, along the fences, their cotton thread for weaving; close by, a group of indolent loiterers lying in the sun and idling away their hours.

"Here is a caravan from Gónja arriving with the desired kola-nut, chewed by all who have 'ten kurdi' to spare from their necessary wants, or a caravan laden with natron, starting for Núpe, or a troop of Ásbenáwa going off with their salt for the neighboring towns, or some Arabs leading their camels, heavily laden with the luxuries of the north and east (the 'káya-n-ghábbes'), to the quarter of the Ghadamsíye; there a troop of gaudy, warlike-looking horsemen galloping toward the palace of the governor to bring him the news of a new inroad of Serki Ibrám. Everywhere human life in its varied forms, the most cheerful and the most gloomy, seemed closely mixed together; every variety of national form and complexion, — the olive-colored Arab, the dark Kanúri, with his wide nostrils, the small-featured, light, and slender Ba-Féllanchi, the broad-faced Ba-Wángara (Mandingo), the stout, large-boned, and masculine-looking Núpe female, the well-proportioned and comely Ba-Háushe woman." — Vol. I. pp. 497, 498.

The town as a settlement is ancient, but its growth and importance are altogether modern, and bear date within the present century. Its population, thirty thousand, is not so great as its territorial circuit of fifteen miles would seem to indicate. In the trading season, from January to April, the number of strangers is quite equal to that of residents. The wealthy are well provided with slaves. The population is not a homogeneous race, but is made up from the tribes of the adjoining kingdoms, and even, to some extent, from Arabs. The town is manufacturing as well as commercial; the people make the cloth they sell, and almost every family has some share in the process. The value of the annual production of cloth alone Dr. Barth estimates at about two hundred thousand dollars. Some of this cloth is handsomely colored, and

inwoven with a kind of silk thread. It is sent by camels in all directions. Three hundred camel-loads, or a hundred and twenty thousand pounds, are sent to Timbuktu. The fabrication of leather forms another important branch of industry. Yet another is the preparation of "guro" from the kola-nut, the favorite beverage of the negro tribes, corresponding to the Englishman's tea and the Frenchman's coffee. Salt is imported in immense quantities. The slave-trade is largely carried on, with a comparatively small percentage of profit. The calicoes of Lowell go to that mart chiefly in exchange for human flesh, and every piece in the bazaars of Kano is the price of a man or a woman. All kinds of English and French cheap goods are found there, though in small quantities. Sixpenny razors are in great demand, and *needles* are in universal request. The most convenient "backshish" which a traveller can carry in any part of Negroland is a supply of needles. Half a dozen boxes of this useful article will go farther than the heaviest purse of gold. The precious metals, indeed, are not prized very highly by these interior tribes. "Kurdi," or cowries, (of which twenty-five hundred make only a dollar,) are the common currency; and a man who would buy a horse must burden himself with almost the weight of the horse in these fragile shells. Copper, from a mine in Darfur, is wrought to some extent. A little tin is imported. The system of taxing is curiously capricious. Hoes and dye-pots are largely assessed. Palm-trees are a government monopoly, like tobacco in Austria; and vegetables are subject to an "octroi," while meat is admitted free. Every landholder must pay ground-rent.

A few hundred miles eastward from Kano is the town of Kukawa, the capital of Bornu, the most important of the inland African kingdoms. Of this kingdom Dr. Barth gives us a very complete account, comprising the pedigree of its kings, the epochs of its history, the variety of its conquests, the details of its commerce, the virtues and the faults of its people. The ancient Bornu was the Poland of Africa. The people chose their king, through the agency of three electors, whom they took from the courtiers. When the electors had fixed upon the candidate, they led him in silence to the place

where the corpse of the last king lay still unburied. Over that corpse he took the oath of fealty to the institutions of his country. Only after that ceremony could the body of the deceased be buried. A similar custom prevails in the province of Muniyo, where the newly elected sovereign is obliged to remain seven days in a cave behind the tomb of the former king, before he can enter upon his dignity.

There are several curious particulars in the manners and customs of Kukawa. The markets are held at *midday*, under a burning sun, outside of the town. Oxen are the favorite beasts of burden, and are amazingly cheap, — a good animal, full-grown, costing from one to two dollars. Bibles and ardent spirits are contraband, and the authorities look with suspicion upon the introduction of English goods, lest these prohibited articles should be concealed within them. The scrupulous piety of the Grand Vizier of Bornu reminds one of the custom-houses on the Tuscan frontier. In more civilized countries the slave-trade and the Bible have come to be associated. In Bornu, however, the slave-traders dispense with this religious sanction. The nation makes a business of slave-hunting. Raids upon the adjoining states are continually organized, and it was Dr. Barth's privilege, as it had been Denham's thirty years before, to attend some of these expeditions. The horrors of slave-hunting he does not attempt to extenuate; but throughout his volumes, like all other travellers in Africa, he bears decided testimony to the cruelty and disastrous moral influence of the traffic in slaves. In Auderas, in the Desert, he saw them yoked to the plough like oxen. No expeditions of traffic cause so much destruction for so small returns as slave-hunts. The hunt in the Musgu country, which Dr. Barth witnessed, involved a large outlay in collecting an army, the ravage of miles of territory, the burning of a town, the slaughter of multitudes of full-grown men, great distress from famine and privation, while its result was the capture of *fifteen* slaves, mostly decrepit old women, who had to be removed from their cottages by force. The loss by these expeditions, falling as it does chiefly upon the conquered people, is not a very powerful argument to dissuade the conquerors. The Bornu king does not appreciate the misery

which the border regions suffer by his inroads, or consider their case more than Napoleon considered the sufferings of the petty German states, desolated by the passage of his armies.

The excursion to Yola and back, through the country of Adamawa, is the most interesting of those which Dr. Barth was enabled to make during his stay in this region of Africa. Adamawa is a "Mohammedan kingdom ingrafted upon a mixed stock of Pagan tribes." It is watered by that great river, the origin and course of which have been the theme of so much controversy. We cannot see that Dr. Barth's narrative throws much light upon these disputed points. The Benuwé, or Niger, at the point where he saw it, just at the confluence with it of one of its largest branches, the Faro, is half a mile in breadth, and flows through an entirely open country, broken only by a few detached mountains. Its current is strong and rapid, though the depth of water in the channel is not ordinarily more than *eleven* feet. The direction is from east to west. Dr. Barth crossed the river, instead of following its channel; but he expresses the conviction that this is, beyond all question, one of the two great branches of that mighty river which Lander ascended from the ocean, and that by this stream will the natural highway be opened into the heart of Africa. Crocodiles abound in this river, even more than in the Nile. The natives believe that it carries gold in its current, and could hardly be persuaded that the traveller, in taking his bath in the stream, was not seeking the precious dust. The passage of the river is made in crooked canoes, about sixteen inches broad, with grass stuffed into the seams. These barks have the great advantage of pliability in case they should strike a rock. The Faro is to the Benuwé what the Ohio is to the Mississippi. Its volume of water is greatly inferior; but its descent is equally rapid, and the scenery on its banks is bolder. Both these rivers are liable to rise suddenly, and inundations are so frequent that no village can be fixed upon their banks. The towns of Adamawa are several miles distant from the water-courses. Yola, the capital, is one of the largest slave-marts in Africa. Its chief export is human flesh. Its aristocracy hold great

numbers of slaves, many private individuals having more than a thousand, while the governors own incredible numbers. The various tribes are constantly at war, and the dominion of the Mohammedans is far from being perfect. Wild animals, especially the elephant, are very numerous, and ivory, next to slaves, is the principal production of the country. *Four tusks* are worth about as much as an average negro. Peculiar to this region is the "ayu," a sort of river seal, which comes out of the water at night and feeds on the young grass along the banks.

Of the "Marghi," a tribe between Adamawa and Bornu, Dr. Barth mentions some curious customs. They inoculate for the small-pox. They worship their ancestors, while at the same time they rejoice, with singing and dancing, when an old man dies. Their ornaments are iron rings and chains, worn upon all the limbs. They settle disputes by an ordeal on the Holy Rock of Kobshi, whither each carries a cock, and the verdict is in favor of the owner of the winning bird. The owner of the defeated bird suffers more than the loss of his cause. The god whom he has evidently provoked interferes against him, and on returning to his village he finds his hut in flames.

The other excursions of Dr. Barth from Bornu were to Kanem, on the north of Lake Tsad, where he saw an electric fish, ash-colored, with red fins, very fat, and ten inches long, which could benumb a man's arm for several minutes, and a great snake, eighteen feet long, and five inches thick, of which the natives eat the flesh, — and where he had some hard fighting and some narrow escapes; — to Mandara, on a great slave-hunt, where he came upon the Niger again, — saw a combat in the water, with spears and javelins, while the parties on either side were swimming, in which combat three were killed, — noticed the singular habit of warriors "glueing" themselves to their horses' sides by blood which they draw from cuts in their legs, and scooping a hole in the horse's back to make a steadier seat, — heard some singular statements concerning the Musgu prince Adishen, and his politeness in the distribution of favors to his guests, — was disappointed in *not* seeing "the Mountains of the Moon," and

delighted at finding among Pagan tribes so little of real Fetichism, and in observing that the fields were carefully manured, after the manner of Christian countries; — and to Logon and Bagirmi, where he heard strange legends, met with liars, impostors, and scholars, fought with ants and government spies, was arrested, imprisoned, and laid in irons, and finally dismissed with honor, and with presents. In Logon, he found a town shunned for its witchcraft, which bore the very appropriate name of "Elf." In Masena, the capital of Bagirmi, he became acquainted with the blind scholar Faki Sambo, a man who knew the tongues of many countries, and was well versed in ancient lore, — who had studied in Cairo, read Plato and Aristotle, was acquainted with the history of Spain, and belonged to the Moslem sect of Wahabees. He had also here an interview with a "rain doctor," as ludicrous as that which Dr. Livingstone describes in his account of Southern Africa. He justifies, from his own observation of manuscripts in the possession of the scholars of Masena, the remark of Jackson in his book about Morocco, that the text of the classics will some time or other "be emendated from manuscripts brought from the interior of Negroland." A beautiful young lady seemed to him more beautiful from the glossy blackness of her skin. The Bagirmi people were more interesting to him from the fact that their conversion to Islam is very recent, and most of their customs are thoroughly Pagan. When the people approach their king, they have to draw the shirt away from the left shoulder and sprinkle dust on their heads. "But they are not in general oppressed, and a far greater liberty of speech is allowed than in many European countries."

Our space will not permit us to dwell longer upon Dr. Barth's narrative, which, in the volumes as yet published, is hardly more than half completed. The years 1853 and 1854 were spent by him in exploring the western region of Negroland. There is a region still farther west than Timbuktu, covering some eight or ten degrees both of latitude and longitude, which offers a most important field for new discovery. At a recent meeting of the French Geographical Society, M. Pellehini, a mercantile traveller of great intelligence, related some statements made to him by runaway sailors, who had

crossed Africa from Senegal to Tangiers, by a route not yet scientifically traced. They report the existence of numerous tribes in that region, and also the passage of caravans, to one of which they joined themselves. Hitherto, it has been supposed that the sand-storms on that western portion of the Desert would render travelling impossible. But from the statements of these sailors it is highly probable that commerce has already opened a safe way through that part of the Sahara. M. Pellehini recommends an immediate and thorough exploration of the region, and proposes, in order to facilitate operations, the establishment of two factories in the south of Algeria. His suggestions have a practical bearing, not merely upon the future of African trade, but upon the future of African missions, and are the result of extensive acquaintance with the necessities of African travel. It is to be hoped that a French expedition in the north of Africa may be the counterpart of the English expedition just organized for the navigation of the Zambesi.

Mr. Bowen's modest volume is an account of seven years' experience as a missionary in the countries lying north of the Gulf of Benin, from fifty to three hundred miles inland. The opinions which he expresses are wise and enlightened, both as to the influence of heathen superstitions and the proper mode of conducting religious operations. He does not libel Fetichism. The Yorubas, the principal of the tribes among whom he lived, according to his statement, are not *worshippers* of images any more than the Roman Catholics are. Their idol is only a symbol. No one believes that the image has in itself any power. Moreover, this idol-worship *has nothing to do with the future*, has no connection with the world to come. Dr. Livingstone makes the same observation with regard to the South African idolatry. The *hell* of these negro tribes, though it is called, in the Yoruba language, *orrun-akpadi*, "the furnace-world," is not regarded by them as a place of punishment. It is for this world that they offer sacrifice. The idol is only the intercessor, through which God may bring to them temporal benefits. We cannot quite understand Mr. Bowen when he says that most of the common people confound the symbol with the thing symbolized, almost in the same passage with

his assertion that they only invoke these idols as mediators. He insists that in general their idea of the Supreme God is "remarkably correct." None of the three hundred idols is comparable to Him.

The object of Mr. Bowen being to call missionaries into his field, of course he enlarges upon all the best points in the character and condition of the Yoruba people. He represents them as polite and courteous, frank and unsuspicious, forgiving in their temper, industrious from early morning till evening, docile to teachers, reverent to parents, reasonably honest, and decidedly hostile to all sensual vice. Their morality prepares them very fairly for the Christian Gospel. They are superstitious, like all negroes, yet have withal a "good share of sober common-sense." One of their fancies resembles the latest form of Christian hallucination. The *iroko* or "sassa" wood, out of which doors and tables are made, is supposed to be possessed by a spirit, because these doors and tables have a "habit of cracking and rapping, especially by night." "The Yoruba man worships his own door." The people are not, however, imposed upon by big words and sonorous sentences, and are not moved by pompous abstractions. Mr. Bowen takes occasion to rebuke those missionaries who, "instead of coming pointedly to the *facts* of the Gospel, must needs deal out their trashy ethico-metaphysical disquisitions, which are odious at home and abominable folly in Africa." The kind of rhetoric which American "spirits" rap out will not do for the Yorubas. "Only think," says he, "of a man perforating an interpreter, who can barely read English, with such phrases as 'immutable principles,' or 'the ineffable effulgence of the celestial world.'"

The Yorubas are temperate, rarely indulging even in diluted rum. Gambling is prohibited by their law. Polygamy, of course, prevails; but it is mitigated by the fact that each woman is the owner of her separate property and earnings, and no woman is obliged to work for her husband. When the father dies, the eldest son inherits, along with the house, all the wives, except his own mother. The habits of the people are cleanly, and they are as scrupulous as Moslems about the bath. If they are not encumbered by unnecessary dress,

they wear enough to escape the disgrace of immodesty. All the Africans that Mr. Bowen saw, whether full-blooded negroes, or "Fúlbe" mulattoes, or black people with European features, seemed to him to be hardy and healthy.

The Yoruba language, being rich in abstract terms, offers singular advantages for the conversion of the people. It has words to express all the parts of the Christian scheme, from God to Satan, from heaven to hell, from salvation to perdition, from sin to holiness. "The reason why the Yorubas pay such deep attention to preaching, as constantly reported by the missionaries, is that they understand what the Gospel teaches."

The philosophy of the Yorubas is "proverbial," like that of Mr. Tupper; and the quality of their proverbs, if we may judge by the specimens which are given in Mr. Bowen's volume, is fully equal to the wisdom of the English sage. They run frequently in a sort of rhythm, and show that feature of "parallelism" which belongs to the Psalms of David. A collection of these proverbs has been made by Crowther, a native. Many of them are good enough to be inserted by Mr. Bohn, in the next edition of his "Handbook."

Mr. Bowen makes a remark which we might wish he had warranted by facts and illustrations. To show that the Yorubas are not deficient in intellect, he affirms that "the Central Africans had studied out the balance of power, and reduced it to practice, long before our fathers settled in America, — before the barons of England had extorted their great charter from King John." It is interesting to know that our Anglo-Saxon theory of constitutional checks and limited sovereignty was anticipated by this race of negroes. It is a note worthy to be added to Jackson's remark about the emendation of the classics in Negroland.

Mr. Bowen's book is published in Charleston, South Carolina. Yet he distinctly affirms that "the barbarous negro of Africa and the enlightened white man of America are endowed with a common human nature." Negroes in their native state are *men*, and in some respects as good as Christian white men. He has nothing to say about "radical inferiority," or the divinely ordered subjection of one race to

another, nor does he see any good in the attempt to Christianize negroes by carrying them off into bondage. No one of the works on our list is more emphatic in its condemnation of the slave-trade, or its exposure of the crimes and miseries which inseparably belong to that nefarious business. This trade he regards as the greatest obstacle, not only to Christianity in Africa, but to the progress of honest commerce.

Mr. J. Leighton Wilson was for eighteen years a missionary in Africa, and in that time visited every place of importance along the western coast, and made occasional excursions into the interior. His work, however, is not chiefly a record of his own impressions, but rather a compilation from the most accurate accounts. It contains a short historical sketch of Western Africa, and a description of all the maritime provinces and races from Senegambia to Angola. Some of the details, particularly those of religious ideas and practices, we have not seen mentioned by any other writer. The inhabitants of Southern Guinea, according to Mr. Wilson, have a practice which "strongly resembles infant baptism." When a child is born, the public crier announces the fact in the streets, and claims for it the name and rights of a member of the tribe. Another person, from a distant part of the town, admits this claim, and promises on behalf of the people that the new-born child shall have all these rights. The people gather in the streets, the child is brought out, and some leading man sprinkles water upon it from a basin, invoking for it health, long life, numerous children, and all needful blessings. The rest of the people then join in the sprinkling, and each throws upon the child his handful of water. All who take part are considered as pledged to be the child's friends. Mr. Wilson thinks that the practice came across the continent from Abyssinia, though at so early a period that the people have no tradition of its source.

The worship of ancestors has certain singular features in Southern Guinea. Sometimes, like the Capuchins of Malta, they *dry* the bodies of their deceased elders, and put them away in a chest in a safe place, which becomes afterwards a favorite shrine for meditation and prayer. The heads of eminent persons are separated from the body, and hung up over a mass of

chalk. As the brain decomposes, it drips down upon the chalk, which afterward, applied to the foreheads of living persons, is supposed to impart the wisdom which dwelt in the brain of the deceased. *Ancestors* are the most powerful intercessors. The Great Spirit, *Mwetyi*, is rather a huge hobgoblin, who makes his annual circuits, than a steady protector. All the boys, from fourteen to eighteen years, are initiated into the mysteries of this African "Bluebeard"; and the rites and discipline of their year's probation are as harsh and as secret as those of a Trappist novitiate. Secret societies flourish as numerously among the Guinea negroes as among the students of American colleges. The association of *Ndâ* is intended to frighten the women and children, while the association of *Njembe*, exclusively of females, is intended to increase the respect of men for their wives. The "Punch" of Naples and the "Santa Claus" of Germany are represented in Guinea by the absurdities of the *Kukkwi*, a huge masked figure on stilts, who goes about brandishing a sword, to the terror of some and the ridicule of others. In Northern Guinea the idea of the transmigration of souls prevails, and men after death are supposed to become crocodiles and monkeys.

The last third part of Mr. Wilson's volume relates the history of the English colony of Sierra Leone and the American colony of Liberia, compares the various dialects of the races on the coast which have come under the influence of Christian teachers, describes the progress and the prospects of the various missionary efforts, and discusses the question of the slave-trade. The opinion that the cruisers of England and America have increased the horrors without lessening the amount of that trade, is decidedly negatived. Mr. Wilson takes ground in favor of this method of repression, and considers it an efficient and necessary help, at present certainly, to the labors of the missionaries. His prophecy in regard to Brazil is already near to being realized, and the day is not distant when that empire will join with other Christian nations in prohibiting the passage of human cargoes across the Atlantic.

Mr. Wilson's sketches and the narrative of Dr. Livingstone

touch at St. Paul de Loanda, at about the ninth degree of south latitude. For our knowledge of all this interior region southward to Lake Ngami, and eastward to the Indian Ocean, we are indebted solely to this most remarkable of all African travellers. The work of Dr. Livingstone is in many respects the most valuable on our list. It wins our confidence by the simple honesty of its statements, by its broad and noble spirit, by its freedom from all exaggeration, and by the freshness of its descriptions, which are evidently memories rather than attempts at fine writing. In the first chapters he goes over ground which Mr. Andersson, in his entertaining sportsman's book, had previously described. The difference between his work and that of Mr. Andersson is, that in the one case beasts are of primary importance, while in the other, though by no means neglected, they are quite secondary to men and to truths. Dr. Livingstone tells almost reluctantly that story of his encounter with the lion, which is more thrilling than anything mentioned in Andersson's book.

Dr. Livingstone's second journey, the account of which occupies nearly the whole of his volume, began at Cape Town in June, 1852, and extended in a northerly direction through the country of the Bushmen, the Kuruman, the Bechuanas, the Makololo, and numerous other less important tribes, to the tenth parallel of latitude, and thence westward to the coast, which he reached in May, 1854, after nearly two years of constant travel and exposure. Resting for a few months, he started again in September, retraced his way to the country of the Makololo, which lies about midway between the two oceans, and in November, 1855, set out on his journey eastward, following the course of the Zambesi to Quilimane on the Indian Ocean, which he reached in May, 1856. It is impossible, in any abstract, to give an account of the interesting discoveries and adventures of this four years' journey.

The tribes of Southern Africa to which Dr. Livingstone introduces us, if less civilized than those of Negroland, are more interesting. The conversion of Sechele, the Bechuana chief, from heathenism to Christianity, and his adoption among his people of the preacher's office, is as memorable an incident as any recorded in the Jesuit annals. The exploits

of Sebituane, the leader of the Makololo tribe, would furnish material for a thrilling romance. And nothing can be more touching than the tragic end of poor Sekwebu, who, after attending his English brother in so many perils and wanderings, was driven at length to insanity and suicide by the sight of an English steamer. That last marvel was too much for his brain, and it yielded to the pressure of intolerable amazement. St. Paul was not received more kindly and treated more hospitably by the barbarous people of Melita, than was this modern evangelist by the barbarous people of Africa. Threats and opposition were the exception rather than the rule. Even where the sacred message of the preacher was not accepted, he was cordially welcomed and respectfully heard, was sent on his journey with attendants, guides, and provisions, and parted from with reluctance. The headings of the table of contents — "Sekeletu's Hospitality," "Hearty Welcome from Shinte," "Agreeable Intercourse with Kawawa," "Friendly Feelings of the People in Reference to a White Resident," "Quedende's Kindness" — give us an accurate idea of the relations of Dr. Livingstone with these African tribes. His tone in speaking of them is uniformly kind and affectionate. He loves them as a father might love his children. He vindicates their intelligence, excuses their faults, and allows no religious prejudice to bias his judgment of their character. Except in the regions bordering on the west coast, where the Portuguese slave-trade has corrupted the habits and hearts of the people, he found a standard of practical morality which needed very little palliation. The treatment of slaves, in the countries which he passed through, is comparatively humane. The Makololo, previously to 1850, had never bartered men for goods, and were then persuaded to it only by the showy charm of variegated calico, and the solid value of Christian fire-arms. *Eight* boys were exchanged at that time for eight guns. The custom once commenced, it was easier to follow it, and since that time considerable numbers of captives have been thus disposed of. Only *captives*, however; for Dr. Livingstone testifies that *he has never known in Africa an instance of a parent selling his own children.* It is a crime, he says, for a Makololo "to treat his servants so badly

as to cause them to run away from him." The sympathies of the people go in such a case with the runaway. Indeed, the slavery of these interior tribes is only a mild system of serfdom, without severe punishments, and with nearly the same condition and privileges allowed to the servants as belong to the masters. Kidnapping is a practice which has been introduced into Africa by Christian traders; and it still flourishes, protected by the sign of the cross and the smile of the Virgin.

Dr. Livingstone, though not strictly a scientific traveller, is a very watchful and close observer of all things around, above, and beneath him. No natural feature of the country through which he travels is left unnoticed, whether tree or flower, beast or insect, soil or sky. He tells of the great *baobab* trees, the trunks of which are used for reservoirs of water; of the *mogametsa*, a bean which "tastes like sponge-cake"; of the river mosses, on which the fish "find pasture"; of the "grass-trees" of Cabango, forty feet high; of a "silicified forest" of large trees, some of them twenty-two inches in diameter, which prove, on examination, to be *coniferous wood*, quite unlike any existing species; of fresh-water sponges, which grow in the rivers around the stalks of the reeds; of *malova*, or "palm toddy," sweet and harmless in the morning, but in the afternoon inebriating; of the *sisinyane*, the native potato, which lives for ever, like the Jerusalem artichoke, and is bitter and waxy to the taste; of the *mobola*, a date-shaped fruit, which "has the flavor of strawberries, with a touch of nauseousness"; of a strange aquatic plant, which covers the rocks, and becomes dry and crackling when exposed to the air, gradually disintegrating the rock and polishing it with a thin black glaze; of the "beehive" tree, and the "silver-tree," and the *motuia*, of which nets are woven, and the flexible *molompi*, which is split into paddles. No botanist could be more observing or accurate.

Of the insect tribe Dr. Livingstone had some severe experiences. The great plague of his journey was the *tsetse*, a small fly, which infests the interior regions, and exterminates from them all horses and neat cattle. Men, wild animals, and sucking calves, mules, asses, and goats, are not injured by

this insect, but to the ox, horse, and dog its bite is certain death. To travel through the region which is infested by the tsetse is a sure loss of nearly all the oxen and horses. The poison is communicated through the proboscis of the insect; as Dr. Livingstone thinks, not from any separate reservoir, but directly from its blood. Its effects are not felt at once; but in a few days the animal bitten begins to lose flesh and appetite, gradually wastes away, and finally dies. The disease cannot be cured. This insect will prove the most serious obstacle to the civilization of the interior region of Southern Africa. The *tampan*, a sort of mite, found on the eastern side of the continent, is more perilous to human life. It buries itself in the feet, and lodges there a dangerous fever, which to foreigners is often fatal. The natives in curing it use a homœopathic remedy. They bruise one of the insects and drop it into the medicine. Another plague of this kind is a light-colored spider about half an inch long, which bites sharply. The races of African spiders, indeed, are as numerous as those of asses and antelopes. There is a yellow-spotted spider, which hangs from tree to tree its webs, of a yard in diameter; a social spider, which covers the hedges and trunks so thickly with its webs as to make the wood invisible; a large red spider, which makes a *hinged door* in front of its nest, which it shuts and locks whenever it enters; an ugly brown spider, which prepares a smooth silky spot on the wall, where it stands all day idle, like a New York beggar on the sunny side of Broadway; a leaping spider, which seizes its prey like a tiger; and, worse than all, a hairy spider, with tail like a scorpion, and bite even more fatal. The ants of Africa, black, white, and red, with their habits of war, plunder, and industry, — their immense armies, their ingenious contrivances, their huge castles and earthworks, their forays and their emigrations, — have been frequently described in children's books; otherwise we should be tempted to quote the passage in which the encounter of the white ants with the soldier ants is related by this writer.

Concerning the *birds* of Africa, our author corrects some false notions. He affirms that they sing as merrily and as loudly in the morning and evening as the birds in England.

The plumage, of course, is much more brilliant. The color of the pigeons is *green*. On the river Leeambye, which is the head stream of the Zambesi, there are more than thirty species of birds; — the ibis and pelican are abundant; the white *ardetta* alights on the buffalo's back, and feeds on the minute insects in his hide; there are scissor-bills, spoon-bills, flamingoes, and, most curious of all, the *Purra Africana*, which *runs* on the surface of the water, stepping upon the broad leaves of the lotus with its expanding toes. Dr. Livingstone finds time not only to note their song and plumage, but their habits of feeding and nest-building. In the Mopane country he saw the singular breeding-places of the *korwe*, his account of which may stand as a specimen of his style of description.

"On the 19th we passed the nest of a korwe, just ready for the female to enter; the orifice was plastered on both sides, but a space was left of a heart shape, and exactly the size of the bird's body. The hole in the tree was in every case found to be prolonged some distance upward above the opening, and thither the korwe always fled to escape being caught. In another nest we found that one white egg, much like that of a pigeon, was laid, and the bird dropped another when captured. She had four besides in the ovarium. The first time that I saw this bird was at Kolobeng, where I had gone to the forest for some timber. Standing by a tree, a native looked behind me and exclaimed, 'There is the nest of a korwe.' I saw a slit only, about half an inch wide, and three or four inches long, in a slight hollow of the tree. Thinking the word korwe denoted some small animal, I waited with interest to see what he would extract; he broke the clay which surrounded the slit, put his arm into the hole, and brought out a *Tockus*, or *red-beaked hornbill*, which he killed. He informed me that, when the female enters her nest, she submits to a real confinement. The male plasters up the entrance, leaving only a narrow slit by which to feed his mate, and which exactly suits the form of his beak. The female makes a nest of her own feathers, lays her eggs, hatches them, and remains with the young till they are fully fledged. During all this time, which is stated to be two or three months, the male continues to feed her and the young family.

"The prisoner generally becomes quite fat, and is esteemed a very dainty morsel by the natives, while the poor slave of a husband gets so lean that, on the sudden lowering of the temperature which sometimes happens after a fall of rain, he is benumbed, falls down, and dies. I never had an opportunity of ascertaining the actual length of the con-

finement, but on passing the same tree at Kolobeng about eight days afterward, the hole was plastered up again, as if, in the short time that had elapsed, the disconsolate husband had secured another wife. We did not disturb her, and my duties prevented me from returning to the spot. This is the month in which the female enters the nest. We had seen one of these, as before mentioned, with the plastering not quite finished; we saw many completed; and we received the very same account here that we did at Kolobeng, that the bird comes forth when the young are fully fledged, at the period when the corn is ripe; indeed, her appearance abroad with her young is one of the signs they have for knowing when it ought to be so. As that is about the end of April, the time is between two and three months. She is said sometimes to hatch two eggs, and, when the young of these are fully fledged, other two are just out of the egg-shells; she then leaves the nest with the two elder, he orifice is again plastered up, and both male and female attend to the wants of the young which are left. On several occasions I observed a branch bearing the marks of the male having often sat upon it when feeding his mate, and the excreta had been expelled a full yard from the orifice, and often proved a means of discovering the retreat." — pp. 656, 657.

On the other side of the continent, Dr. Livingstone saw the *kisafu* hen and chickens, with all their feathers curled upward, giving shade to the body without increasing the heat.

We have no space to catalogue any of the varieties of animals which are described in this volume, from turtles up to elephants. Most of these are mentioned in those works of the Nimrods Gordon Cumming & Co., which have given such copious details of the *game* of Africa. The passage of the volume most frequently quoted is from Chapter XXVI., — the description of the great Victoria fall on the Zambesi, which comes nearer to Niagara in grandeur and mass of water than any other known cataract. The native name of the cataract is *sounding smoke*. The river, three thousand feet broad at this point, leaps over a precipice a hundred feet in height, where it is compressed into a chasm not more than sixty feet wide. This chasm is a fissure in the hard basaltic rock, extending from the right to the left bank of the river, and continued thence through the range of hills for a distance of thirty or forty miles. The opposite side of the precipice is covered with evergreen trees, which are kept constantly wet by the

clouds of rising spray. These ascend in five distinct columns to the height of two or three hundred feet. About midway of the precipice there is a small island that divides the sheet, as at Niagara, which, by good fortune, in the low stage of the water at the time of his visit, Dr. Livingstone was enabled to reach through the rapids. From this island he could look down upon the fall, by lying at length and leaning over the chasm. On a second visit to the island, in company with the chief Sekeletu, he planted a quantity of peach and apricot stones, and coffee seeds, and bargained with the Makololo to set out a hedge around this future romantic orchard. The ownership thereof is secured by his initials on one of the trees. The only reflection in which he indulges in view of this magnificent natural phenomenon is suggested by a native religious legend.

"At three spots near these falls, one of them the island in the middle, on which we were, three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo. They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract, and in sight of the bright bows in the cloud. They must have looked upon the scene with awe. Fear may have induced the selection. The river itself is to them mysterious. The words of the canoe-song are,

'The Leeambye! Nobody knows
Whence it comes and whither it goes.'

The play of colors of the double iris on the cloud, seen by them elsewhere only as the rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of Deity. Some of the Makololo, who went with me near to Gonye, looked upon the same sign with awe. When seen in the heavens it is named 'motsé oa barimo,' — the pestle of the gods. Here they could approach the emblem, and see it stand steadily above the blustering uproar below, — a type of Him who sits supreme, — alone unchangeable, though ruling over all changing things. But not aware of His true character, they had no admiration of the beautiful and good in their bosoms. They did not imitate His benevolence, for they were a bloody, imperious crew, and Sebituane performed a noble service in the expulsion from their fastnesses of these cruel 'Lords of the Isles.'" — pp. 562, 563.

The new expedition on which Dr. Livingstone has just now started will test the commercial importance of the Zambesi, and the possibility of its navigation. Dr. Livingstone is en-

titled to the honor of having first marked out its course, whoever may succeed in ascending it from the ocean. He has added a third to the great rivers and river-problems of Africa. He pleads earnestly for this river, both as a civilizing and a Christianizing agent, and proposes that all classes of Christians shall join to establish stations along its banks. The following sentence condenses the temper and conclusion of his whole work.

"As far as I am myself concerned, the opening of the new central country is a matter for congratulation only in so far as it opens up a prospect for the elevation of the inhabitants. As I have elsewhere remarked, I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise. I take the latter term in its most extended signification, and include every effort made for the amelioration of our race, the promotion of all those means by which God in His providence is working, and bringing all His dealings with man to a glorious consummation. Each man in his sphere, either knowingly or unwittingly, is performing the will of our Father in heaven. Men of science, searching after hidden truths, which, when discovered, will, like the electric telegraph, bind men more closely together, soldiers battling for the right against tyranny, sailors rescuing the victims of oppression from the grasp of heartless men-stealers, merchants teaching the nations lessons of mutual dependence, and many others, as well as missionaries, all work in the same direction, and all efforts are overruled for one glorious end." — pp. 718, 719.

One valuable fact for the temperance societies Dr. Livingstone records, namely, that *he did not taste any liquor whatever during the whole time he was in Africa.*

Lieutenant Burton's book, "First Footsteps in East Africa," is but the first instalment of what is intended to be a journey through Central Africa, and a discovery, if possible, of the sources of the White Nile and the Mountains of the Moon. It treats of the Berber race in the Somauli country, that peninsula of Africa which lies just south of the Straits of Bab el Mandeb. Mr. Burton is not in any sense a missionary, but a daring, perhaps we may add a rather unscrupulous adventurer, determined to push his way by perseverance and "pluck." His "first footsteps" were not very prosperous. He was driven out from the country, with the loss of some

of his men and all his goods. But he stayed long enough to learn a few dialects, to see the country, and to get materials for an entertaining book. He was the first Frank traveller who ever reached the capital of Eastern Africa; and though his sojourn there was limited to ten days, and was a sort of imprisonment, he made excellent use of his eyes and ears in that time. Mr. Burton, like Mr. Bayard Taylor, is one of those travellers whose apparent mishaps always turn out to be strokes of good luck; and if he is not able to find the first rills of that river, the divine riddle of which has never yet been read, the long attempt may be given up as hopeless.

The second half of the work of Mr. Hamilton describes a route through Abyssinia and Sennaar, different from that usually travelled. The charming and graceful narrative adds much to the interest of the adventures. To some of his opinions we should take exception, as to the idea that the "doora" is the mustard-seed of the Scriptures. He mentions some curious facts which we have not seen noted by other writers; such as a method of Arab medical treatment, which drove away a pain in the side and an inflammation of the chest by pinching the right arm till it was spotted all over with marks of the finger and thumb; a method of *taking snuff* by throwing it into the mouth and swallowing it without chewing; and the almost incredible statement, that in the kingdom of Soudan he was not once asked for "backshish." His wanderings in Cyrene and Arabia had not prepared him for any such experience as that.

In this paper we have touched superficially upon a theme which can be competently handled only by one who knows by personal recollection of what he writes. The reading of African travels, dry at first, grows in interest as one goes on, and, after a volume or two is mastered, becomes intensely attractive. Like the study of Oriental languages, works on Africa tire most in their beginning; but in the end they amply reward a patient continuance.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *History of the Worsted Manufacture in England, from the Earliest Times: with Introductory Notices of the Manufacture among the Ancient Nations, and during the Middle Ages.* By John James, F.S.A., Author of the History of Bradford, etc. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857. 8vo. pp. xvi. and 680.

This History was prepared at the suggestion and with the assistance of a committee of worsted manufacturers in the three great manufacturing counties of York, Lancaster, and Chester. It has, therefore, much of the authority which belongs to an official report; and it bears throughout the marks of extensive and thorough research. For the proper performance of the duty assigned him, Mr. James appears to have possessed some special qualifications in his familiarity with the history of Bradford, now the centre of the manufacture in England; and there was certainly no lack of materials within his reach. Though his work is written in an unambitious and careless style, much of it will be read with interest even by the general reader. To the student of English history, the political economist, and the manufacturer, it offers a large amount of valuable information. Mr. James commences his work with a brief sketch of the manufacture among the ancients, and during the Middle Age, gathering in the first two chapters the few and scattered details which still remain, rather as matters of curious information than of real historical value. He then traces, in successive periods, and with increasing fulness of description, the gradual progress of the manufacture in England from the earliest times to the year 1857. These chapters contain much that is both curious and valuable in regard to the production of wool, the fabrics generally worn at different periods, the cost of manufacturing, and other kindred topics, and are abundantly fortified by statistical tables drawn from trustworthy sources. In addition to these chapters, which fill the larger part of his work, he hsa devoted special chapters to the Inventions applicable to the Worsted Manufacture, to Alpaca and Mohair Manufactures, the Condition of the Operatives, Worsted Processes, and the Seats of the Manufacture. Under the last division are included notices of Bradford, Halifax, Keighley, Norwich, and other places where the manufacture of stuff goods is prosecuted. The Appendix contains some valuable documents and additional tables; and among the engraved illustrations is a view of the celebrated mohair mill at Saltaire, which was opened in 1853.

It would be a valuable contribution to commercial literature, if some competent person would perform a similar service for each of the principal textile fabrics and mechanic arts.

---

2. — *A Hundred Years Ago: an Historical Sketch.* 1755 *to* 1756. By James Hutton. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857. Post 8vo. pp. 405.

The design of this historical monograph is to bring together, from various contemporary publications, such characteristic facts and descriptions as shall present an accurate picture of the social life of England in the middle of the last century. In the execution of this design Mr. Hutton has been less successful than we had hoped. His arrangement is good; but his facts, though often curious and striking, are generally drawn from works which are easily accessible, and many of which may be found in any good private library. For scholars and critics, therefore, his volume offers little that is new; but the general reader will find in it many interesting details, and will easily derive from it a very correct idea of the condition of England at the close of the reign of George II. It is divided into six sections. Of these the first three, which fill rather more than half of the volume, are the least interesting and valuable. The first section extends through a hundred and forty pages, and merely presents a sketch of the principal events in the political history of England for the two years to which Mr. Hutton confines his survey. Following this, we have two chapters describing Miscellaneous Events in Great Britain, and in the Continental countries, including an account of the great earthquake at Lisbon. The third section is the least satisfactory part of the book, although it professes to treat of the "Men of the Day, and what they were doing a Hundred Years ago." In the space of fifty pages it embraces notices of Gibbon, Goldsmith, Smollett, Johnson, Voltaire, and other literary men of the period, a curious list of books and pamphlets published at the time, and some familiar anecdotes. The next section describes the Dark Side of Society, including under this designation the press-gang, footpads, public informers, and other persons of disreputable life. From them we pass to the Frivolous Classes and their Frivolities, and are entertained with a humorous but rather coarse description of the women of fashion and the men of the town. The next section is devoted to an account of the popular Amusements and Pastimes, — the various exhibitions, theatrical performances, places of entertainment, fashionable dances, and public disquisitions, which relieved the tedium of daily life. The last section

gives us Glimpses of Society, and embodies such miscellaneous facts and extracts as do not properly fall under either of the preceding heads. Thus we have notices of the then recent improvements in London, of the style of living, the amusements at Bath, the clubs, electioneering expenses, the means of travelling, and the manner of advertising. From this brief summary it is easy to perceive how wide a range Mr. Hutton takes in, and how much that is new to many readers such a volume must contain.

3.— *British India, its Races, and its History, considered with Reference to the Mutinies of* 1857 : *a Series of Lectures addressed to the Students of the Workingmen's College.* By JOHN MALCOLM LUDLOW, Barrister at Law. Cambridge [England]: Macmillan & Co. 1858. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. xvi. and 319, 390.

THE history of British India has been often written, and the recent mutiny of the Sepoys has afforded an opportunity for the publication of numerous pamphlets and larger works upon the general subject of the British government in the East. But most of the works of real value upon this fruitful theme are published at a price which places them beyond the reach of a large class of readers. It is with the view of rendering the information scattered through various elaborate volumes accessible in a cheap and compact form, that Mr. Ludlow has published these Lectures, originally prepared at the request of the students of the Workingmen's College. He does not appear to have had any personal acquaintance with the subjects of which he treats, or to have made any original investigations. But he tells us in his Preface that he is "connected with India by almost innumerable ties"; and he has made good use of the labors of his predecessors. His Lectures excited so much interest at the time of their delivery, that he was immediately requested to repeat them; and in the printed copy he has made large additions to them. He has divided his work into three parts. The First Part consists of five Lectures, covering about a hundred pages, and treats of the geography, climate, and products of India, and of the different races and religions there brought in contact. In dealing with these intricate questions Mr. Ludlow exhibits considerable familiarity with Eastern mythology; but it must be confessed that his strength does not lie in the discussion of theological doctrines. The next eleven Lectures form the Second Part of his work, and are devoted to a history of The British Rule in India, beginning with the rise of the East India Company, and closing, with a discourse upon The Lessons of the Past, at the return of

Lord Dalhousie in 1856. His opinion of the British policy in the time of Clive and Hastings is not flattering, and is thus boldly expressed: —

"To play fast and loose with the plighted word of the state, to sell the mercenary English sword to whoever might bid high enough for it, to help wrong and fleece the wrong-doer, such was English custom in those days." — Vol. I. p. 172.

And near the close of the same Lecture he says: —

"I have now gone through with you the story of the establishment of the English power in India. It is an ugly one. It begins in feebleness and cowardice; it is pervaded by rapacity; it closes with a course of fraud and falsehood, of forgery and treason, as stupendous as ever lay at the foundation of a great empire." — Vol. I. p. 198.

In this connection he takes occasion to attack Macaulay with considerable bitterness for the views presented in his famous articles upon Clive and Hastings; and in another place he expresses a belief that these articles have contributed much "to demoralize English feeling towards India." * But Mr. Ludlow is apt to express himself with emphasis; and his opinions upon this subject and upon several other points need considerable qualification. Of Lord William Bentinck he speaks in strong terms as "the best Governor-General that India has ever had." But of most of the successors of Clive and Hastings he does not appear to entertain a very favorable opinion; and he pronounces Lord Dalhousie to have been "the most unscrupulous Governor-General that has ever ruled over India since the days of Warren Hastings; and the one of all others who has done most to weaken our power, under color of consolidating it." † Indeed, when we consider how many of Mr. Ludlow's kinsmen, of almost every degree of consanguinity, have been employed in the civil or military service of the East India Company, it is curious to note the general judgment which he passes upon British officials in India, and upon the relations between England and India. His views on these subjects may be traced through all his Lectures; but they are chiefly developed in his Third Part, which comprises five Lectures under the collective title of Questions of the Present. In these Lectures, all of which have been added since the delivery of the course, he discusses with much ability the causes of the present discontent, attacks the double government, and suggests some remedial measures. Altogether, this is the ablest and most instructive part of the work, although some of the views presented are of doubtful soundness.

---

* Vol. II. p. 360, note. † Ibid., pp. 155, 156.

4. — 1. *The Diary of an Ennuyée.* By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 32mo. pp. 341. [Blue and Gold.]
2. *Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets. Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry.* By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 32mo. pp. 517. [Blue and Gold.]
3. *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical.* By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 32mo. pp. 467. [Blue and Gold.]
4. *Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character.* By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 32mo. pp. 502. [Blue and Gold.]

IT is scarcely necessary to say anything by way of criticism upon these books. Nearly an entire generation has elapsed since the earliest of the four was first published; all have been frequently reprinted in various forms; and all are more or less familiar to cultivated readers. Yet we cannot permit the opportunity afforded by their republication in a beautiful pocket edition to pass without some recognition of Mrs. Jameson's long-continued and honorable literary labors. Her first work, "The Diary of an Ennuyée," was published anonymously in 1826, and was received with considerable favor, though it had some faults which are not to be found in her subsequent writings. Three years later, she published "The Loves of the Poets," a charming contribution to critical and biographical literature. This was soon followed by her "Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns," and then by the "Characteristics of Women," deservedly the most popular of her early writings. Her reputation was now beginning to be established, and it was increased by the publication, in 1833, of "The Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second," a series of beautifully illustrated sketches of those lovely and profligate women whose features are so well known to us through Sir Peter Lely's portraits and Count Grammont's descriptions. Since that time her works have been chiefly contributions to the literature of art. Among them are two hand-books of the public and private galleries in London, and the series upon Christian Art which has given her a place among the most distinguished art-critics. In addition to these volumes she has also published a sketch of her Cisatlantic life, under the title of "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," some translations from the German, a volume of Memoirs and Essays, a suggestive Commonplace Book, and two thoughtful and well-considered lectures upon Sisters of Charity and the Communion of Labor.

This rapid summary will show how various have been her labors; and it is no small praise to add, that in all she has acquitted herself with an ability which establishes her right to deal with such diverse themes.

As a biographer and essayist Mrs. Jameson exhibits a cultivated taste, conversance with the best writers, and frequently great calmness and sobriety of judgment and keen critical acumen. Her Characteristics of Women holds a high place in Shakespearian literature; and her recently published lectures upon the rights and relations of Woman are among the best essays on that much-vexed subject which have fallen under our notice. But it is chiefly by her works on Christian Art that she is known. These volumes show unusual familiarity with her subject, a quick sense of beauty, and clear-sighted discrimination in her estimate of pictures, and are among the richest contributions to the literature of art. Written in a graceful and eloquent style, and pervaded by a pure and elevated spirit, they have done much to make English and American readers acquainted with the sacred and legendary art of the Middle Age.

---

5. — *Montaigne the Essayist. A Biography.* By Bayle St. John. With Illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 336, 327.

This biography, as we learn from the Preface, is the first of a series in which the author designs to exhibit "a view of the formation and variations of opinion, prejudice, character, taste, and to a certain extent manners, in France, from the time of Rabelais to that of Rousseau." It is written in a careless, colloquial style, showing little precision in the use of words, and none of the higher graces of expression. But these defects are evidently to be traced to haste and an ill-regulated desire in the writer to be thought lively and entertaining, rather than to a want of practice. A little pruning would have removed from his work many inelegances, and prevented the occurrence of some discrepances and contradictory opinions. His knowledge of his subject is ample; and he has not hesitated to make diligent use of the materials collected by previous writers.

"During fifteen years," he says, "every interval of repose has been occupied in this study, — charming intervals, though often unblessed by any valuable result; and if no manuscript journal, note, or register has been first stripped of its dust by me, — if no local tradition of importance has met my ear after escaping the diligence of provincial enthusiasm, — I believe that these volumes contain a narrative entirely new."

The author's biographical and descriptive chapters are much superior to his critical comments, although the former are sometimes marred by a want of clearness in the arrangement of the facts narrated. The abstract of Montaigne's diary during his journey into Italy is particularly full and interesting. In addition to the sketch of Montaigne's life and travels, Mr. St. John has inserted by way of episode a long biographical and critical account of the life and writings of Etienne de la Boëthie, and occasional notices of other friends and contemporaries of Montaigne. He has also discussed at length the probable design of the Gascon philosopher in the composition of the Essays, and offered some judicious remarks in explanation of their general character. His estimate of the man is in general impartial, and does not differ materially from the judgment pronounced by Mr. Hallam. Upon some points, however, in reference to which there is room for a great diversity of opinions, Mr. St. John takes a different view.

---

6. — 1. *The Golden Age of American Oratory.* By EDWARD G. PARKER. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1857. 12mo. pp. 425.
2. *American Eloquence: a Collection of Speeches and Addresses by the most Eminent Orators of America, with Biographical Sketches and Illustrative Notes.* By FRANK MOORE. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. Royal 8vo. pp. 576, 614.

WE are glad to see both these works. It is the object of the first-named volume to give a careful and thorough analysis of some of our principal orators. The names selected as representatives of different kinds of eloquence are those of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Fisher Ames, William Pinkney, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Edwin H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, and Wendell Phillips, each of whom forms the subject of an essay.

This effort of Mr. Parker to portray some of the noblest living and recent orators of his country, is not only a highly honorable one, but it is successful. The criticisms are generally clear, comprehensive, discriminating, and independent. The style is warm, affluent, and enthusiastic, rising often to great beauty and dignity, though occasionally running a little wild, and sometimes dropping to colloquialisms which we would rather see avoided. The essays, from the nature of the subjects, and perhaps from the circumstances under which they were written, are unequal, and one might form different opinions of the author's skill, as he chanced to open upon one or another. Indeed,

we think the volume would have occupied a position more absolutely sure, had it closed with the essay on Mr. Everett. But the faults, whether of style or of thought, are of a kind to be easily pardoned, especially when attended, as they are, with very substantial virtues. The book is alive. Whether accepting or denying the opinions of the author, — and you rarely have occasion to dissent from them, — you are warmed by his fervor, and insensibly catch the motion of his thought. It is an honest, thoughtful, and generous book. The manliness is not marred by conceit or arrogance, nor does the enthusiasm of the writer lead him to undistinguishing commendation. No young man can rise from the perusal of it without feeling his critical acumen sharpened, and his breast glowing under a healthful stimulus to earnest effort. If there is one who supposes that oratory is merely a graceful accomplishment, easy to be won, or something from without to be put on like a garment, he need not read far to find his mistake. To the lofty and solitary heights on which the greatest orators stand, none should aspire who are not endowed by nature with great and peculiar gifts, and who are not ready to devote to the toil every faculty of the soul and every opportunity of the life;

> "For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
> Of canopy reposing, fame is won."

The most elaborate essays are those on Webster and Everett, and we may add, as nearly equal in interest, those on Clay, Pinkney, and Choate. If the picture of the last-named of these eminent men be thought not entirely satisfactory, it may be safely ascribed to the inherent difficulties of the subject. It would be a task hardly more formidable to daguerreotype Proteus, or Ariel "flaming amazement," than to depict by words the strength and the grace, the subtilty and sharpness of logic, the ample illustration, the grand exaggerations, the wit, the humor, and the pathos of his eloquence.

> "Ille suæ contra non immemor artis,
> Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
> Ignemque, horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem."

And yet Mr. Parker has made no failure with this difficult subject, and should no other pen ever touch it, the great advocate would not be untruly known. We must say, however, that one criticism, namely, that Mr. Choate "is not a natural orator," if there be any ground at all for the implied distinction, is "flat burglary as ever was committed."

The essay on Mr. Everett indicates, not only a careful estimate of the intellectual qualities of his eloquence, but a very nice observation of his oratory. The evanescent felicities of manner, the language of gesture, the modulation of the voice, are all discriminated with rare

skill and beauty, and deserve a careful study. But of all the portraitures in the book, that of Mr. Webster is perhaps drawn with the firmest hand, and with the largest freedom and breadth. The subject, so simple in its grandeur, favored the artist, and he has reverently bent his full powers to the work. We should be glad, if our space allowed us, to give an extended analysis of several of these chapters. In the mean time, the subject is not exhausted, and we shall heartily welcome Mr. Parker again to the literary fraternity, bringing his treasures from near or from afar.

The object of the second work to which we have referred, is to give a specimen or two of the eloquence of the most eminent American orators from the earliest period. No work since the compilation by Mr. Williston can compare with it in fulness. It begins with the speech of James Otis on the Writs of Assistance, in 1761, and ends with the New England Address of Seargent S. Prentiss, delivered in New Orleans, in 1845. It is a noble catalogue which thus stretches through the century, the least eminent names of which are worthy of honorable mention in the republic. So far as we have observed, the selections are well made, and illustrate, not only the power of the orators, but not unfrequently some of the grand questions of our history. To each name is attached a biographical sketch, which does not profess to be a discriminating estimate of the individual, but only to give some of the principal public events of his life. Though generally adequate, these sometimes fall short of what we desire, as also do the notes accompanying the speeches. It would greatly add to the value of these fine-looking volumes without perceptibly increasing their bulk, if the main circumstances attending the delivery of the most important speeches, as well as their results, were more fully given. The engraved portraits are very acceptable illustrations of the book. Some of them, like that of John Randolph, are singularly *un*suggestive of the character of the original, while others, like that of Hamilton from the spirited miniature of Mr. Gibbs, are in themselves new revelations of the power of those they represent. Such phrases as "his pamphlet *over* the signature of Publius," and "*who* he assisted in his translation of Tacitus," are, undoubtedly, slips of the pen.

---

7. — *Memorials of the Chaunceys, including President Chauncy, his Ancestors and Descendants.* By WILLIAM CHAUNCEY FOWLER. Boston. 1858. 8vo. pp. 304.

PROMINENT among "the Fathers of New England" for his learning,

eloquence, genius, and piety, was Charles Chauncy, the second President of Harvard College. A descendant of Chauncy de Chauncy, who in the year 1066 came into England with William the Conqueror, he was baptized at Yardley-bury, Hertfordshire, November 5, 1592. Having proceeded Bachelor of Arts at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1613, he became soon after a Fellow of the College, and, being reputed one of the most finished scholars of the day, was at an early age chosen Professor of Hebrew, and subsequently of Greek. Leaving the University with a high reputation as a preacher, he is said to have labored in the ministry for a time at Marston-Laurence, and in 1627 became vicar of Ware in his native county. Falling, however, erelong under the censure of Archbishop Laud, and silenced for non-conformity, he took refuge in New England, arriving here in May, 1638. Having preached to great acceptance for three years at Plymouth, he was in 1641 settled over the church in Scituate, where he remained about twelve years. Having during this time suffered not a little from the want of an adequate support, he was disposed to look with favor upon a pressing invitation from his old flock at Ware, and had gone to Boston to make arrangements for the removal of his family to England, when the presidency of Harvard College was offered him. This office he shortly after accepted, and until his death, February 19, 1672, a period of almost eighteen years, performed with entire success its various and responsible duties.

It is the memorials of such a man, with those of his ancestors and descendants, which, with an affectionate regard for their virtues, Professor Fowler has gathered up and presented in the beautiful volume before us. This book claims not to be a mere genealogy of those bearing the name, with little besides tables of births, marriages, and deaths. Without neglecting these, it seems rather to have been the aim of the author to cover the bones with flesh and muscle, so that there stand out before us living, breathing men. Of the descendants of President Chauncy, never numerous, an unusually large proportion have received a liberal education, and many have attained to great eminence in the various professions; as, for example, Rev. Charles Chauncy, D.D., pastor of the First Church in Boston; Rev. Nathaniel Chauncy of Durham, Conn.; Charles Chauncy, LL. D., of New Haven, Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut; and his son, Charles Chauncey, LL. D., who stood in the front rank of Philadelphia advocates.

The book abounds with letters and documents never before in print, of great interest, not to the family merely, but also to every student of history. Professor Fowler has done his work well, faithfully, and lovingly, and he deserves the thanks of every graduate of Harvard and of

the public generally, as well as of his own immediate relatives. In its typographical and general execution the book is among the best of the kind, and our only regret is, that so small an edition should have been printed, as to render it accessible to few except members of the Chauncey family.

---

8. — *Christian Days and Thoughts.* By Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 304.

The first sentence in the Preface to this volume shows its history and its purpose. "Dr. Peabody left directions that a volume like this, of a somewhat private and domestic character, should be prepared from his writings." Without such record, it is visibly a posthumous book. We feel this, in part, from the reverence creeping over the mind in its perusal, at the many tokens of the author's absence. There are no little courtesies, as between the author and reader, — explanatory words, or other *notata*, — such as are naturally dropped along the way as the living writer prepares his book; but, in a just and respectful restraint, the departed author is left to speak as one departed. The volume is the fruit of a dying pastor's care for "the young of his own Society," brought forth by the dutiful affection of a surviving and discerning friend.

Fourteen Days, as Advent, Christmas, the New Year, etc., with Prefatory Thoughts and Conclusion, compose the book. These, arranged in an historical and ecclesiastical order, might be compared to vases of porcelain filled with an incense of limpid, beautiful devotional thoughts, whose perfume will long linger in the hearts receiving them.

The style of Dr. Peabody is truly exquisite. In these papers he commonly begins with a direct and brief account of the day which guides his thoughts, and, gathering impulse and direction from the original intent of the day, pursues some present useful end with a glowing yet chastened flow of discourse. His pages seem to us at times like a rich, almost royal drapery, fastened upon the reverend seasons they commemorate; and though the pattern and form may agree with that others have furnished, the fabric and shade of color seem to us unequalled. The author had the advantage, indeed, of a better, because freer, position than a professed Churchman occupies toward the same themes; for no hedgerow of canonical or ritualistic rules and precedents constrained his mind. He was at liberty to avail himself of the occasions as an affectionate esteem for them prompted him. He enjoyed

personal independence in the use of the most elaborate and complete system of religious observances ever devised.

Among the attractive features of this volume we might name a very felicitous union of the excellences of the mediæval or mystic piety, and the practical, work-doing religion of this day, with equally little approach to the fanatical extreme of the former, which, in rude and violent minds, ran into injurious asceticism, and to the tendency of the latter to become merged in bald radicalism. Our author's jewels are strung on a thread, one end of which catches the reverent, devout spirit represented by Kempis and his disciples, while the other touches the actual working centres of modern piety. This is a rare attainment.

We will mention, also, because we admire it, an exquisiteness of persuasion not often found in discourse, but which abounds here. It is a delicate ingenuity, which conducts a reasoning process with almost no parade of ratiocination; and urges on conviction without arraying proposition, proof, or any of the formal processes of argument. Some subtile force wins the reader to the author's conclusions, without even the form of asking him to join in them. It is the attraction of consentaneity, coming from the sweetly persuasive influence of the author's quiet, peaceful, engrossing assurance of the truth he teaches. It is not even earnestness. It need not be. Better than the fire and thrill of that quality, this genial, winning warmth flows out of the sentences, and *infuses*, rather than *enforces* conviction.

Seldom do we meet a book that so captivates without brilliancy, and convinces without arguing. The admirable symmetry of thought, no points thrust out, no toilsome ornamentation for the sake of showing that the writer could do it, no far-fetched knowledges or phrases to task our surprise, but a quiet, true, natural style of saying, without either scanting or excess, what justly belongs to the theme, — these qualities of the writing are seldom equalled. The reader may expect us to use the illustration so often used, of the surprise the traveller feels on first looking at St. Peter's, the perfect harmony deceiving the eye as to its magnitude and wonderful completeness. It is a trait of all exquisite art, and of all superior character, that continued study alone will discover its real and full excellence. That trait is surely found here.

We turn unwillingly from these winsome pages. We have had sweet hours in expatiating among the fragrant loveliness here spread before us. The book is much like a choice garden planted by friendly art, — the paths plain and grateful in their curves and courses, — the flowers familiar, common ones, but growing in unwonted perfection and freshness, rather than startling exotics, valued only for their rarity.

"The Lamps are gone out" is the motto to "The Conclusion." With a most skilful beauty of illustration the expiring lamp is made to cast its symbolic fading beams on mortal life. But more touching than any words can be, is the remembrance that the lamp casting these pure and precious beams has ceased to shine in its living radiance among us. "Gone out" is written on its graceful, earthly form, but the rays, even the dying rays, cast an immortal light which shall travel "all the desert through" with some of us.

---

9. — *Gathered Lilies: or, Little Children in Heaven.* By A. C. Thompson, Author of "The Better Land." Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858. 16mo. pp. 59.

This is a miniature and very choice volume, — a store of crystals gathered in part through the assiduity in search of consolation which personal sorrow fosters. "The community of stricken parents" are the solicited readers, — to which community the author is evidently attracted by long-trained personal sympathy. In a series of brief chapters, founded on the simile of a garden, the experience of bereavement is portrayed with great tenderness, and with elaborate illustration. The scheme or plan of the book very fully presents its character; — as, I. "The Garden: Whose is it?" II. "What the Beloved is doing." III. "What does the Beloved gather?" IV. "The Period of Gathering." And so, through a series of natural garden-processes, the removal of little children is set forth. Anecdote abounds and superabounds. The illustrations overburden and often hide the special form of truth to be illustrated. The theology of the author is dimly seen. We judge it a defect, that so little definite sustaining thought is offered to the mourner. Intense grief craves intense consolation, and what better answers that end than distinct, immutable truth? Incident and illustration will engage the mind in its peaceful, unruffled hours, but in the dark and terrible tempests of bereavement "the shadow of a great rock" is longed for. Another's experience is but a dilution of the "strong drink to be given to him that is ready to perish." This little volume will, however, by its title and its choicely gathered illustrations, win its way to many a stricken heart, and help subdue the bitterness of many sore bereavements.

10. — 1. *Drei Tage in Memphis. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntniss des Volks- und Familienlebens der alten Ægypter.* Von Dr. Max Uhlemann. Göttingen. 1856. 8vo. pp. 201.
2. *The Same.* Translated by E. Goodrich Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 253.

Dr. Uhlemann, though a respectable, is not by any means a remarkable, Egyptologist. His information is obtained almost wholly from sources easily accessible, and we find in his volume no evidence of any original researches as to the monuments of the Nile valley. We doubt, indeed, if he has even been in Egypt. His "Three Days in Memphis" are days of vision. The Göttingen teacher is transported in fancy from that dull university town to the famous capital of the Pharaohs, and under the direction of Horus, the boy-god, is enabled in three days to witness the most familiar scenes and customs of Egyptian life three thousand years ago, to visit the houses of every class, from peasant to prince, to see the court and the camp, the festivals of friendship and of religion, the way of working and the way of rejoicing, to hear legends rehearsed, to know the iniquities of the priesthood, and to assist in the solemn rites of burial. At the same time he never loses his identity, or makes the reader unconscious that all this story is ancient. The whole narrative is didactic and expository, and it moves awkwardly. We are constantly reminded in parentheses, or even without them, of what Champollion and other investigators have revealed, and we find none of that art which in the Arabian tales clothes the ancient stories with the freshness of real life. Dr. Uhlemann has no gift of romance, yet his book is very instructive. The style is pleasant, and not encumbered by the parade of learning, as we might expect a work written with such a purpose would be. The notes at the end contain all needful supplementary information.

The work has been brought within the reach of more readers by a tolerably good English translation. The translation is, however, somewhat too literal, and sometimes the rendering is inexact and careless. In the fifth chapter, for example, where the sanctuary and its ornaments are described, there are half a dozen mistakes in a single paragraph. The word "besäeter" is translated *set*, losing so its beautiful and expressive force. "Hierostolisten" is translated *Hieroskolists*, — a class of individuals whose function is certainly quite different, if we judge it by their name. "Der Gottheiten" is rendered *of the divinity*, changing by the alteration a polytheistic to a monotheistic worship. We read in the translation, "In which, at a later period, also, Antiochus

Epiphanes dedicated a little chapel and was honored as a god." The original reads, "In which a chapel was dedicated *to the King Ptolemy* Epiphanes, and the same was worshipped as a god." Honors of this kind are usually paid to kings *by others after their death*, and Antiochus was a very different person from Ptolemy, though they happened to have the same Greek surname. The closing line of the paragraph reads, "The vulgar curious can never see the light," which is certainly a school-boy rendering of "gemeine neugier darf nie das Licht schauen."

Sometimes, too, the renderings of the translator are into vulgar and incorrect English. "Brachen wir auf," he translates, *we burst forth*. "Stellten sie auf," he renders, they "*stood them* up," referring to the little balls with which a party is playing. "Much wine is *drank*," is an unaccountable blunder, even on the part of a good proof-reader. We advise any who can procure the original to eschew the translation.

---

11. — *Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie, et son Influence, jusqu'à nos Jours.* Par CHARLES DE RÉMUSAT, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier. 1857. 8vo. pp. 480.

THIS is at once an acute and an eloquent work, admirable as a history, thorough as a criticism, and broadly comprehensive in its philosophical conclusions. It is divided into four books. The First Book, in seven chapters, contains the Life of Bacon. A fairer summary and estimate of the courtier, the philosopher, and the man could not be desired. It is neither philippic nor apology, but sober good-sense, a clear induction from the facts in the case. The Second Book, in four chapters, is an analysis of Bacon's works, especially of his *De Augmentis* and his *Novum Organon*. The statement is clear, condensed, and forcible. The Third Book, also in four chapters, is an impartial examination of this Baconian philosophy, and a criticism of the Inductive Method. The Fourth Book treats successively of the predecessors and contemporaries of Bacon, of his influence in England and on the Continent, of his influence on the eighteenth century, and of the latest transformations and developments of his philosophy. We hardly know where to find, in the same compass, so complete and so liberal a survey. Rémusat has completed in this work the discussion which he began in his Life of St. Anselm of Canterbury.

12. — *Les Nuits Anglaises. Contes Nocturnes.* Par MÉRY. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères. 1857. 16mo. pp. 323.

THE stories of this volume are of unequal merit. Some of them are excellent, and sparkle with wit and epigram, while others are improbable in their incidents, as well as extravagant in their satire. "Le Chateau d'Udolphe" professes to tell the midnight adventures of a romantic Englishman whose head has been turned by the weird legends of Anne Radcliffe. "Boudha Var," in which the Upas-tree fills a large space, is the tale of a Hindoo's revenge, garnished with sketches of English philanthropists, *savants*, and politicians, amusing enough, but very fantastic. "Histoire d'une Colline" shows up life in London and the beauties of railway speculations, and sets the Irish character and the Irish religion in favorable contrast with England and its Protestantism. "Bonheur d'un Millionnaire," the story of a Birmingham cutler, who has amassed a fortune, but does not know how to spend it, is rescued from stupidity only by its redundance of sharp sarcasms. The trick of a Russian prince disguising himself as a waiter on a Mediterranean steamer for the purpose of studying English character is very far-fetched. The "Nuits d'Eté à Londres," and "Physionomie de Manchester," are admirable sketches, drawn with great finish and acuteness. "Anglais et Chinois," apart from its anachronisms and impossibilities, such as recovery in an hour from the damage of a broken skull, and the acquisition by an English sailor of the written Chinese language in a single season, is a story which would do credit to the best feuilletonist of Paris. "Un Acte de Désespoir" is certainly as comical in its conception and its positions as any tale of Hoffman, There is real genius in the fancy of two French apprentices declaring war against all Dublin, laying siege to the city with their barrel of powder in Sackville Street, and frightening merchants, professors, sheriff, and mayor into submission.

The temper of M. Méry's merciless wit and the vivacity of his style are exhibited in such paragraphs as the following: —

"Ordinarily, English servants, by order of their master, make a collection of bricks from all ruined monuments. They have a special trunk for these relics. In the tramp from Pompeii and Herculaneum back to Naples they find the load too heavy, and throw the pieces of brick into the sea. When they get to London again, they fill up the empty trunk with broken bricks from some convenient pile, such as may be found in front of the Westminster palace or along the Thames; and it is this sort of false relics which the English parade in their cabinets with tickets and numbers. The galleries of London are crammed with these fragments."

13. — *The Buccaneers, or the Monarchs of the Main.* By WALTER THORNBURY, ESQ. London. 1858. 12mo. pp. 455.

THE amount of fantastic gilding on the back and covers of this volume almost discouraged us from opening it; nor were we quite reassured by the grotesque and startling illustrations. But we ventured upon the text, and were well repaid. Mr. Thornbury in this compilation has given us a work of real value. He has derived it from sources which have heretofore been slightly explored, and has drawn from these sources most skilfully and judiciously. Not only has he studied the writers of *voyages*, such as Dampier, Cowley, and Burney, and the works of the priests Charlevoix, Du Terke, and Labat, but he has condensed for us the important details of the Buccaneer writers themselves, Oexmelin and Esquemeling. He corrects at the outset the false notion that these two writers are one and the same, and shows that the differences of the narratives are much greater than the difference in their names. The one is a Dutchman, the other a Frenchman.

Three classes of men are described in the preliminary chapters, the hunters, the planters, and the "flibustiers," or sea-rovers of the West Indies. The manners, morals, labor, and spirit of these classes prepare us for the sketches of individuals and of special enterprises which follow. No less than thirty-six of the Buccaneer chiefs come under review, and of some of them, especially of Peter the Great, Morgan, Montbaro, and Montauban, we have almost a biography. The details of the volume, though sufficiently horrible, are less revolting than the subject might lead us to expect. Mr. Thornbury is not an artist of the Harrison Ainsworth school, nor does he delight to praise the bloody exploits of pirates, or to set forth as virtuous the outrages of plunderers. His characters do not become heroes, though he gladly exhibits, as a relief to their villanies, the occasional instances of their humanity and honor. His book is a history, not a romance. It will probably supply material for a multitude of romances, both French and English. It is a pity that it was not published before the author of "Lafitte" was compelled to take orders and write Scriptural love-stories, in default of any more piratical legends. Such a novelist as Dumas would get a whole volume out of many single paragraphs in Mr. Thornbury's work; such as the account of Morgan's interview with the Spanish lady, who was convinced *by his oaths* that he had heard of a God, and that the Buccaneers were not all atheists and wild beasts, as was currently reported of them. The whole story of the conquest of Panama is exceedingly graphic.

The volume has two very provoking and unaccountable defects. It is without any map of the region of sea and land on which the exploits that it records were performed. In such a work a map is absolutely essential, and is worth a hundred "illustrations by Phiz." And it is without any index or table of contents. We hope that in a second edition these defects may be remedied; and that any American publisher who may re-issue the work will copy nothing but the text of the English edition, — not its plates nor its binding.

---

14. — *Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia.* By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 533.

FROM the rare opportunities of this author, his long stay in the region which he describes, and the novelty of the subject itself, this book of Siberian travel ought to be exceedingly interesting. But there are several hinderances to our pleasure in reading it. The egotism of the writer is intense and intolerable. The pronoun of the first person singular, in all its inflexions, is omnipresent, and "I," "my," and "me" stud the pages like stars in a cloudless sky. In modesty Mr. Atkinson is the reverse of Dr. Livingstone, and he never fails to tell all the valiant and remarkable deeds that he did, might have done, or came near doing. The real merit of his exploits needed not such excess of personal parade. The style of the volume is loose, incorrect, and singularly inartistic, when we consider that the writer is an artist by profession. However skilful he may be with the pencil, he does not produce pen-pictures of more than mediocre value. Describing scenery so fine that it can be characterized only by superlatives, he never renders his descriptions graphic, or enables us by his word to see the beauty he praises. He makes the mountains, the glens, the waterfalls, the caverns, very commonplace and tiresome, and he succeeds best when he states facts, and spares us his impressions. There is a strange want of proportion and fitness in his details. He evidently was tired of his work long before he finished it, and he despatches the last and most important half of his journey in a few closing pages, in the most careless manner. What we want most to know, the manners, temper, local prejudices, laws, and religion of the various tribes, and their relations to one another and to the Russian government, we fail in great measure to learn here. The accounts of mining in the Ural and the Altai

Mountains are not without merit; but a skilful disposition of the facts would have made them much more readable. The diction is not, indeed, turgid or tawdry, but it is usually tame, and sometimes insipid. Mr. Atkinson constantly speaks of "Nature" as "Dame Nature," of Time as "old Father Time," when there is no need of these pleasing qualifications. He is perpetually comparing his present with his past impressions and sensations, telling us that this or that scene is "the finest that he ever saw." And all through the volume there is an edifying confusion of relatives and their antecedents, of participles and their governing nouns.

One who should judiciously condense this book would do a service both to the author and to his readers. Much of the matter is new; much is valuable; especially that which relates the remarkable physical features and phenomena of these high latitudes. The frequency and violence of thunder-storms is the most noteworthy thing that Mr. Atkinson tells of Siberia. He mentions that larch-trees are peculiarly liable to be struck by lightning. The most remarkable "social phenomenon" which he describes is an assembly of Cossack ladies, who sat for a long time without speaking a word. He shows, too, that it is possible to enjoy a day's hard sporting, clothed only with hat and boots.

It is to be regretted that a traveller so persevering as Mr. Atkinson should not be able to tell more satisfactorily what he has seen.

---

15. — *Roumania: the Border Land of the Christian and the Turk; comprising Adventures of Travel in Eastern Europe and Western Asia.* By JAMES A. NOYES, M. D., Surgeon in the Ottoman Army. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1857. 12mo. pp. 520.

As a pleasant and spirited record of rapid travel and hasty observation, this volume is entitled to praise. It is very readable. But as an account of the Rouman people, it is very inadequate, not to say superficial. Considerably less than half of the book is devoted to those Danubian Principalities in which the Rouman people dwell; and more than a third is occupied in describing the familiar wonders of Stamboul and the Euxine, and the faith and customs of Islam. The title is a misnomer. All that is valuable concerning "the Border Land" is borrowed from the work of Ubicini. We have no new information on precisely that subject on which fresh information would be of worth, — the feeling of the people in regard to the proposed union of the provinces. Dr. Noyes stayed six weeks in Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, but he seems to have visited no other part of the province, and

his journey back to the Danube was only a "night ride." Moldavia and its capital, Jassy, he does not notice at all.

Dr. Noyes's moralizing is rather forced, and does not harmonize very well with the dashing and sweeping style of his descriptions. His poetical quotations are intrusive, needless, and generally tasteless. His prose is good enough without such a foil.

---

16. — *Annals of the American Pulpit; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Five. With Historical Introductions.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Vols. III. and IV. *Presbyterian.* New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 632, 836.

ON the appearance of Dr. Sprague's former volumes we expressed our high sense of their worth, literary, biographical, and historical. They far surpassed our conception of the possibilities of such a work, and, though nominally of various and unequal authorship, they indicated throughout the compiler's consummate skill in fashioning to his purpose the often crude materials committed to his hands. All that we wrote then, we must now repeat, with still stronger emphasis. We feel ourselves — we are sorry to say so — among men of higher mark, in these new volumes, than in those which commemorated the Trinitarian Congregationalists. True, among the latter there were clergymen, from the earliest times, who had no superiors, and hardly any equals, this side of heaven; but among the leading divines of the Presbyterian Church we discern, as we think, a more uniformly elevated standard of distinctively clerical talent, learning, and character. One reason for this undoubtedly is, that the Presbyterian Church, occupying a much larger extent of territory, and reckoning, certainly for an entire century, if not longer, a more numerous catalogue of ministers, would, by the laws of proportion, furnish a greater array of choice names for the biographer. But this is not all. In New England, with the legal support secured for nearly two centuries to the Congregational clergy, and with the life-tenure of their office, many men occupied prominent pastorates while devoid of superior qualifications for their profession. Such ministers were generally men of strong minds, cogent influence, and distinguished reputation; and being literally the *parsons (personæ)* of their respective parishes, — wielding often an autocracy little short of despotism, — they had scope for the unchecked growth and exercise of eccentric traits of character and abnormal habits of life. And they

often acquired the local fame which would entitle them to a place in a record like Dr. Sprague's, by oddities rather than by graces, or by services and labors outside of their profession rather than by preaching and the cure of souls. Accordingly, the first two volumes of the "Annals" exceed these last two in variety of character and incident, in the affluence of piquant anecdote and grotesque description, and in the exhibition of the *many-sidedness* of ministerial life. Presbyterianism, on the other hand, never had a legal establishment in this country, but has been compelled to conquer by "the sword of the Spirit" all the ground it occupies. Its ministers have, for the most part, won and held their places because they were fitted for them, and laborious in them. With few exceptions they have given themselves wholly to their work, with such subsidiary avocations in teaching or agriculture as were necessary to eke out their support in new or feeble churches, and in sparsely settled districts. The circumstance that has impressed us most of all in these narratives, is the very large number of men of surpassing ability, endowments, and sanctity, who have been settled for life, or for many years, in very obscure localities and humble pastorates. And the "Annals" give us the name of hardly a single Presbyterian divine whose eminence was not solely or chiefly professional. These volumes, therefore, are a richer, more instructive, and more edifying contribution to *clerical* biography than their predecessors. The entire work, when completed, will constitute, we believe, the most copious series of detailed biographies ever dedicated to a single profession, collected under one title, or brought together by the industry of any one author or compiler.

---

17. — *The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. I. *A — Araguay.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 752.

We intend, in the progress of this great national work, to give it a thorough examination as to its positive and comparative merits. Our present limits will permit us to note but a few of its prominent features. The first point of interest is its copiousness. A contemporary journal informs us that this volume contains 2,531 articles, — "more than twice the number in the corresponding portion of the 'Americana,' and nearly a half more than in the last edition of the 'Conversations-Lexikon.'" As regards accuracy, our own verification under a few heads would furnish a very inadequate testimony, which, however, is confirmed, so

far as we know, by the limited examination which others have as yet been able to give it. A far surer guaranty we have in the well-known and long-established reputation of the senior editor for breadth and thoroughness of scholarly attainment, in the similar prestige attached in the minds of many to the name of his coadjutor, and in the very large number of eminent men in every profession and department who are engaged as contributors. We doubt whether either of the great English Cyclopædias, notwithstanding the world-wide fame of individual contributors, has employed a larger or more various array of learning and ability. An important and valuable characteristic of the work is, that, with very few exceptions, while it embodies the latest ascertained truths or facts, it excludes theories and speculations still *sub lite*, and is, therefore, a dictionary of things now known, not of things merely believed or anticipated. The articles are, of course, most of them brief; and the long articles are not on subjects on which those curious with regard to them have access to special treatises, but either on themes that are or ought to be of universal interest, or on those which are peculiarly American. The volume is especially rich and full under American titles. In biography it has one feature which will greatly enhance its worth for many years to come. It does not, as has been the case with similar works, confine itself to the names of deceased persons, but it contains also those of such living men as, were they deceased, would have a place in its pages. The sketches of those still upon the stage are wrought out with becoming delicacy and perfect impartiality, so that they relate only what would, in the lapse of time, have found its way into permanent records. To these and numerous other claims upon the most approving criticism, the work will add that of compactness and comparative cheapness, the prospectus limiting its compass to fifteen volumes, at the exceedingly low price of three dollars each. At the same time the rapid issue of the volumes will insure the homogeneousness of their contents, — no small praise, when we remember that, in the case of several of the great European works of the kind, many of the articles in the earlier volumes had become obsolete before the concluding volumes were printed.

---

18. — *Biography of Elisha Kent Kane.* By William Elder. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1858. 8vo. pp. 416.

The last hundred and thirty pages of this volume are occupied with an account of the funeral honors rendered to Dr. Kane, at Havana, on the homeward route, and in Philadelphia. This narrative has an en-

tirely subordinate interest, and contains numerous addresses, hymns, and prayers, of very unequal appropriateness and worth. Dr. Elder's biography is not free from faults of style, and by no means unexceptionable in its proportions; but it has the charm of evident authenticity, of lifelike portraiture, and of enthusiastic admiration for the subject on the part of the writer. It gives us the genesis and growth of the undaunted heroism which has left its enduring record in the "Arctic Explorations," and it confirms all the deductions which we had made as to Dr. Kane's character from his own writings. The boy's first appetency was for rash and perilous adventures, whose only end was triumph over obstacles and escape from self-incurred danger. This spirit in early youth was not weakened, but only guided and exalted, by the development of tender conscientiousness and enduring religious principle. The boy had been averse to books. The youth, the man, became an indefatigable student in medicine and natural science. Extensive travel and large experience as a voyager furnished the practical wisdom essential to the leader of a hazardous expedition; while the last memorable voyage had its prime motive in Dr. Kane's sincere belief that Sir John Franklin or some portion of his crew still lingered ice-bound among the living. Chronic and incurable heart-disease, strange to say, was among the energizing, stimulating, and sustaining forces at work in the inception and execution of that enterprise. Repose threatened to lapse into the death-slumber. The circulation could be maintained only by perpetual excitement, and was most vigorous in the severest crises and under the most arduous toil. We have derived from the Memoir unmingled satisfaction and pleasure, and have risen from its perusal even with an enhanced estimate equally of the mental power and the moral excellence of its subject.

---

19. — *Medical Lexicon. A Dictionary of Medical Science; containing a concise Explanation of the various Subjects and Terms of Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Hygiene, Therapeutics, Pharmacology, Pharmacy, Surgery, Obstetrics, Medical Jurisprudence, Dentistry, etc.; Notices of Climate, and of Mineral Waters, Formulæ for Officinal, Empirical, and Dietetic Preparations, etc.; with French and other Synonymes.* By ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D., LL. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, etc. in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Revised and very greatly enlarged. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1857. 8vo. pp. 992.

THIS is the fifteenth edition of a work which, we are assured, stands

alone for comprehensiveness and unchallenged for accuracy. Six thousand subjects and terms have been added in the present issue. Former editions have received the highest encomiums from British as well as American medical journals, and the unanimous verdict of the warmest praise from the medical profession. Its merits we have neither the space nor the ability to record; but to an unprofessional eye the fact of its fulness and explicitness is patent; while the author's reputation is a sufficient guaranty for its entire trustworthiness and its scientific ability.

---

20. — *Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany, and Vegetable Physiology, being a Fifth and Revised Edition of the Botanical Text-Book.* Illustrated with over Thirteen Hundred Woodcuts. By Asa Gray, M. D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858. 12mo. pp. 555.

The larger part of this work is devoted to vegetable physiology, morphology, and dynamics. Then follows a detailed and copiously illustrated sketch of the Natural system of classification. This is succeeded by a very brief skeleton-outline of the Linnæan system. This last we would gladly have had more full, and accompanied with illustrative details; for, while we admit the immeasurable superiority of the Natural system on scientific grounds, we retain — perhaps because our first botanical explorations were under its guidance — our old love for the Linnæan system as a help in the identification of plants in flower by the novice in botany. With this sole exception, if it be one, Dr. Gray's Text-Book in its present form leaves nothing to be desired, and we doubt whether there exists a more perfect or satisfying manual for the student or the proficient in botanical science. We should not dismiss it with so cursory a notice, had we not received the promise of a more adequate treatment of this and the author's other works by a more competent hand.

---

21. — *The American Drawing-Book: a Manual for the Amateur, and Basis of Study for the Professional Artist; especially adapted to the Use of Public and Private Schools, as well as Home Instruction.* By J. G. Chapman, N. A. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1858. 4to. pp. 304.

We have here the rare phenomenon of a book which very far ex-

ceeds the largest promise of its title. Had it no other value, we should prize it for its mere beauty, for the exquisite taste that marks the details of its mechanical execution, for the finished sketches of various kinds that are introduced with a didactic purpose, and for the designs that decorate the heading and the close of each successive chapter. The motto on the title-page, "Any one who can learn to write can learn to draw," indicates the author's leading aim. He commences with the first rudiments of the art, the straight lines and simple curves which are the bounds and elements of all form, and maintains that the true eye and steady hand, trained by patient practice in these, will of necessity be able to delineate with accuracy their combinations in outward and animated nature. At the same time he very prudently warns the over-ambitious youth, that not "every one can learn to draw like Michel Angelo." After detailed instruction as to the implements and modes of practice in the elements, he gives a series of progressive and admirably illustrated exercises in the drawing of the human head and figure. Subsequent chapters furnish a succinct outline of the geometrical principles of perspective, and of the artistical methods by which it can be conveyed to paper. These are followed by a chapter on the methods, means, and processes of sketching from nature. And here, but little more than midway, the book might have closed with the pledge implied in the title amply redeemed. The remainder of the volume is devoted to painting, etching, engraving, and modelling, with a description of modes, materials, and implements under each head, and specific directions and cautions to the young artist. Here, too, the common reader may find, more fully than in any other book within our knowledge, a clear description of the different styles of painting and engraving, with the processes peculiar to each; and how much such knowledge is needed may be inferred from the constant use by well-educated persons of the term *fresco* for the washing of dry walls with colors, and from the utter confusion of mind which prevails, almost universally except among artists and connoisseurs, as to the names and relative capacities of the several unlike arts and methods grouped under the popular title of *engraving*. Without the slightest actual or prospective skill with pencil or brush, we welcome this work as filling a most important place among our books of reference. We therefore commend it to our readers, at once as a book for the gratification of the eye, as a manual for the tyro in art, and as a compend of useful knowledge for all who are conversant with works of art.

22. — *The Political Economy of Art: being the Substance (with Additions) of Two Lectures delivered at Manchester, July 10th and 13th*, 1857. By JOHN RUSKIN, M. A. New York: Wiley and Halstead. 1858. 12mo. pp. 125.

IF Mr. Ruskin, being profoundly ignorant of the Sanscrit, should write a Sanscrit grammar, we have no doubt that it would be worth reading. He cannot well know less of Sanscrit than he does of the first principles of Political Economy. He confesses that he never read any author in that department, "except Adam Smith, twenty years ago," and Adam Smith he must have read to very little purpose. He would cherish art by establishing at the expense of government trial-schools to determine who were embryo artists, and a second order of schools for their education, by providing at the public charge employment for those who cannot find it otherwise, and by ornamental works undertaken by the state for the sole purpose of encouraging genius. He incidentally urges the expediency of restoring their old vitality, powers, and privileges to the trade-guilds. In fine, he deems the "Laissez-faire" principle wholly inapplicable, nay, essentially injurious, to art and skilled labor of all kinds. It does not appear whether his repudiation of that principle extends to agricultural products and the simpler manufactures. He may perhaps have learned to regard art and its creations, as most modern legislators have regarded coined gold and silver, as exempt from the operation of else universal laws. But while it has not a word about political economy that seems to us of any worth, this little volume is eloquent and instructive, full of valuable hints to artists and their patrons, of parenthetical enunciations of great truths in the realms of form and color, and of earnest outbursts of fastidious but ardent enthusiasm. It contains also admirably framed diatribes on the use and abuse of wealth, and the accountableness of its possessors. All the political economy there is in it might be expunged, and still there would remain a treatise amply worthy of the author and of the cause to which he devotes his time and pen.

---

23. — *Debit and Credit.* Translated from the German of GUSTAV FREYTAG, by L. C. C. With a Preface by CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D. D., D. C. L., D. Ph. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 564.

THE Chevalier Bunsen is the last indorser whom we should be apt

to trust for a novel; and his learned, judicious, and instructive shoeface, should any one read it first, would, we confess, excite the expectation of wise and elaborate dulness in the work which it ushers into notice. But whoso forms this expectation will be happily disappointed. We have our doubts whether the author ever thought of the threefold "beautiful fundamental idea of the book," which Bunsen ascribes to it. It is a novel of society, rich in its lifelike representations of Prusso-German, Prusso-Jewish, and Polish character. The story embraces a remarkable number of strongly drawn *dramatis personæ*, and a great variety of exciting incident. The conversations are lively and natural; the descriptions of scenery, skilful and vivid; the narrative, well sustained and of unflagging interest; the moral tone, uniformly true and high. We have seldom read a tale more worthy to be read, and if this furnishes a fair criterion of the author's powers, he must take rank among the first novelists of the century. We ought in justice to add, that the translation is in so pure an English style, that we should hardly know, except from the title-page, that it had a German original.

---

24. — *Parthenia: or, The Last Days of Paganism.* By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 12mo. pp. 420.

We will not undertake to give an analysis of this story; for no mere outline could do it justice, — its merit lies less in the invention than in the execution. The principal characters are the historical personages of the age and court of the Emperor Julian, and authentic history of course limited the range which would else have been left free to the inventive faculty, so that the work is one of imagination more than of fancy. And it is pre-eminently the work of an imagination intensely vivid and sight-like. In no similar fiction has there been a clearer conception or a truer portraiture of the men and manners of a long-past era. We can detect no anachronisms; and, while the diction is perspicuous, easy, and natural, it is entirely free from new-coined words, phrases, and idioms, so that there is no discrepancy between style and thought. In an historical point of view, "Parthenia" has a very high value. Its scene is laid in one of the few momentous crises in the fortunes of collective humanity; and it seems to us that the spirit of the times and the actors may be much better learned from this fictitious narrative, than from any formal history.

25. — *European Acquaintance: being Sketches of People in Europe.* By J. W. De Forest, Author of "Oriental Acquaintance," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 276.

This volume is without pretension, yet it cannot fail of the favoring suffrages of a very numerous public. The author was in quest of health, and the greater part of his book is devoted to his experiences at the hydropathic establishments of Graefenberg and Divonne. At the former place we have a full-length portrait of Priessnitz, a minute description of his colony of invalids, and a detailed account of his mode of treatment. Priessnitz was evidently a man of native genius, an honest enthusiast, and a prudent and successful practitioner. He was not the ultraist in hydropathy which many of his disciples are, and varied his treatment according to the demands of individual cases, from an almost untermitted deluge to "a slight rubbing with dampened towels," while his close attention to exercise and diet showed how far he was from regarding water as a panacea. Our author incidentally describes several other eccentric Silesian hospitals, one for the "Curd Cure," a system by which patients are fed on curdled milk, and "put asoak in it"; another for the "Straw Cure," where the sick are drenched with straw tea, and packed in straw beds; and yet another for the "Wine Cure," in which inebriation takes its daily place, with forced perspiration and alternate fastings and surfeits, as a remedial agent. There is probably no so luculent proof and test of the native strength of the human constitution, as its survivance and self-recuperative power under the onslaughts of the bolder forms of quackery. In addition to these hospital-sketches, the volume before us contains notices of a few distinguished persons, some piquant anecdotes, and two or three poems of unequal merit, the first of which, "The Island City," (Venice,) gives us a higher idea of the author's competency to deal with the profounder themes of thought and sentiment, than is verified by aught that succeeds it, whether in verse or prose.

---

26. — *The Poetical Works of* Sir Walter Scott. *With a Memoir of the Author.* In 9 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 16mo.

These volumes are a continuation of the series of British Poets, and are edited with the skill, thoroughness, and fidelity to which we have

more than once borne our testimony, on the appearance of previous volumes. The Memoir is from Adam and Charles Black's edition of Scott's poems. It is concise, yet sufficiently full for its place. The longer poems are here printed, with the Author's Introductions, and with notes from the various editions. It is believed that this is the first complete collection of Scott's poetry; and this contains, together with such poems as had been published separately, the short pieces that appeared in Lockhart's Biography, and all the poetry — no small amount in the aggregate, and embracing some of the choicest hymns, songs, and ballads ever written — in the Waverley Novels. We cannot estimate too highly the editorial skill which is rendering this edition of the Poets an honor to American taste and scholarship, no less than to the munificent enterprise of the publishers.

---

27. — *Christianity in the Kitchen. A Physiological Cook-Book.* By Mrs. Horace Mann. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 189.

Mrs. Mann's title is anything but a misnomer; for a well-ordered and healthy body is an antecedent condition to Christian action, and suffering from self-incurred dyspepsia is not among the forms of Christian endurance. Nay, more, errors and excesses in diet, while attended with less criminality of purpose, have a more deleterious influence upon the moral and spiritual nature, than sins of fraud or of violence. The latter imply depraved volition for the time being; the former cripple the power of right volition for the indefinite future. The high religious purpose of this book finds free expression in the Preface, which is the only part of it that we have read, or could read appreciatingly. The great laws of health there laid down are fundamental and irreversible, and there is every reason why they should be made the basis of culinary operations; nor can heed to the least of them fail of its office in effecting the highest and most enduring results in the realm of mind and character. Among the details of Mrs. Mann's proposed reforms, she lays chief stress on the rejection of corrosive alkalis, as salæratus and soda, from the list of resources for indolence or ignorance in the cook, and on the substitution of cream for butter and lard in pastry and for all culinary purposes. We believe it high time to preach a *crusade* — we use the word advisedly — against the alkalis; but we fear that we must wait for the cream-reform till we can Christianize the milkmen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Sermon on the Occasion of the Funeral of Mrs. Mary Ann Phelps, Wife of the Rev. Alanson Phelps, Rector of St. James' Church, Painesville. December 6th, 1857. By Rev. J. A. Brayton. Shelbyville. 1857.

The Aspect of the Times. Sermon, by Rev. William Lamson, D. D., preached in the Middle Street Baptist Church, Portsmouth, N. H., Thanksgiving, November 26, 1857. Portsmouth. 1857.

Obituary Addresses on the Occasion of the Death of the Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, December 3, 1856. Washington. 1857.

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft, and Miracle: a Brief Treatise, showing that Mesmerism is a Key which will unlock many Chambers of Mystery. By Allen Putnam, Author of "Spirit-Works"; and "Natty, a Spirit." Boston: Bela Marsh. 1858.

A Circular Letter to Emigrants desirous of locating in Washington Territory. By Isaac L. Stevens, Delegate in Congress. Washington. 1858.

An Address delivered before the Washington Art Association. By J. R. Tyson, LL. D., of Philadelphia. Philadelphia. 1858.

The Financial Revulsion of 1857. An Address delivered before the American Statistical Association, at Boston, February 18, 1858. By Samuel Hurd Walley. Boston. 1858.

The Nature and Uses of Money and Mixed Currency, with a History of the Wickaboag Bank. By Amasa Walker. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

Report of the Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Opinions of the Judges thereof, in the Case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sandford. December Term, 1856. By Benjamin C. Howard. From the Nineteenth Volume of Howard's Reports. Washington. 1857. pp. 239.

Library of Select Novels. No. 208. Scenes of Clerical Life. The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton. — Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story. — Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. pp 185.

Address upon the Industrial School Movement, delivered at a Union Meeting of the Ladies of the Industrial Schools, at University Chapel, November, 1857, by C. L. Brace, Secretary of Children's Aid Society. New York. 1857.

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell to the Lowell Missionary Society. Lowell. 1858.

Annual Report to the Executive Committee of the Salem Provident Asso-

ciation rendered December, 1857. By John Ball, City Missionary. Salem. 1857.

Public Instruction in Sardinia. An Account of the System of Education, and of the Institutions of Science and Art, in the Kingdom of Sardinia. By Vincenzo Botta, Professor of Italian Literature in the University of N. Y. Hartford: F. C. Brownell. 1858.

The Machinery of Representation. By Thomas Hare, Esq., Barrister at Law. London: W. Maxwell. 1857.

Thirty-Fifth Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia, January, 1858. Philadelphia. 1858.

Ministry at Large. Sixteenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large, in the City of Providence, presented and read at a Public Meeting, held in the First Congregational Church, Sunday Evening, January 24, 1858. By Edwin M. Stone. Providence. 1858.

Annual Report of the Normal, Grammar, and Common Schools, in Upper Canada, for the Year 1856, with an Appendix; by the Chief Superintendent of Education. Toronto. 1857. pp. 296.

Reports of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, presented to the Corporation, at their Annual Meeting, January 27, 1858. Providence. 1858.

Second Annual Report of the Trustees of the Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster, together with the Annual Reports of the Officers of the Institution. Boston. 1857.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association, and the Seventh Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library Hall Company, January 12th and 18th, 1858, with a Fragment of Colonel Auguste Chouteau's Journal. St. Louis. 1858.

Ninth Annual Register of the Free Academy of the City of New York. 1857 – 1858. New York. 1858.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University of Michigan: 1858. Ann Arbor. 1858.

First Catalogue of the Teachers and Pupils of Mystic-Hall Seminary, for Young Ladies, West Medford, Mass., Five Miles from Boston. Boston. 1857.

An Abstract of the Thirty-Third Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union. Philadelphia. 1857.

Norton's Literary Letter, comprising American Papers of Interest, and a Catalogue of the largest Collection of Rare and Valuable Autographs, Coins, Medals, Maps, etc., etc., relative to America, ever offered for Sale. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1858.

Printers' News-Letter. Vol. I. Nos. 1 – 3. Philadelphia, January – March, 1858. 4to. Monthly.

Emerson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank-Note List. Vol. I. No. 1. Philadelphia, January 1, 1858. 4to. Monthly. pp. 32.

Beatrice Cenci: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from the

Italian of F. D. Guerrazzi. By Mrs. Watts Sherman. In 2 vols. New York: Mason & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 384, 309.

The Merchants and Bankers' Register for 1858. To be continued annually. New York: J. Smith Homans. 1858. 8vo. pp. 187.

Endeavors after the Christian Life. Discourses by James Martineau. New Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 551.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1855. Agriculture. Washington. 1856. 8vo. pp. 488. Plates 12.

Message from the President of the United States, communicating, in compliance with a Resolution of the Senate of July 24, 1854, the Fourth Meteorological Report of Professor James P. Espy. Washington. 1857. 4to. pp. 240. Plates 70.

Message of the President of the United States, to the Two Houses of Congress at the Commencement of the First Session of the Thirty-Fifth Congress. Washington. 1858. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 775, 572, 548.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales & Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. V. and VI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 757, 744.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament, by Dr. Hermann Olshausen, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Continued after his Death by Dr. John Henry Augustus Ebrard and Lic. Augustus Wiesinger. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. Revised after the latest German Edition, by A. C. Kendrick, D. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. Vol. V. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 624.

Life of Thomas Jefferson. By Henry S. Randall, LL. D. Vol. I. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1858. 8vo. pp. 645.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. The Abbot. — Kenilworth. — The Pirate. In 2 vols. each. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

The Poetical Works of James R. Lowell. In 2 vols. (Blue and Gold.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 16mo. pp. 315, 322.

Poems by Howard H. Caldwell. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 1858. 16mo. pp. 132.

The Plant-Hunters, or Adventures among the Himalaya Mountains. By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 12mo. pp. 353.

Stories and Legends of Travel and History, for Children. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 290.

Lucy Howard's Journal. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 343.

The Works of Tacitus. The Oxford Translation, revised. Vol. I. The Annals. Vol. II. The History, Germany, Agricola, and Dialogue of Orators. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 464, 496.

The World of Mind. An Elementary Book. By Isaac Taylor. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 378.

Athanasia: or, Foregleams of Immortality. By Edmund H. Sears. Boston. 1858. 12mo. pp. 340.

An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy. With an Outline Treatise on Logic. By Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., President of Franklin and Marshall College. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1858. 12mo. pp. 359.

The Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams, 1789–1801. By William Henry Trescot. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 283.

The Literature of American Aboriginal Languages. By Hermann E. Ludewig. With Additions and Corrections by Professor William W. Turner. Edited by Nicolas Trübner. London: Trübner & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 258.

A Pronouncing Spelling-Book of the English Language. By J. E. Worcester. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 12mo. pp. 179.

English Grammar. The English Language in its Elements and Forms. With a History of its Origin and Development. Abridged from the Octavo Edition. Designed for General Use in Schools and Families. By William C. Fowler, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 381.

Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1855–56. Washington. 1857. 4to. pp. 358. Sketches and Diagrams 47.

Christian Citizenship and Honest Legislation. A Sermon delivered before his Excellency Henry J. Gardner, his Honor Henry W. Benchley, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, Wednesday, January 6, 1858. By F. D. Huntington, D. D., Preacher to the University at Cambridge. Boston: Gould and Lincolm. 1858.

The Human Soul: A Discourse, by Edwin M. Wheelock, at Dover, New Hampshire. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

Catalogue of New York State Library: 1856. Maps, Manuscripts, Engravings, Coins, &c. Albany. 1857. 8vo. pp. 274.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1858. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 376.

Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy. By William Archer Butler, M. A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Edited from the Author's MSS., with Notes, by William Hepworth Thompson, M. A. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1857. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 436, 415.

Twin Roses. A Narrative. By Anna Cora Ritchie. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 273.

ERRATUM.

Page 411, line 22, *for* mother *read* widow.

INDEX

TO THE

EIGHTY-SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

About, Edmond, his *Le Roi des Montagnes*, reviewed, 222 — its plot described, *ib.* — his *Les Mariages de Paris*, reviewed, 225 — prime fault of the story and of the author's school, 226.

Achard, Amédée, his *Maurice de Treuil*, noticed, 264.

Adam, Adolphe, his *Souvenirs d'un Musicien*, noticed, 265.

Ænon, discovered by Dr. Barclay, 199.

Afghan war, 495.

Africa, article on Recent Researches in, 530 — extent of late discoveries in, 532 — insalubrious climate of, 534.

Agades, Barth's description of, 538.

Alexander III., his struggle for the contested papal chair, 91.

Anatomical Architecture, article on, 153 — its initial elements, 156 — its adaptations to uses, 157 — its laws of growth, 162.

Andersson, Charles John, his Lake Ngami, reviewed, 530 — value of his work, 555.

Archæologia Americana, noticed, 293.

Athens, article on the Public Economy of, 1 — prices and values in, 5 — population of, 7 — extent of its jurisdiction, 8 — *status* of its colonies, *ib.* — its financial system, 10 — its ordinary public expenses, 12 — for public buildings, 13 — for police, 14 — for festivals, 15 — for official services, 18 — for the poor, 19 — for war, *ib.* — its ordinary revenues, 21 — from allies, 22 — in the form of public services, 26 — by taxation, 37.

Atkinson, Thomas W., his Oriental and Western Siberia, noticed, 581.

Auckland, Lord, his Indian administration, 495.

Bancroft, George, his style as an historian compared with Irving's, 353.

Bank-notes, their effect in depreciating currency, 175.

Barclay, J. T., his City of the Great King, reviewed, 191 — his opportunities of research, 193 — his style, 194 — his conclusions on disputed matters, 195 *et seq.* — contents of the volume, 200, 215, 218.

Barth, Henry, his Travels in Africa, reviewed, 530 — his descriptions of Sahara, 536 — extent of his travels, 540 — his description of Kano, 543 — of Kukawa, 546.

Bethphage, its site discovered by Dr. Barclay, 196.

Blodgett, Lorin, his Climatology of the United States, noticed, 285.

Boeckh, Augustus, his Public Economy of the Athenians, reviewed, 1 — editions of it described, 3.

Boisse, Baron de Mortemart, his *La Vie Elégante à Paris*, noticed, 263.

Boston Houses of Industry and Reformation, 67.

Bowen, T. J., his Adventures in the Interior of Africa, reviewed, 530 — his description of the Yorubas, 550 — his views of the Negro character, 552.

Brahmanism, its doctrine of the creation, 443 — its secret of emancipation from the law of successive births, 444 — its divergent sects with their respective views, 445 — their points of agreement, 446.

Brownson, O. A., his Convert, noticed, 268.

Buchanan, James, his speech on paper currency quoted, 183.

Buddhism, its doctrine of a future life, 449 — its historic Buddha, 451 — its Nirwána, 453 — its analysis of the human personality, 456.

Burton, Richard F., his First Footsteps in East Africa, reviewed, 530 — worth of the book, 562.

Capital, deficiency of, in the United States, 168.

Carlyle's Modern Prisons quoted, 79.

Cassagnac, M. A. Granier de, his History of France, noticed, 267.

Champfleury, his *Le Réalisme*, reviewed, 230 — futility of its positions, 231.

Chapman, J. G., his American Drawing-Book, noticed, 587.

Chase, Reginald H., his edition of Horace, noticed, 269.

Cheever, Ezekiel, his life as a teacher, 52 — his character, 53.
Christians in Jerusalem, their number, sects, and condition, 211 *et seq.*
Citizenship of the United States, how constituted, 479.
Cleruchiæ, Athenian, their nature and rights, 8.
Cochin, M. Augustus, his Account of the Mettray Institution, reviewed, 60.
Contracts, legislative, how far under legislative control, 482.
Credit, on what founded, 165 — how destroyed, 167.
Crucifixion, the, Dr. Barclay's identification of its place, 196.
Cyclopædia, New American, noticed, 584.
Dalhousie, Lord, his Indian administration, 504 *et seq.*
Dandolo, Doge of Venice, leads the expedition against Constantinople, 98.
Daumas, E., his books on Africa, reviewed, 530.
Davies, Thomas A., his Cosmogony, noticed, 284.
De Forest, G. W., his European Acquaintance, noticed, 591.
Delhi, British treatment of the king and princes of, 493.
Didier, Charles, his *Cinquante Jours au Désert*, reviewed, 235 — his *Séjour chez le Chérif de la Mecque*, reviewed, 236 — quoted, 236, 237.
Duer, William Alexander, his Lectures on the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States, reviewed, 464 — his personal history, *ib.* — purpose and character of his book, 466 — his views of territorial sovereignty, 471 — of the citizenship of colored persons, 479 — of legislative contracts, 482 — concluding paragraphs of the work, 485.
Dunglison, Robley, his Dictionary of Medical Science, noticed, 586.
Elder, William, his Biography of Elisha Kent Kane, noticed, 585.
English Literature, article on its Influence upon the French, 412.
Evelyn quoted on the devastation of English forests, 364.
Financial Crisis, article on, 164 — its proximate causes, 165 — to be traced ultimately to the deficiency of working capital, 168 — and to a depreciated currency, 174.
Forests, American and French, compared, 360 — decline of American, 363 — considerations in favor of cherishing them, 364.
Fowler, William Chauncey, his Memorials of the Chaunceys, noticed, 572.
Freytag, Gustav, his Debit and Credit, noticed, 589.
Fromentin, Eugène, his *Un Été dans le Sahara*, reviewed, 238, 530.
Future Life, article on the Brahmanic and Buddhist Doctrine of, 435.
Gérard, Jules, his *La Chasse au Lion*, reviewed, 530.
Gray, Asa, his Introduction to Botany, noticed, 587.
Greeks, mythology of the, its predominant character, 519 — their love of the beautiful, 520 — their sacred and domestic architecture, 521 — effect of their culture on their language, 522 — their influence out of Greece, *ib.* — their preparation of the world for Christianity, 523.
Guinea, Southern, its peculiar religious rites and notions, 553.
Guizot's Essay on Washington characterized, 338 — his labors in the translation and illustration of Shakespeare, 428.
Hamburg, *Rauhe Haus* at, described, 68 — its success, 72.
Hamilton, Alexander, article on, 368 — contrasts of his life, 370 — his ancestry, 372 — his birthplace and childhood, 373 — his juvenile description of a tornado, 374 — his literary education, 376 — his patriotic demonstrations, 377 — his services as a financier, 382 — his views of the constitution, 383 — his fatal duel, 388 — his character contrasted with Burr's, 389 — his relation to Washington, 392 — his contributions to the Federalist, 401 — his private letters, 404 — his favorite books, 405 — posthumous tributes to his worth, 407 — existing memorials of him, 410.
Hamilton, James, his Sinai, the Hedjaz, and Soudan, reviewed, 530 — character of his work, 531, 563.
Hastings, Warren, retrospect of his Indian administration, 488.
Haven, Joseph, his Mental Philosophy, noticed, 283.
Hegel, misrepresented in Lewes's History of Philosophy, 254.
Here and Hereafter, noticed, 287.
Hill, F. D., on Crime, reviewed, 60.
Hindoos, their primitive notions of the future life, 435 — their ideas of the universe, 436 — their universal belief in the successive births and deaths of the same being, 438.
Hooper, Samuel, his Treatise on Currency, reviewed, 164 — quoted, 188 *et seq.* — commended, 191.
Hutton, James, his Hundred Years Ago, noticed, 565.
India, article on the Rebellion in, 487 — British rule in, 488 — British cruelties in, 493 — Lord Dalhousie's administration of, 500 — opium monopoly in, 502 — future of, 512.
Ireland, article on, 120 — early legislation to its injury, 122 — mode in which its union with England was effected, 125 — its condition before the famine, 128 — sufferings during the famine, 131 — relief funds, what and whence, 132 — improvement since the famine, 137 — effects upon the island of the Encumbered Estates Act, 140 — injurious effect of the Poor Laws, 141 — support of the Establishment oppressive, 144 — wealth of its bishops, 145 — poverty of its curates, 149

—present precarious quietness of the people, 152.
Irving, Washington, his Life of Washington, reviewed, 330 — his first introduction to Washington, *ib.* — his eminent fitness for the work, 331 — his skill in the arrangement of materials, 340 — his narrative power, 344 — his graphic descriptions, 346 — his portraitures, 347 — his serenity and reserve of manner, 349 — characteristics of his style, 351 *et seq.*
James, John, his History of the Worsted Manufacture, noticed, 564.
Jameson, Mrs., her Diary of an Ennuyée, noticed, 568 — her Loves of the Poets, noticed, *ib.* — her Characteristics of Women, noticed, *ib.* — her Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character, noticed, *ib.*
Jerusalem, article on, 191 — its hills, 196 — its permanent features, 201 — its area, 202 — its inhabitants, 203 — its future, 218.
Jews in Jerusalem, their condition, 204 — their synagogues, 205.
Kano, Barth's description of, 542.
Koeppen, Carl Friedrich, his work on the Religion of Buddha, reviewed, 435.
Korwe, the, as described by Dr. Livingstone, 559.
Kukawa, its situation and importance, 545.
Laboulaye, Edouard, his *Souvenirs d'un Voyageur*, noticed, 260.
Lacroix, Albert, his Treatise on the Influence of Shakespeare, reviewed, 412.
Lamb, Anthony, his Translation of Boeckh's Public Economy of the Athenians, reviewed, 1.
Lancaster State Industrial School for Girls, its success, 64 — cases cited, 65 — its first inmate, 66.
Lee, Eliza Buckminster, her Parthenia, noticed, 590.
Lewes, George Henry, his History of Philosophy, reviewed, 242 — his false distinction between philosophy and science, 245 — his self-contradictions, 247 — his failure to understand the German philosophers, 253 — his injustice to Hegel, 254.
Livingstone, David, his Travels in Africa, noticed, 293 — reviewed, 530 — his character as an observer and writer, 557 — his descriptions of African birds, 558 — his estimate of the importance of the Zambesi, 561.
Ludlow, John Malcolm, his British India, noticed, 566.
Lunt, George, his Three Eras of New England, noticed, 281.
Mabel Vaughan, noticed, 287.
Mackenzie, Mrs. Colin, her Delhi, reviewed, 487.
Mann, Mrs. Horace, her Christianity in the Kitchen, noticed, 592.
Mark, St., the alleged translation of his body from Alexandria to Venice, 89.
Marles, M. de, his *Histoire Générale de l'Inde*, reviewed, 487.
Marshall, Chief Justice, merits and defects of his Life of Washington, 332.
Méry, his *Les Nuits Anglaises*, noticed, 579.
Mettray, agricultural colony at, described, 73 — its system, 74 — its success, 76.
Miall, Edward, his Speech on the Irish Church, reviewed, 120 — quoted, 147.
Michaux, André, his exploration of American forests, 360 — his works, 361 — his death, *ib.*
Michaux, François André, his North American Sylva, reviewed, 359 — his first voyage to America, 360 — his subsequent voyages, 361 — editions of his work in French and English, *ib.* — extract from its Introduction, 362 — his subsequent labors, 367 — his bequests to American science, 368 *note.*
Miller, Hugh, his Testimony of the Rocks, noticed, 272.
Moore, Frank, his American Eloquence, noticed, 572.
Moslems in Jerusalem, their number, 206 — their culture, 207 — their holy places and objects, 208.
Müller, Max, his Buddhist Pilgrims, reviewed, 435.
Murray, Hugh, his History of British India, reviewed, 487.
Mythologies, the classical, their relation to Christianity, 515 — their lack of power, 527 — their separation of religion from personal goodness, *ib.* — their lack of any adequate doctrine of retribution, 528 — their failure to provide for the reconciliation of the penitent, *ib.*
Nirwána, significance of the Buddhist doctrine of, 453 *et seq.*
Normandy, Sir Francis Palgrave's History of, reviewed, 301 — its first settlement by Danes, 305 — sketches of its history, 308 *et seq.*
Norman element in the Anglo-Saxon race, 301.
Noyes, James P., his Roumania, noticed, 582.
Oak, the Cork, capable of easy cultivation in the United States, 366.
Oaks, American, as grouped by Michaux, 366.
Opium, British monopoly of, in India, 502.
Palgrave, Sir Francis, his History of Normandy and England, reviewed, 301 — his qualifications for the work, 304 — its contents, 305 *et seq.* — his mistakes corrected, 324 *et seq.* — his faults of style, 326 — characteristic extract, 328.
Paper currency, injurious to our manufactures, 176 — subject by the Constitution to the control of Congress, 180 — speech of James Buchanan on, 183.
Parker, Edward G., his Golden Age of American Oratory, noticed, 570.
Parton, J., his Life and Times of Aaron Burr, noticed, 295.
Peabody, Ephraim, his Christian Days and Thoughts, noticed, 574.
Pencheon, Baron de, his *L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise*, reviewed, 487 — quoted, 511.

Pestalozzi, his career as a teacher, 49 — his method, 50 — his misfortunes, 51.
Polytheism, its earliest sources, 517 — its inherent feebleness, 527.
Prescott, William H., his style as an historian compared with Irving's, 352.
Punjaub, war of the, 498.
Quits, noticed, 273.
Railways, American, their indebtedness, 168 — their failure to replace their cost to the national wealth, 169 — their civilizing and uniting agency, 170.
Ramsay's Life of Washington, its merits and defects, 334.
Reformatory institutions, article on, 60.
Rémusat, Charles de, his Life and Works of Channing, noticed, 258 — his Bacon, noticed, 578.
Richard of Normandy, his early accession to the Duchy, 314 — his escape from Louis, 315 — conspiracies against him, 319 — his success against Lothair, 321 — sequel of his history, 322.
Robertson, Frederick W., his Sermons, reviewed, 515.
Rogers, Henry, his Greyson Letters, noticed, 292.
Rollo of Normandy baptized into the Christian faith, 308 — his administrative talent, 309.
Romantic School in the French Drama, its conflict with the Classic, 425 *et seq.*
Rome, character of its religion, 524 — effect of its religion on its people, 525 — its decline in faith and morals, 526 — its office in the dissemination of Christianity, *ib.*
Ruskin, John, his Political Economy of Art, noticed, 589.
Sahara, meaning of the name, 240 — sketch of experiences in traversing it by Fromentin, 241 — Barth's descriptions of it, 535.
School Days at Rugby, reviewed, 40.
Schoolmaster, article on the Profession of, 40 — its distinguishing traits, 46 — its model men, 47 — its dignity, 55 — its claims, 59.
Scinde, British annexation of, 498.
Scott, Sir Walter, Little, Brown, & Co.'s edition of his Poetical Works, noticed, 591.
Shakespeare, his influence in French literature, 413 - 431 *passim.*
Smith, Alexander, his City Poems, noticed, 289.
Smith, E. Goodrich, his translation of *Drei Tage in Memphis*, noticed, 577.
Smucker, Samuel M., his Life of Hamilton, reviewed, 368.
Socrates, his income and expenditure, 6.
Soyer, Alexis, his Culinary Campaign, noticed, 262.
Sparks, Jared, his labors on the Washington Manuscripts, 335 — value of his Life of Washington, 337.
Spencer, Herbert, his Social Statics, reviewed, 60 — quoted, 80.
Sprague, William B., his Annals of the American Pulpit, noticed, 583.
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., his recent works, noticed, 275.
Stearns, Edward J., his Guide to Pronunciation, noticed, 288.
Stirling, James, his Letters from the Slave States, noticed, 290.
St. John, Bayle, his Life of Montaigne, noticed, 569.
Tauler, John, his Life and Sermons, noticed, 280.
Taylor, John, his work on the Government of the United States, referred to and quoted, 469 *et seq.*
Territorial sovereignty, where vested, 471 *et seq.*
Theorica, Athenian, why levied and to whom paid, 15.
Thompson, A. C., his Gathered Lilies, noticed, 576.
Thomson, J. Cockburn, his translation of the Bhagavad-Gitá, reviewed, 435.
Thornbury, Walter, his Buccaneers, noticed, 580.
Thornton, J. Wingate, his Ancient Pemaquid, noticed, 294.
Trierarchy, the several forms of, in Athens, 29.
Uhlemann, Max, his *Drei Tage in Memphis*, noticed, 577.
Vallée, Oscar de, his *Les Manieurs d'Argent*, reviewed and quoted, 233.
Valrey, Max, pseudonyme of the author of *Marthe de Montbrun*, 227 — peculiarities of the book, 228.
Venice, article on, 83 — its early history, 85 — its aspect from the sea, 87 — its ancient commerce, 89 — its part in the dissension between rival popes, 91 — its naval power, 93 — its part in the Crusades, 95 — its success against Constantinople, 98 — extent of its traffic, 101 — its maritime discoveries, 105 — its manufactures, 106 — its government, 108 — its Council of Ten, 109 — its architecture, 116 — its memories, 117.
Villemain's Cours de la Littérature Française, reviewed, 412.
Voltaire's visit to England, 415 — his interest in and imitations of Shakespeare, 417 — his change of view and aim, 420 — reason for the change, 421 — his denunciation of Shakespeare, 423.
Washington, Irving's Life of, reviewed, 330 — his relation to Hamilton, 394 — his habits as a writer, 395 — his letter to Madison concerning his Farewell Address, 397.
Waverley Novels, Household edition of, noticed, 288.
Wey, Francis, his *Les Anglais chez Eux*, noticed, 26.
William Longsword of Normandy, his character, 311 — his murder, 313.
Willmot, Robert Aris, his Poets of the Nineteenth Century, noticed, 290.
Wilson, J. Leighton, his Western Africa, reviewed, 530 — character of the work, 553.
Yorubas, the, T. J. Bowen's services to them and views of their character, 550.
Youmans, Edward L., his Hand-Book of Household Science, noticed, 292.
Zambesi, commercial importance of the, 561.

JUN 9 1942